WOMAN'S EDITION

MIDDLETOWN DAILY ARGUS.

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IN THE SOCIAL WORLD.

ELEANORE B. ROYCE, EDITOR.

ECHOES FROM THE EASTER HOP.

The Most Successful Affair in the History of the Always Successful "Bachelors'"—How the Dear Fellows Looked and How They Acted—Their Charming Costumes—A Matter for Immediate Investigation.

Could a more entrancing or delightful picture be imagined than that which greeted the onlooker or the participant in the merriment upon first entering the Casino at the recent Easter hop? From the depths of a pretty woodland dell, soft sweet music welled forth, conveying an irresistible feeling of supreme content and peacefulness, and transporting the listener to heavenly realms where the much advertised harps and front seats would pass before him as in panoramic visions.

It actually led one to believe that a strolling band of inspired musicians had sought this lovely and sequestered spot to give full sway to their passionate worship of the muse of Music.

What if they had brought several very handsome parlor and piano lamps, through the gauzy shades of which softly glimmered rays of light as though from starry heavens? They were up to date musicians, you know.

The evening certainly gave evidence of a glorious triumph for the "Bachelors." Their painstaking efforts, more especially of their officers crowned the Easter hop with a halo of glory.

Speaking of the Bachelors in the plural and collectively, we must compliment them upon their handsome appearance that evening. They simply looked charming. It was evident that their toilets had been prepared with more than customary care, although the dear fellows always do appear so handsome as to captivate all our hearts. To describe their costumes would occupy much space, and would be a task for which the writer must frankly acknowledge a feeling of dubiousness. Let it simply be known that for exquisite and costly dress, the boys quite surpassed all expectations.

Before we mention the home talent we linger for a short moment with the visitors and they were legion. The courtly "Conine" from Binghamton swept across the ball room floor with the latest English stride, and we wot not but that at our next hop half the boys will nonchalantly stroll around with hands carelessly and gracefully resting in their trousers' pockets. Then the dryly humorous "Farnum" dropped Standard Oil, (the only sure way to get it to drop, you know), sufficiently long to run up from Jersey for a few dances. We must not forget that veersatile and graceful writer, "Jim" Heatherton, editor of the Plumbers' Trade Journal. "Jim" on this occasion did not "trip the light fantastic," but we should judge, from a glance at his programme, that he was "plumb" in it from the fact he was engaged to "sit out" eighteen dances. It is too bad that the fair maidens of Middletown have either not been able or do not try to capture that interesting bachelor, Ed. Beakes. We seriously believe he has remained single with impunity until patience has ceased to be a virtue. We will cheerfully be one of a committee to investigate the matter.

While the consideration of this investigating committee is before us and it is a committee which we suggest for immediate action, we would call attention to another idea of ours which we managed to capture as it was flitting along with hundreds of others. Why not seek the reasons for so many of our Middletown girls going outside of our own bailiwick to secure husbands? We most firmly believe in protection in matters of this sort. Surely the fine, manly young fellows rapidly attaining full bloom of manhood on all sides of us should not be permitted to become old bachelors! We must look into this matter, without loss of valuable time. Do not procrastinate, for delays may prove fatal! At the hop they were just too awfully lovely and fascinating for anything, and how proud we felt of them, too! Girls, we must keep them with us!

How could we think of losing gentle and lovable President Rogers of the Bachelors? Such would be a consummation devoutly to be not wished. Consider the slipping from our grasp of the gentle and attractive Eddie Hayes, he who is the personification of grace and elegance; or yet of the meek and lowly Millspaugh, known to those who love him as "Little Willie."

That King, so dignified and stately, familiarly known as John, shed the light of his presence upon the occasion, and apparently was just as popular as ever with the queenly representative from the County Seat.

They were all to the hop. In fact none could stay away. George Iseman left a most exciting adventure in Cuba to be present, and although Gill Beebe, while performing his accustomed tonsorial act, nearly sliced off half of his left ear with a dull razor,—still with all the old standbys he was on hand.

While the evening of the 19th, as we have stated, was supremely enjoyable at the Casino, there happened one sad accident, which might have resulted more seriously. Arthur Gordon, with a bland, confiding smile, seated himself comfortably during an intermission between two very pretty Middletown girls. Little reckoned he of the trouble that was to be his. The sword of Damocles or "dam somebody else," to use Arthur's own expression, hung by a very slender thread o'er his raven locks. Little did he care if the seats of the Casino were such peculiar ones that he could rock back and forth in them, and herein was the cause of all the trouble, for, rising suddenly, there was a rip and a tear, and poor Arthur's well fitting evening dress coat was mourning the loss of one of its graceful spike tails. Those seats now have a strange repugnance for Arthur.

A prettier scene the numerous spectators in the balcony had never witnessed than when the merry dancers on the floor tripped to catchy music well rendered by Horn's orchestra behind the piano lamps in the wooded dell, by the limpid stream. We neglected to mention at the start the gurgling, limpid stream. While no one heard it gurgle or limp, still we think it is necessary that a limpid stream should gurgle in every well regulated woodland dell.

The music and the dancing were enjoyed by each and every one. The young ladies served a delicious little collation, which also seemed to be appreciated. as but a few slighted crumbs could enter a jealous complaint about being overlooked and forgotten. While the last inspiring strains of the orchestra lingered with a sweet cadence, as the last couple settled comfortably in the smallest corner of the homeward bound coach, a suspicious grayness in the eastern horizon might have been noticed; but the homeward bound couples were occupied otherwise than in seeking astronomical information.

Pleasant echoes of the Bachelors' Easter hop will remain with us long into the far distance hence. May the Bachelors' future efforts be as enjoyably successful is the sincere wish of the writer.

PARLOR TALK ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Miss Harriet May Mills, Secretary of the State Woman Suffrage Association at Mr. Vanamee's

MR. AND MRS. VANAMEE.

AT HOME.

Friday, May the third,

at eight o'clock.

HARRIET MAY MILLS.

Subject: Signs of the Times.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Vanamee who were so fortunate as to receive the above card were treated not only to a literary and musical feast, but also enjoyed a most pleasant social hour.

The charming home opened in aid of "The Cause" was rendered, if possible, more attractive than usual by elegant floral decorations. The "Talk" of Miss Mills and vocal selections by Mr. Roger Conant were supplemented by dainty refreshments.

The singing by Mr. Conant was greatly enjoyed, his voice being new to most of those present.

Mr. Vanamee, who is never more happy than in an introductory speech, presented Miss Mills to her audience in a few most felicitously chosen words. In closing he spoke of her as "a new woman" in Middletown, but as an old friend, quoting from Helen Jackson:

"The new is older than the old;
The newest friend is oldest friend in this.
That, waiting him, we longest grieved to miss
One thing we sought."

Miss Mills, who is the Recording Secretary of the State Woman Suffrage Association, proved herself a worthy and eloquent champion of "The Cause." She spoke for about an hour, holding the closest attention of all her hearers. She is very much in earnest, and her earnestness, the evident truthfulness of her statement that the cause of woman suffrage is very near her heart, won her the sympathy of all within the sound of her voice. Her address was a comprehensive review of the movement in favor of woman suffrage everywhere, and she made it plain that the signs of the times all indicated that the ballot would soon be given to women. She appealed to the women of Middletown to prepare for the new duties and responsibilities that the ballot would bring, by the study of political and civic questions, and told of the pleasure and profit the women of her home city, Syracuse, were deriving from a Political Equality Club.

Miss Mills brightened and relieved her remarks by occasional flashes of humor, but she was too much in earnest, too anxious to impress her views on her audience, to give rein to her humorous fancy.

At the close of Miss Mills's address it was the unanimous opinion of the company that a Political Study Club should be organized.

Mrs. Vanamee was chosen President and Mrs. Rorty was chosen Secretary.

It was agreed that the Secretary should send notices of a meeting to be held in the near future, which those who wished might attend and become members of the new organization.

E. B. R.

Mrs. Millen's at Home.

One of the most pleasant social events of the week was Mrs. Millen's tea, given in honor of her guest, Miss Mason. Mr. and Mrs. Millen entertain charmingly and upon this occasion their lovely home was rendered a veritable bower of beauty by its elaborate floral decorations.

Mrs. Millen was ably assisted in receiving and entertaining her numerous guests by a number of Middletown's most attractive matrons and girls. The hours passed swiftly, and were fully enjoyed by those who had the good fortune to be present.

Dinner at Col. Shepard's.

On Thursday evening, Col and Mrs. Shepard gave a very pleasant little dinner at their home on Highland avenue, in honor of their relatives, Mrs. Elizabeth D. Shepard and Mr. C. Sidney Shepard.

ST. JOSEPH'S PAROCHIAL SCHOOL.

Within the last few years, the congregation of St. Joseph's Church has increased so much, that the pastor and members of the church commenced to feel the necessity of a parochial school for the education of Catholic children, and determined to establish one. Accordingly, about six years ago, the property adjoining the church was purchased for this purpose. The buildings were almost entirely reconstructed and furnished with all the equipments necessary for a good school.

It was opened in September 1889, with an attendance of about 200, which so steadily increased, that in three years it was necessary to make additions to the building.

The course of study at St Joseph's school is thorough and practical. Besides the studies taught in public schools, it includes catechism and religious instructions, for which a special time is set aside each day, thus bringing the pupils into the spirit and under the influence of the church.

The school is in charge of the Ursuline Nuns, superintended by Rev. J. P. McClancy, whose earnest efforts have been so successful in making it one of the best educational institutions of the city.

A GRADUATE.

PUBLIC POICE.

A Proffer of Help—A Suggestion.

EDITORS WOMAN'S ARGUS:—In case you are short of carrier boys, tonight, send for my latest, at 170 East Main street. He doesn't know much about the streets of this city as yet, but he is ambitious.

W. F. BAILEY.

After a unanimous vote the editors of the Women's Edition" have decided to name the baby for the most popular man in town at the present writing,—George Hunter Thompson.

Mayor Stansbury's Condition.

We wish to add our word of sympathy to the many that have been said in regard to the illness of our Mayor, W. K. Stansbury.

He has always been a staunch friend to the Hospital, and has interested himself especially in getting our appropriations from the town. We thank the Aldermen, who have stood by us, and "last but not least," the taxpayers.

In calling to inquire for the Mayor, the other day, we noticed his friends had made a conservatory of his rooms and were doing all that kindly sympathy and help can do to make him forget suffering and pain.

"Crowded Out."

Owing to the unexpected large demands for advertising space the interviews, "Growler" and many other articles are crowded out. They will be printed in a supplement sheet, Monday, which may be obtained free of charge at the ARGUS office or Hanford & Horton's.

Can Go Fishing All Next Week.

A number of articles left out from lack of room in the Woman's Edition will be published in the regular ARGUS later. There are enough to make it possible for the whole force to go fishing for a week.

YOURSELF IN FASHION'S MIRROR

Hints and Suggestions to Men Who Would Be Up-to-Date in Matters of Personal Adornment.

—"Cornell-Princeton" watches and scarf pins are worn by college men when at home. But while at college it is considered better form to keep them at your "uncle's."

—To enlarge the band of trousers, insert Van Dyke points of black moire.

—The prevailing colors for pajamas are gaslight green, cerise and a peculiarly soft shade of pumpkin yellow. Apropos of pajamas—you have heard the story of the old man who was asked if he liked bananas. "Well, ye-er, but I like the old-fashioned night clothes better."

—Neckties are still worn around the neck. Any becoming color is allowable, green being especially popular. In case, of an emergency borrow your sister's bonnet.

—Napoleon hats will be very much worn for riding, driving and wheeling, as they set firmly on the head. They are universally becoming, especially if worn above a bang and a smiling face.

—"T. E. H." Duck trousers are to be worn at the seaside, the same as last year, pressed into a box-plait down the outside seam. This is done without extra charge at one of the town laundries.

—Dresden shirts will be the correct thing this season; that is, shirts powdered over with tiny rosebuds or other small flowers. They are made in all colors to suit every complexion. This idea will also be carried out in vests.

—Save your worn-out rubber coats. They make excellent stove-polishing mittens, a great convenience in masculine housekeeping. It is customary, since the advent of the "New Woman" for the "Old Man" to keep the kitchen range in shining order.

—Aprons made of ticking are in great demand for men, when washing dishes, doing laundry work, or other household tasks.

—"Impecunious One." On account of the hard times, bicycle and bathing suits will be interchangeable.

—"Au Fait." A lead pencil sharpener, sold by the leading stationers, is an admirable instrument for remodeling "Trilby" shoes.

THE DAYS OF LONG AGO.

The following contribution, penned with steady fingers, is sent us from a venerable lady in our city, aged ninety-one years.—[EDS. WOMAN'S PAPER]

One of the ladies has asked me to write a piece for the WOMAN'S PAPER. I think it a very worthy object, and as all are influenced by what they read, it is very important to write what will be calculated to improve the minds of those that read. At my age of fourscore years and ten, and never having written for the paper, what I say will read very old-fashioned, no doubt.

When I was a girl I did not have the choice of an education and going to school as the girls do now. A common school education was all the girls in my father's family had, but I was taught to excel in my work at home—to spin the finest linen and to do the nicest sewing, and not engage in anything unuseful, for body or mind. I was taught that my parents knew best, and what they taught me I have always held dear, and I wish that all parents were like mine in the training of their children.

My parents were very particular about the amusements of their children and would join with them often in games of skill, but games of chance were never allowed. I was taught that card playing was wrong and I never saw a pack of cards until after I was fifty years old.

We were a large family and all but myself are in the spiritland, and I shall soon be with them; and if we know each other, as I trust we shall, we shall rejoice over the influences that have brought us together at last.

I have not written this for the WOMAN'S PAPER for notoriety. I am glad to see women doing good. I would be thankful for a revival of some of the old Puritan principles. I wish you success in all your good undertakings.

Gifts from Generous Friends.

Mr. George N. Clemson, whose business is never advertised, gave a donation of $20 to the hospital fund. Other generous friends are Mr. Daniel H. Bailey, Miss Carrie J. Horton, Mrs. Charles Horton and Miss Florence Horton.

The autograph letters testifying to cures made by Ayer's Sarsaparilla and other preparations are kept on file at the J. C. Ayer Co.'s office, Lowell, Mass. They are from all over the world and are cheerfully shown to anyone desirous of seeing them.

IN THE "ARGUS" OFFICE.

Getting Out a Paper Amid Pleasant Surroundings.

The ARGUS office, this 4th of May morning, is a bower of loveliness. The ladies of the staff are in ecstasies of delight and wonder. Palms and trailing vines and glorious blossoms of every color are everywhere.

There is also a new office mat and even the printer's devil stops to wipe his feet every time he enters the office door. There are new mirrors, new curtains, statuary, and a spanclean office towel. The hall is sprinkled with perfumed water and a music box grinds out soft, melodious strains from a hidden corner of the sanctum.

The compositors are all in spotless smiling array and the editors are off on a picnic in elegant new spring costumes, with choicest buttonhole bouquets very much *en evidence*.

The majority of the men of the city are at home getting through the spring house cleaning, and the "New Woman" is here in all her glory, prepared to get out the first edition of the Woman's paper by twelve o clock sharp.

DAISY JINGLE.

Carolina and Gladys in our first Daisy you'll find,
With Marjorie and Madaline just peeping behind.
Then Ada who has such fair little curls,
Is quite near Marjorie, the latter's girl
While Sammy's father, the maker of pills,
Is soon to make people better or ill.
And Stephen next to him with face round and sweet
Surely looks as if fed on the best of Swift's meat.
May Belle I am sure you can all tell
Her face right between two little boys fell.
Way down Main street in one big house,
Lives Eleanor and Oliver, each still as a mouse.
Wee baby Lawrence who lives on the hill,
His father, the dentist, pulls teeth with a will.
His cousin Alma's sayings as well as her face,
You'll find on this page in another place.
Little brown-eyed Bessie looks just like her mother,
We can easily tell her from all of the other
The proud father of Helen isn't hard to find,
At the O. & W. station, where the purple are well dined.
Leslie and Florence peeping forth from a flower
Look quite content in our Daisy bower
From Highland avenue Mildred came
Just look at her father and you'll know her last name
Teddy's the name of a reporter's son.
He's very precious and the only one
Little Margaret so fair, and such a sweet child,
Her face, like her father's, is on a broad smile
Some bright some day Miss Marjorie will win,
But while she's little she's *Uncle Jim*
This is a young Democrat, says Grandfather Brown
As he takes Ed he to market around the town.
Hortense is the daughter of a well known man,
Whether mother (at present) is seeking all the papers can
Way up on the hill top overlooking the town.
Robert at us is looking down
Be quiet! Ralph while your picture I take,
The daisies my dear are for charity's sake
Who does not know cunning little Dick.
Whose face from these daisies I'm sure you can pick
"I growl my red cheeks" said Howard one day.
To a lady who was waiting his Aunt Julia to pay,
If to the Hospital some bread must go,
Just ask Rogers father, he'll never say no
Frank and Leslie, neighbors, living side by side,
Their fathers both Dr's known far and wide.
And now little ladies don't you think if you try,
Your friends of this paper will more of them buy
For by giving your faces for charity's sake
They ought for each daisy more papers to take.

—M. C. V. D.

THE LICENSE OF THE PRESS.

The liberty of the press is acknowledged to be the greatest safeguard of freedom. Yet to that as to all things, is a limit. No political right is absolute. Even a man's right to liberty is subject to the condition that he does not use it to infringe the rights of his neighbors. But the exceedingly great license that the press of modern times takes was manifested in the recent marriage of Miss Anna Gould and Count Castelaine. However desirable it may be for our American young ladies, especially those of great wealth, to marry American born men, it is possible for them to marry and even to fall in love with a Frenchman, or one of other foreign birth, especially one handsome, educated and of noble blood. The press raised such a storm all over the country, as to lead the public to suppose that the young couple had almost committed a crime and the editors sustained a personal injury. If Miss Gould had married some old or disreputable man or an impoverished title, a little gossip would have been expected, but both were young, fine looking and very wealthy. There did not seem to be the least cause for flings and criticisms or space for fault finding, yet they found space of the broadest dimensions and harped for weeks together, upon the presumed misalliance. Gladly would the bride no doubt have gone to her new home and life with kindly congratulations and loving wishes. Instead, of this, she was mercilessly suspicioned and criticised, and wounded in the house of her friends, they sewing the seeds of evasion and prejudice along her future pathway. There is no reason why she should not have had an exceptionally hearty Godspeed as she left her American home and kindred.

To have perfect health you must have pure blood, and the best way to have pure blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Editors Give Thanks to Some of the Many Who Have Helped Them in Their Work.

—The Woman's Edition in every department begs to acknowledge the generosity, the courtesy and the unfailing patience of the ARGUS force in so ably aiding us in making our paper a success. We make our best bow to the publisher, business manager, editorial staff, the reportorial force and the mechanical department down to the devil himself.

—The ARGUS has not only given itself, its time and its talent, but gives us a handsome advertisement besides.

—We acknowledge our indebtedness to the Press and Times for kindly mention of our Woman's Edition. These favors have aided us materially in our enterprise.

—The success of our Woman's paper is largely due to the able leadership of Miss Cassie D. Friend, who has so generously given her valuable time in full measure in aid of our Hospital fund.

—The staff acknowledges the untiring efforts of the young girls, who have canvassed for the paper; also the admirable enterprise of our young ladies who will sell the edition on the streets.

—Hanford & Horton kindly offer to sell copies of the Woman's paper without commission. We thank them for their courtesy.

—We wish to especially acknowledge the artistic talent of Miss Margaret P. Beattie in preparing the Daisy field for the baby faces. We are indebted to Miss Sally Sayer, of Goshen, for the bow knots for our beaux.

A WAIL FROM THE BABIES.

Oh, mother, dear mother, pray what is the use
Of spending your time slinging ink?
Papa's almost daft, and it's playing the deuce
With the baby, who won't sleep a wink!

So mother, dear mother, come back to your place,
The younsters are crying "boo hoo!"
The baby has howled till he's red in the face,
And hubby is weeping for you!

Now mother, dear mother, please put up your quill,
We've no meat at home but the cat:
All I've eaten today is a peptonized pill,
And there isn't much comfort in that!

Oh come, come back, dear mother, come soon!
The doings at home are so strange;
For cook's writing poems to "June, baby June,"
And she ain't gone out in the range!

Papa said he'd never stay out any more
At the club till eleven p m:
I asked him, "what, never?" and mother," he swore
A swear word that sounded like "dem!"

Come back! oh come, mother, back to your type!
Our meals will come regular then:
We know you need cash, and we hope you'll make lots,
But—oh mother! don't do it again!

A FEATHERED PATIENT.

Little Robin Red-breast was very, very sad,
For Jennie had a sadly broken wing:
Though 'round them the summer was beautiful and glad,
Neither of the pretty birds could sing.

The soft wind sighed, and the green trees waved,
And sweet was the dear home nest,
But Jennie was in pain, Robin's love was all in vain,
And sad was poor Robin Red-breast.

One day the small bird that tells all the news,
Came to visit and to cheer them awhile.
"Dear Robin, I am grieved that your Jennie is so hurt,
But, dear friends, forgive me if I smile,

"For I've good news: if Jennie I speak the word,
There'll appear a dainty carriage at your home,
You may rest your wounded wing on cushions soft as down,
And with gentle easy motion you will come,

To a wonderful place, where all sicknesses are cured,
Where all pains and sore aches fly away,
Broken bones are knit together, made quite as good as new,
Broken hearts, too, are mended, I've heard say.

"Kind physicians meet you there with gentle, skillful touch,
Sweet ladies give you tenderest care
If you're old you may grow young in this wonderful house
Dear Robin, promise Jennie shall go there."

The little friend ceased, and Robin Red-breast begged
Till Jennie could no longer say them "no!"
Just then the bird who'd listened and who told me this true tale,
Said "really it is late and I must go."

And I know no more about it. Perhaps you've heard the rest?
Whether Jennie reached Tirall Hospital's door,
And if her wing was mended by the doctor's skillful touch,
And the grateful birds were happy evermore.

—CHARLOTTE OSBORN CONANT.

One Way of Helping the Hospital.

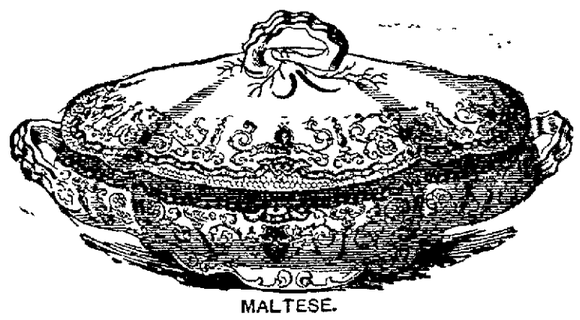
Our popular merchant, Mr. G. B. Adams, not only gives us a handsome advertisement, but also offers us 5 per cent. of the sales on Monday. We acknowledge the hearty generosity of Mr. Adams, and hope the women of Middletown will make their spring purchases on Monday and thus aid in swelling our Hospital Fund.

"Lady's Addition of the Argus."

An envelope addressed "Lady's addition to the ARGUS," strikes the nail on the head. Truly, it would be a "woman's addition," if it were not for the kindness of our contributors in allowing us to cut articles.

WIDE AWAKE AND UP TO DATE.

VAN - DUZER - & - SMITH, - HOUSEFURNISHERS,



MALTESE.

THIS AND SEVERAL OTHER PATTERNS WE CARRY IN OPEN STOCK.

WHERE YOU CAN ALWAYS FIND THE LATEST AND FINEST STOCK OF

FURNITURE, CARPETS, GROCKERY, LAMPS

and BIRGE'S WALL PAPERS which have no equal. An exceedingly fine line of

BABY - CARRIAGES.

—OUR WORLD-RENOWNED—

CURLED COTTON MATTRESSES

for which we are sole agents, have taken the lead for 21 years. Beware of imitations. Old and new housekeepers are respectfully invited to examine our stock and prices.

WALK IN AND LOOK AROUND.

NOS. 36 AND 38 NORTH STREET, - - - - - MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BY CASSIE D. FRIEND.

We have heard a great deal about "Naggers," but what ARGUS reader ever really met one. For some unaccountable reason a "Nagger" is generally parsed as in the feminine gender, third person, singular number, agreeing with nobody. She is likewise maliciously pictured as numerous. This is untrue. She is really as rare as a western rainbow. There never was but one real "Nagger" in the world, and she was such a phenomenon in the eyes of all creation that her name has been made historical and kept fresh and green through all these ages of time, and it is quite on the books that this notoriety of Xanthippe will go howling down the centuries. Had it been a usual thing for women to be naggish shrews, it is impossible that immortality would have been conferred upon this dynamiac Greek, for semi-occasionally blowing up Socrates, and, even granting all this, who can positively affirm that he did not sometimes need what he got?

Some of our advanced Americans are given to "taking their pleasures sadly," like our English cousins. It is quite an interesting study to watch the countenances of people who have given up laughing at anything really funny. The only time these grave people laugh orthodoxically is when they think they have the best of some poor mortal in a controversy, game or bargain. Then, indeed, their egoish glee is ghoulish. The mirth of such a type of humanity arises from sources that cause something like pity or disdain in higher natures. Laughter is a most valuable and enviable gift to humanity. Minds capable of appreciating the greatest and grandest things in life can also enjoy the most nonsense, provided there is a real bit of fun in them. It is often that we see a home where the mother is gay, sunny-tempered and vivacious, the children like her, and the father cynical, severe, and so judicial looking, even in his slippers and easy gown after dinner, that one wonders whether his pose and demeanor arise from inherent dignity or acquired rheumatism. He seems often to be the household quartermaster, and all his duty done when he provides supplies.

Did you ever see a woman cut her little boy's hair? In nine cases out of nine, he looks, when he has escaped from her clutches, as if his hair had been chewed by an absent-minded cow, and he dare not look a boy in the face for a week after. First, she envelopes her victim in a large towel, which she leaves loose enough around the neck to let some of the fine bits of hair drop down his spinal column. Then she combs a bang down over his eyes, partly obscuring his vision, but proceeds to make the eclipse total, by bending his little head forward and downward until his nose scrapes his chest, his mouth is shut tightly, and he is forced to gasp occasionally and breathe through his ears the rest of the time. In order to facilitate operations and get a good 'purchase" on the boy's head, the boy's mother grasps him alternately by the nose and then by the ear, as necessity requires. When the tonsorial feat is ended, Ma goes over Bennie's head with a nice stiff whist broom. This sends a portion of the short particles down upon the boy's collar, and to complete the process, she turns back his coat, and proceeds to blow a few ounces of the stinging mass down his back. Then she takes the boy out on the back porch and pounds him heroically from top to toe with the rugbeater, and, smashing his hat down over his eyes to keep him from catching cold in his head, she tells him to go and take a nice walk, so as to let the breezes blow the rest of his scattered locks from his wardrobe. Away goes the poor lad, sneaking through the back streets, knowing that in spite of the banging and dusting he has endured he is covered from collar to shoe with jagged streaks of hair. For the rest of the week, until tub night, he has a burning, fur-lined feeling inside of his little flannel shirt, and on passing the tiny wriggling sufferer, if you could not see for his hat that his mother had recently been his barber, you would be sure that the poor little fellow had the worst type of St. Vitus's dance.

We hear a great deal about "Christian Unity," and the more we read and learn about it and approximate it, the better for all mankind. But there is one point that the sectarians in general might observe with both grace and dignity, and that is the abstaining during the Lenten season from special gaities, and particularly from lively festivities during Holy Week. We may not be either Catholics or Episcopalians of High or Low church tendencies, we may not have been rocked in Presbyterian cradles, or nurtured in Baptist admonitions; we may not observe Lent; we may not appreciate the spirit of Holy Week as do those trained and instructed to observe it most rigidly. But, like a death in our neighborhood,—we may not be intimate or even acquainted with the family of the dead,—still, there is to be expected in the name of decency and humanity, a certain orderly bearing. Outward respect is certainly due that neighbor and we would not be likely to throw open our windows at such a time and indulge in singing and dancing. It seems bad taste to say the east to issue invitations for a dance, give a card party, or plan a base ball banquet for an evening set apart for prayer, fasting and spiritual meditation, by the centuries—long observers of Roman, Anglican, Anglo-American communions, and yet this is constantly done. It seems extremely inconsistent, that the very people, who thus err, observe the anniversary of the birth of Christ. They aid in making beautiful the day set apart as the time of His resurrection, and yet they totally ignore the solemn season of the commemoration of His crucifixion and death.

"Always greet your husband with a smile." You always read this in the first chapter of "Guide to Happiness" and similar "Home Missionary" publications. Well, the reverse side of the matrimonial medallion is equally pictorial. Suppose then for a change we put the boot on the other foot and make it a law that the husband shall come grinning in at the front door every afternoon, no matter if his note has gone to protest, no matter if his patients have died, or if he has lost his pet case at court and his temper with it, or lost a heap of money at poker, down town, while dear Mary is up town, up stairs, up to her eyes with Johnnie and Janie in the fifth stage of the measles. No matter if a man's store burns down and his insurance is non est, no matter if his partner has vanished with all the books and money of the firm, no matter—well, no matter talking further. You could no more get a ghost of a smile from Ezekiel than you could get a skirt dance from a pair of rubber boots. It isn't reason or even good honest religion to expect it of him. Neither can it be expected of Mrs. Ezekiel, for example after a day of doing scores of practical examples of compound interest to herself alone, for instance mending Ezekiel's stockings, hearing Katy's lesson, giving Bridget orders, quelling an embryo riot, and possible murder between Tom and Bob, trying to add up the butcher's bill and plan the dinner—all "in her head"' and at once, with changes in the domestic programme occurring hourly, and new pressing duties coming in upon her like bullets in a battle. Of course it is unwise to file a bill of complaints the moment Ezekiel appears on the scene. Give him his supper and let him read the paper first, anyway. Never mind that Johnnie has ruined his best suit, Tommy smashed the plate glass mirror, and said an awful word when he cut his fingers nearly off, or that Katy has eloped with the married milkman, and that the pipes have burst in the parlor wall. Ezekiel, to save his life, couldn't mend either coat, fingers, mirrors, morals or pipes—but—you needn't "smile," bless you. That would be a mental and physical impossibility. Certainly no trait of character is more enviable than the possession of a sweet disposition. It has a marvelous influence over the minds, moods and manners of the entire household, from Ezekiel to the cat. It is more valuable than riches, it captivates more than angelic, but sullen, peevish beauty, and to the closing down of the coffin lid, it retains all its freshness and power. But to "always smile"—it can't be done. It is totally diverse to human nature and human experience. Those of my readers, who agree with me in this lucid view of things domestic, will please so signify by rising.

Nothing except cheerful faces about it so brightens up the breakfast table as a few fresh flowers tastefully arranged. It is always delightful to see flowers about the house, in the parlor, on the dinner table, in the hall; but there is a special charm about the greeting their fresh, dainty faces give us at breakfast. Even a spray of roses or a cluster of sweet peas and a bit of tender green foliage. These decorations are so loved by many women, that it is their sole extravagance—the purchase of flowers and vines. Better indeed a dinner of herbs with a delicate garniture of flowers, than the huge baronial joint with these decorations absent.

I would like to be able to suggest to the leaders of every temperance organization in the county—central committees, lodges, associations and guilds: and to the magnificent army of crusaders throughout the United States, the feasability of devoting a portion, at least, of the thousands upon thousands of dollars these indefatigable workers spend in buildings, rentals, on committees' journeys far and near to numerous conventions, for lectures, songs, dramatic performances and entertainments of various kinds—to the building in various parts of the country, free gold cure institutions for the healing of all nations. What more practical and direct uses could be made of the immense aggregate sums raised yearly by temperance orgainzations than by the carrying out of this reasonable plan? Exhortations, prayers, resolutions offered and passed by temperance reformers' sermons, dirges, warnings, are often means to great and gratifying ends, but a month at a gold cure institution in thousands of instances might be worth their all. A course of treatment there has, in scores of cases, proved of more lasting effect than even the bitter griefs, entreaties, deprivations and tears of wife or children. There are tens of thousands of drunkards in our country who would be willing to undergo any sort of torture or heroic treatment to be free men once again, but who are unable to pay the considerable sum necessary for their cure. What better use then could be made of considerable of the vast contributions that are steadily contributed to the glorious cause of temperance, than the erecting of institutions just suggested—to be made wholly free, and to be open to every liquor slave in the land.

RECIPES

FOR THE CHAFING DISH.—To two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour when the butter is melted. When blended well stir in the chopped meat of twenty-five clams, (the little necks are best) and half a pint of clam juice. Pepper and salt to taste. Cover and let simmer for ten minutes. Then add a gill of cream and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley; serve as soon as it simmers once. If the chafing dish is not available cook the mixture in a sauce pan on the kitchen range. Select large clam shells, clean thoroughly and fill each half with the cooked mess, sprinkle bread crumbs over the top and brown in a hot oven. Serve on a flat dish in a wreath of water cress.

"Quoth the peasant,
This same dessert is very pleasant."

RUSSIAN SNOW.—Soak two-thirds of a package of gelatine one hour in a cup of cold water with two or three pieces of yellow orange peel in it. Then add a cup of boiling water and stir until the gelatine is all dissolved. Add three-quarters of a pound of sugar, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, a tablespoonful of brandy and three gills of Maderia. Strain the mixture through a jelly bag into a deep basin. Pack the basin in cracked ice and whip with a Dover beater until it froths and is thick. Pour into a melon mould and place on the ice until very cold. Serve on a crystal platter surrounded by a wreath of whipped cream and garnished with cracked Russian violets. This is a dainty and delicious dessert and is inexpensive despite its elaborate appearance.

FROZEN PUDDING.—Boil a pint of water and a half pound of sugar five minutes, pour the boiling syrup over the well beaten yolks of six eggs, return them to the fire and cook an instant. Beating rapidly, take from the fire, stand the basin in ice water, beating constantly until the mixture is thick and nearly cold. The more rapid the cooling the better. Add a tablespoonful of vanilla extract turn into a freezer and freeze. When frozen stir in carefully one pint of cream beaten to a stiff froth. Cover the freezer and stand aside to ripen two hours. Serve in punch glasses just as it is or make a tiny cavity in the centre of each portion of the mixture, after filling the glasses and pour one teaspoonful of Jamaica rum (or any wine preferred) in each glass. Serve at once.

"I don't say but he might make Eve to be
A companion to Adam in Paradise,
There was no cooking to be spoiled there."

RECIPE FOR SCRIPTURE CAKE.—One cup butter, Judges v:25; two cups sugar, Jeremiah vi:20; three and one-half cups flour (prepared) 1 Kings iv:22; two cups raisins, 1 Samuel xxx:12; two cups figs, 1 Samuel xxx:12; one cup almonds, Genesis xliii:11; one cup water, Genesis xxiv:20; six eggs, Isaiah x:14; a little salt, Leviticus ii:13; one large iron spoon of honey, Exodus xvi:31; sweet spices to taste, 1 Kings x:2. Follow Solomon's advice for making good boys (first clause of Proverbs xxiii:14) and you will have a good cake.

HEAVENLY HASH.—One pineapple, four oranges, one box strawberries, six bananas. Place a layer of pineapple in a dish, then a layer of berries, of orange and banana until all are used. Cover each layer of fruit with powdered sugar and a little lemon juice.

JELLIED TONGUE.—One large tongue boiled, three pints of rich veal or chicken stock, one lemon, one-half box of gelatine, salt and pepper. Soak the gelatine in cold water, strain the stock, place over the fire, bring to a boil, put in the gelatine, lemon and seasoning. Stir in the tongue, sliced very thin and heat thoroughly. Place in a mould to cool.

LUNCHEON SALAD.—Six ripe tomatoes and two cucumbers, peeled and sliced thin. Place in salad dish in alternate layers and serve with mayonaise dressing.

MRS. W. H. W. JONES.

Nothing shows so quickly refinement in matters of the table as the proper cooking and dainty serving of simple dishes.

A custom to be commended is the garnishing of dishes whenever practicable. It is not troublesome, habit makes the extra touch easy and natural.

Many people eat with their eyes. An indifferent appetite may be tempted unconsciously by attractive accessories.

For a simple available table decoration nothing is prettier and more charming than candle light, under its softening rays flowers of one hue or many blend in artistic beauty and induce the golden humor which assures appreciation of the favorite dishes.

"I tell you a woman will make your porridge every day for twenty years and never think of measuring the proportion between the meal and the milk, a little more or less she'll think doesn't signify; if it's wrong it's summat in the milk or it's summat in the water."

In cooking, cream is to milk in value as gold is to silver.

The best cooks avoid the use of gelatine when possible.

"It is the Bounty of Nature That We Live, but of Philosophy That We Live Well."

DINNER FOR ORANGE AND SULLIVAN COUNTIES

Little Neck Clams,
Cream of Lettuce Soup, Cheese Straws,
Olives, Salted Almonds,
Broiled Brook Trout with Bacon.
Graham Bread Sandwiches, Cucumbers,
Orange Ice,
Broiled Spring Chicken, Broiled Potatoes,
Asparagus With Drawn Butter Sauce,
Vienna Bread,
Water Cress and Radish Salad, French Dressing,
Ice Cream, Cakes,
Coffee, Crackers, Cheese.

SPRING DINNER.

Consomme Soup,
Olives, Lobster Salad,
Sweet Breads in Cases, Sliced Oranges in Sherry
Spring Lamb, Mint Sauce,
Mashed Potatoes, Green Peas,
Pine Apple, Bavarian Cream,
Fruits, Coffee,
Nuts, Raisins.

LUNCHEON MENU.

Lettuce With French Dressing,
Clear Chicken Soup in Cups,
Lobster a la Newburgh in Cases,
Chicken Croquettes, Saratoga Potatoes,
(Lamb Chops),
Biscuit Glace, Assorted Cakes,
Strawberries or Other Fruits,
Salted Spanish Peanuts, Coffee

WORKING MEN'S DINNERS.

NUMBER ONE.

Thick Vegetable Soup, Bread and Butter,
Hamburg Steaks, Baked Potatoes,
Crackers, Cheese, Coffee

NUMBER TWO.

Onion or Bean Soup,
Croquettes (made of Soup Meat),
Salad of cold Boiled Potatoes,
Boiled Rice With Border of Stewed Pears.

A DINNER FOR FOUR PERSONS FOR A DOLLAR.

Tomato Soup, Deviled Clams,
Fricassee of Veal, Boiled Rice,
Macaroni, Italian Style,
Salad of Watercress,
Waters, Neufchatel,
Late Pudding, Orange Sauce,
Coffee.

Mrs. J. Skinner,

HOME-MADE BAKERY.

Manufacturer of Choice Bread, Pie, Cake, Etc. 34 East Main St.

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No. 20 Orchard St., Middletown.

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1:30 TO 3:00 P. M; 7:00 TO 8:00 P. M

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ONTARIO AND WESTERN DEPOT RESTAURANT.

WM. SEEHOLZER, PROP.

ELECTRIC CARS PASS THE DOOR.

Plain and Fancy Dry Goods

AT

BURKE'S, OPPOSITE ERIE DEPOT

Latest Styles in Dressmaking.

PRICES :-: REASONABLE.

Middletown Steam Carpet Cleaning and Feather Renovating Works,

CORNER FULTON ST. AND SPRAGUE AVE

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is to give the public the best possible Telegraph Service.

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GEO. K. WILKIN, MANAGER

JOHN F. BRADNER,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

EMPIRE BLOCK, NORTH ST.,

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

Piano Lamps and Shades at cost!

Fifteen per cent reduction in Banquet Lamps. Bargains in

DINNER AND TEA SETS!

and don't forget we keep a full line of CHOICE

GROCERIES

and make Teas and Coffees a specialty. Our Java and Mocha are the best that can be produced.

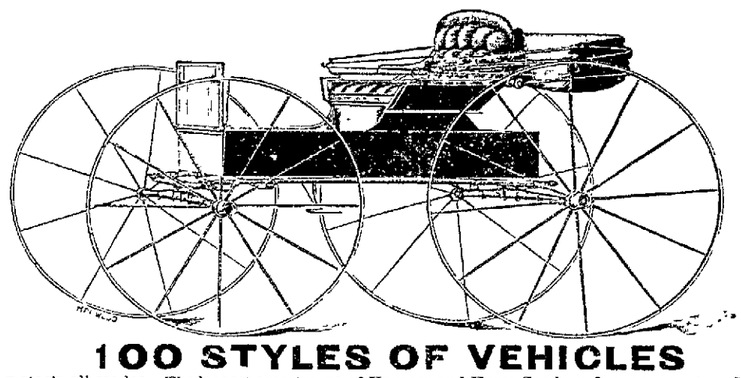
J. B. SWALM, 12 E. MAIN ST.

There's No Use of Talking

when you have nothing to say. We have this to say—That our MEATS are of the best quality. LOWEST PRICES. It doesn't cost you anything to give us a call and see for yourself at

Koch's Market,

76 West Main Street.



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in stock, all grades. The largest assortment of Harness and Horse Goods in Orange county. Send for catalogue and prices. Agents for Columbus Buggy Co.'s work.

Hulse Wagon Co., Goshen, N. Y.

THIS Space Belongs to EDWIN BENSON, Proprietor Middletown Straw Works, Salesrooms, New York city, Factory and Office, Middletown, N. Y.

Taken for the benefit of Thrall Hospital.

WE SELL THE

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WITH THE GENUINE DOCKASH GRATE—THE BEST LINE OF RANGES IN USE. MORE SOLD IN NEW YORK STATE THAN ANY RANGE MADE. FOR SALE BY

GEO. A. SWALM & SON.

MEN'S OWN PAGE.

MARGARET P. BEATTIE, EDITOR.

To the gentlemen, bless 'em,—a long life and a merry one! What our life would be without them, we do not, dare not think. They are an enormous responsibility; they wrinkle our faces, whiten our heads, bow our shoulders and break our hearts, and yet we love them with an undying, uncrushable love and don't want them changed a bit.

Here's to the "Bachelor," lonely but free,
Here's to the "Benedict" portly.
Here's to our guardsmen, firemen,—all ye!
Grave, jolly, plain, handsome and courtly.

SIDE-TALKS WITH THE BOYS.

Answers to Correspondents in Quest of Knowledge—A Brimming Font of Wisdom Tapped for Useful Information for the Curious—"Roasts" for the Dear Fellows That We Know They'll Like.

"If you seek for information
Or desire an explanation,
We're a brimming font of wisdom
That responds to every call."

"Doubtful Dick."—It is good form in dancing to keep on your feet, being careful to select your own feet; those of your partner will not answer the purpose.

"E. M. D."—To remove the salad stain from the tails of your dress coat, cut off the tails. You can then make the coat over into a "Tuxedo" dinner coat.

"J. H. K."—We have learned from the officers of the Traction Co. that after May 1st they will sell commutation tickets to Goshen at greatly reduced rates. In answer to your second question, would refer you to a reliable work entitled "Four Thousand Words Commonly Mispronounced."

"J. G. G."—When calling upon your best girl go armed with a box of "Tenney's," but be sure to keep it in your pocket till you get there, and do not leave it on the wrong girl's porch.

"E. W. V.D,"—In regard to saddle-back clams we would recommend you to see J. E. Gibbs.

"G. H. I."—Sea air and Cuban cigarettes are a sovereign remedy for insomnia.

"R. T. W."—We don't like to think of our boys distributing their photographs promiscuously. Too often they are cast aside after a short time to make room for the latest crush. Better keep them until the thing is settled.

"G. F. B."—Cocoa butter is recommended as a simple and harmless remedy for resurrecting a defunct moustache.

"A. W. G."—Yes, smiles are always good form and may be easily acquired by ten minutes practice daily.

"T. E. H."—"In love, as in all things, 'There's safety in numbers.'"

"W. L. M."—Some popular society buds have patented a reel for effectually winding up masculine delinquents in social engagements. This will probably meet the requirements of your case.

"F. S. R."—A new kind of chafing dish has been invented, in which lobsters, crabs and other sea serpents can be prepared, rendering them perfectly digestible. Eaten just before retiring they are a sure cure for all forms of dyspepsia.

"N. M. H."—If you have already been rejected twice, one more proposal will exempt you from the "Bachelors' tax"

"E. S. M."—From "New Rules on Tennis" we clip the following, hoping it will be of some use to you: "For every-day playing, as well as tournaments, the 'love game' will be especially popular his summer."

"J. C. R. T."—Your inquiry about the "Bachelors' Tax" has already been answered in reply to N. M. H.

"Gil."—When driving, especially near sand banks or pitfalls, it is always better to keep one eye on the horse instead of both on the girl.

"A. W. C."—Living pictures are perfectly proper when handsomely framed in a bank window. When exhibited thus no one of the strictest Puritanical principles could object.

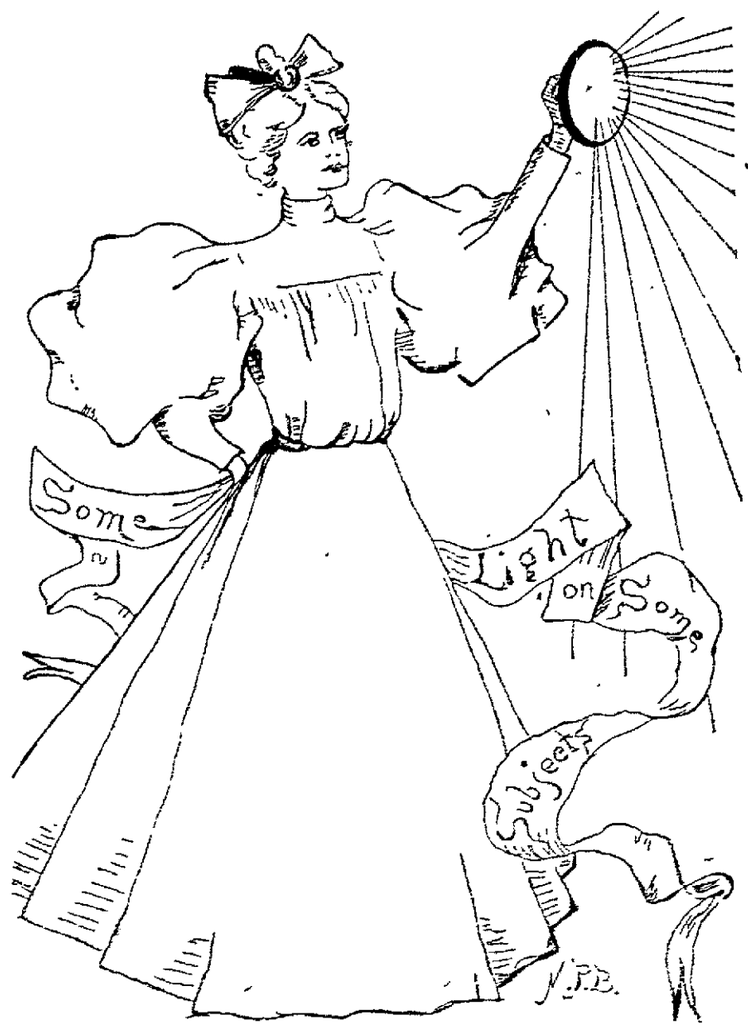
"G. W. Y."—We have lately learned of a stylish, reasonable and easy-riding buggy for two, which we think will meet the requirements of your case, as well as of any others who are not fond of driving alone. We will furnish the address of the firm, upon receipt of your full name and address and a two cent stamp.

"D. H. C."—It is neither good form nor good policy to take your best girl's dinner hour for calling upon her. It is impossible at that time for her mother to chaperon her; and no girl can be pleasant when gnawed by hunger's pangs.

We are only hoping now that you all feel like St. Lawrence of old, who having been nicely broiled on a gridiron, raised himself up and said to his persecutors, "I'm done on that side," so they turned him over and "did" him on the other.

Too Tender Hearted.

A reporter from one of our esteemed contemporaries begged us not to "roast" him; but after thinking it over we bitterly regret our weak-minded compliance, for he would make such a delicious "roast."



An Ecclesiastical Opinion of Women Reporters.

A prominent divine, known the town over for his genial manner, was out driving the other day, when the first fly of the season lit on the horse's ear. A gentleman who was with him said: "See that fly? It gets right behind the horse's ear, and there it sticks until it is full, when it will fall off stupified." "That's the way with you women reporters," said the doctor, "You get right behind our ears, and there you stick until you are full. Then, and then only, do you fall off."

The "Cheek" of Reporters.

You may say what you like about the "cheek" of reporters. There is something in the air of a newspaper office that conspires to make one alert, and lots of keen things would be left unsaid if it were not for these same reporters. The habit of observation which they cultivate in that capacity is only the acorn which develops into the oak when they occupy the editorial chair.

A Bad Example.

Twickenham—That boy of mine has been hanging around a young ladies seminary now for a month, and I don't like it.

Von Blumer—It hasn't hurt him any, has it?

Twickenham—Hurt him! Why, the youngster has learned to smoke cigarettes —Brooklyn Life

Prolonging the Agony.

The Composer—What qualifications have you for the leading role in my new opera?

The Tenor Applicant (proudly)—Well, ordinarily in death scenes I never die in less than 25 minutes.

The Composer—I engage you at once!—Chicago Record

All Her Own Way.

Guest—Your cook seems to be a mistress of her art

Mr Brownstone (gloomily)—She's mistress of everything —New York World

Two Ended Sarcasm.

"Huh!" sniffed the boarder, "can you give me a word to rhyme with cash?"
The landlady, smiling answered him,
"I suppose, sir, you try cash."
—Detroit Free Press

GEO. W. YOUNG.

SPRING AND SUMMER

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Fashionable Clothing

FOR MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN.

MEN'S SPRING OVERCOATS

$5, $8, $10, $12, $15, $20.

Men's Spring Suits, Single Breasted Sacks, $5, $8, $10, $12 and $15. Men's Long Cutaway Coats and Vests for Dress Purposes, in Black Diagonal, $8, $10, $13 and $15.

OUR FURNISHING GOODS DEPARTMENT

IS STOCKED WITH

ALL THE NEWEST NOVELTIES

— AT VERY LOW PRICES. —

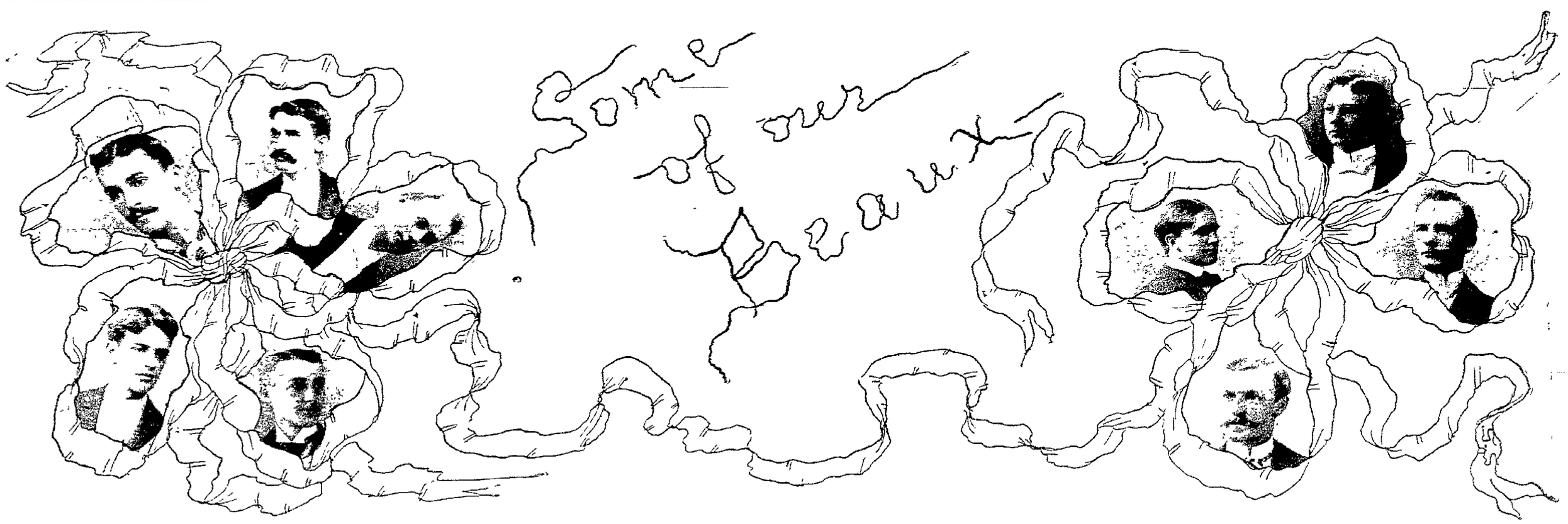
MEN'S SUMMER NECKWEAR 25 AND 50 CENTS.

Precale Shirts, newest designs, 75 cents and $1.00. Men's Derby Hats in all the Fashionable Shapes and Colors at $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50.

OUR CUSTOM DEPARTMENT.

Suits Made to Order, $18, $20, $25 and $30. Trousers Made to Order, $4, $5, $6, $7, $8 and $9.

GEO. W. YOUNG, 16 and 18 E Main St.



OUR CITY'S FIREMEN.

Notes of the Companies Composing the Middletown Fire Department.

Middletown's fire department was organized in 1859 by Mr. James N. Pronk, while he was President of the village, and to this gentleman the Excelsiors were indebted for their first truck. The department now numbers seven companies. The fire alarm system, is considered one of the best. The same is used in New York city.

EXCELSIOR HOOK AND LADDER CO., NO. 1.

This company, which was organized in 1859 with twenty-four charter members, has now a full quota of fifty and has always been a favorite organization. We hope its efforts to secure the Seagreaves truck will be crowned with success. Their social entertainments have been very popular throughout the winter. On the question of a large parade in the fall their vote will be in the affirmative.

MONHAGEN HOSE CO. NO. 1.

This has been a prominent organization for twenty-six years and has furnished two Chief Engineers to the department. Their social feature has been the enjoyable "Klam Klub." The company has always been famous for the fine form in which they give their exhibition drills. They are opposed to a fire parade this fall.

EAGLE HOSE CO., NO. 2.

This was one of the original companies. The late M. D. Stivers was its first and honored president. Their patrol, drawn by a fine team of grays, has been invaluable, being first on the scene at fires and since its purchase has answered ambulance and police calls thirty-seven times. This is the first company to purchase real estate and their new building on Foundry street will be a great addition to the town. They do not favor an extensive parade.

M'QUOID ENGINE CO., NO 3.

The McQuoid company is made up of a stalwart band of young men always ready to respond to an alarm and capable of rendering most efficient service at a fire. Their carriage has been repainted recently and is now one of the handsomest in our city. They do not favor a large parade unless the city provides a reasonable amount.

PHŒNIX ENGINE CO., NO 4.

Phœnix Engine Co.'s history dates back to the early organization of a fire department. They still appear in their red shirts, which many people still consider the typical firemen's suit. Their truck house is very attractively furnished and well located. The members answer a call to fire or clam chowder equally well. They take the same grounds as McQuoids on the parade question.

ONTARIO HOSE CO., NO. 5.

This company, which protects the people of the North End and has done excellent service for the O. and W. property, is one of the youngest companies. They are rightly proud of their handsome hose house and are of great credit to the city.

WAALKILL ENGINE CO., NO. 6.

This is the youngest company with the newest and most modern house, located on Wallkill avenue. They have under their protection the property on the hill. Their house warmings are a welcome feature to their many friends. Their vote would be cast for a large parade in the fall under certain conditions.

Are you all tired out, do you have that tired feeling or sick headache? You can be relieved of all these by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A Narrow Escape from What Might Have Been a Serious Accident.

About 10 o'clock this morning, a stranger in town, who had been recommended by several of his friends to the reliable jewelry store of Frank D. Kernochan, where the prices are not questioned and the quality not doubted, came up King street and was crossing over North in front of the store, when along came trolley car 25, with conductor John Persimmons and motorman Harry Simpkins. As usual the motorman was gazing at Kernochan's attractive windows and the car struck the stranger. Fortunately for the stranger, he was wearing a watch that came from the same jewelry store and the car struck the watch while in his pocket and prevented a more serious accident. The only damage was the loss of one eye, (which was glass.) They were about to take him to the hospital when he exclaimed, no thank you, Kernochan at his Crystal Front Jewelry Store keeps new eyes and also fits glasses and spectacles should I need them.

Use Dr. Miles' NERVE PLASTERS for SPINAL WEAKNESS. All druggists sell 'em for 25c

FOR THE SEASON OF 1895.

We are offering the finest and most complete line of

OIL AND GASOLENE

COOKING STOVES,

REFRIGERATORS, ICE CREAM FREEZERS.

Lawn Mowers, Rubber Hose, Sprinklers, Nozzles, Screen Doors and Windows

At prices never before offered in this city.

THE CELEBRATED

DOCKASH RANGE

Still in the lead of all competition

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-TWO "152"

of this celebrated line sold since the 1st of last September (eight months) making over

ONE THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED "1100"

sold in this city and vicinity. See the new styles and prices.

BRINK & CLARK, 28 NORTH ST. Middletown, N. Y.

Fine Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing.

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For Toys, Notions, Stationery and Housefurnishing Goods

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law, No. 25 North St., Middletown, N. Y.

Particular attention given to the examination of titles to real estate.

MRS. VANAMEE'S new book, "TWO WOMEN," will be ready next week. Price 75c. Sent by mail on receipt of price.
HANFORD & HORTON, Booksellers, 8 North St.

DAILY ARGUS.

C. MACARDELL,
PUBLISHER.

GEORGE H. THOMPSON, - } EDITORS
C. MACARDELL, - - - -
J. F. ROBINSON, - - - CITY EDITOR
A. E. NICKINSON, - BUSINESS MANAGER

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1895.

STAFF OF WOMAN'S "ARGUS."

Editor in Chief—Miss Cassie D. Friend.

Managing Editor—Mrs. Charles Clark.

Business Manager—Mrs. Daniel Finn.

City Editor—Mrs. E. Canfield.

Assistant City Editor—Miss Margaret P. Beattie.

Managers of Circulation—Mrs. G. H. Decker and Mrs. Frank Buckley.

Advertising Committee—Mrs. Ed. W. Van Duzer and Miss Belle Horton.

Editor of Educational Department—Mrs. R. G. Sliter.

REPORTORIAL STAFF.

Interviewers on City Hall—Mrs. Louise Little Hart, Miss Eleanore B. Royce, Miss Anna G. Taylor.

Interviewers on Water Question—Miss McNish, Miss Lillian J. Cox, Mrs. Florence Swaim, Miss Carrie D. Hulse, Miss Jessie Macardell.

Interviewers on New Erie Station—Mrs. O. H. Brown, Mrs. A. L. Decker, Mrs. Madden Decker, Miss Lillian Wiggins.

Interviewer on "Is the World Better or Worse?"—Mrs. David L Prime.

Women's Clubs—Travelers' Clubs—Mrs. Vanamee, Mrs. Rorty; Schubert Club, Mrs. J. F. Tutnill; Art Club, Miss Lizzie Royce; Tennis Club, Miss Maysie Thompson.

Churches—Misses Grace Adame, Cecil Dolson, Emma Wolf, Nellie Purdy.

24th Separate Co.—Mrs. Geo. M. Millspaugh.

Bowling Notes—Miss Mary Wisner.

Trolley Notes—Mrs. Wightman, Miss Louise Storch.

Local News, Personals, Society Notes—Misses Eleanore B. Royce, Annie Taylor, Anna M. Bull, Ella Wiggins, Mamie Pronk, May Rockafellow, Mabel Hayes, Jeannette Beakes, Grace Wales, Sadie Groo, Mamie O'Neill, Nettie O'Neill, Fannie Corwin, Lou Sloat, Claribel Pillsbury, Grace Macardell, Nellie Lyon, Fannie Dorrance, Kate Green, Mrs. Frank M. Stratton, Miss Florence Swaim.

Men's Page—Edited by Miss M. P. Beattie,

Notes and Comments—Missie Cassie D. Friend.

Children's Page—Miss Mary C. VanDuzer.

We have all done everything in our limited power to make our Woman's paper a success. There is, however, one more move we might have made, had we thought of it in time. We could have written Ex Queen Liliuokalani thus:—

DEAR LIL:—Hawaii you these days anyway? Well, we trust, and happy We write in haste. Can you not contribute a nice, spicy, sugary letter to our Woman's paper from your beautiful Island?

Upon deliberation, however, we believe it would have been a useless undertaking, for the Ex-Queen would doubtless have sent us back word that "She hadn't a subject."

TRILBY.

The Trilby craze has not abated; it is raging still, seemingly, in every quarter of the globe. We read of a Trilby boat just launched on the Gaboon River, in Africa. Trilby hamlets are breaking out in every State in the Union, from Maine to Oregon. Infants are christened Trilby; we have Trilby hats, shoes, neckties, flannels, baking powders, cough syrups and carpet sweepers; we hear of Trilby tableaux, tapestries, tartans and even pet Trilby tabbies—in short, the epidemic has reached such a pitch, that it has been dubbed "Trilbyismus" by the medical profession. The once clever critic and well known caricaturist is now the famous genius, Du Maurier—elect for enduring fame. The world is Trilby mad, and very many wise and learned people think the glimpses given us of the Latin Quarter are but modern additional views of "Vanity Fair," only the hands of the curtain raiser are changed, and Du Maurier, not Thackery, is the artist and delineator. Unique and fascinating is Trilby without question, and from bootblack to baronet, king to cabin boy; from sweet sixteen to the critic and traveled, cultivated man of the world, the book has proved a source of wonder, pleasure and study, for it comes from fairyland to enthrall the youthful reader; but it likewise caters to the cultivated tastes of the literary epicurean, and the deep thinking scientist, moralist and theologian. It has been preached about, pro and con, discussed, argued over, debated about, glorified, ostracised and dramatized. It is a wonderful book, in its way. I may easily be called one in ten thousand, as regards originality, device tender pathos, infectious joility, and dainty fancy, all pictured with such naturalness, and portrayed in such subtle, marked freshness and vivacity and also with such reason-blinding brilliancy, that Bohemia is made to seem but another name for unsullied Arcadia.

But, notwithstanding all the wonder and power of the book, and the unquestioned genius of its author, who now views his triumphs from his elevated literary niche, it is not a noble or a lofty book, because it is not true. It presents an illustration of life that is utterly impossible and false. The reader is at the bewildering performance of a magnetic wizard, a mystifying literary prestidigitator, who, "by a simple twist of the wrist" or pen, turns sordid, repulsive objects into flowers and fruits, and singing birds. Du Maurier is the magician whose wierd mysticism, transforming powers, poetic fantasies and sentimentalities, veneer falsehood and immorality with a dangerous, deceiving gloss. He makes a heroine, a noble minded, high-souled divinity to be worshipped, of a sunny-tempered, rollicking, stocking-mending model and grisette, of the Latin Quarter. Taking wholesale advantage of a poet's license, he word-paints disreputable Bohemia pure white. He sings a plaintive song in a tender minor key, that stirs the heart and brings the honest, sympathetic tears. "She knew no better," cry tens of thousands of her mesmerized admirers. She did, we answer, because the knowledge of good and evil was planted in the human mind and heart in Eden, and it has never died. Even a little child will show an instinctive turning away from the evil of which Trilby, at sixteen, is pictured as ignorant. Love merely brought her regret and remorse, not the inherent discrimination between right and wrong. Trilby in a book or on the stage, surrounded with garland and rose lights, and under the influence of rarified stage ozone; Trilby with winning presence, a dashing off hand girl, changed to one of gentler mien is one thing—Trilby in actual life is quite another object. Bring her, to-day, in reality, among the very enthusiasts, men or women, now wildly burning incense at both her metaphorical and literal feet, and who, alas, in all the vast company of her hypnotized admirers, would do anything save cast the stone, or draw aside their unspotted garments as they pass her by?

CASSIE D. FRIEND.

DIED.

LEE—In this city, May 3d, '95, of general debility, Fannie A., relict of Morris W. Lee, in her eightieth year

Funeral services will be held, Monday evening, at eight o'clock, at the residence of her son, Squire Lee 59 Hanford street Interment in family plot, Scotchtown Cemetery, Tuesday morning

HOUSTON—At Philipsburgh, May 3d, '95, of paralysis, David C Houston, in his eighty-ninth year

Funeral Monday afternoon, at two o'clock, at his late residence Interment in family plot, Philipsburgh Cemetery

ROTH—In this city, May 4th, Catherine, widow of the late Christian Roth, aged sixty six years, six months and twenty-two days.

Funeral Monday, May 6th, from the residence of her son, Louis Roth, No 74 Academy avenue at 2 o'clock Interment in Hillside Cemetery

MCMULLEN—In this city, April 30th, of pneumonia, William N McMullen aged thirty nine years, two months

Funeral Monday afternoon, May 6th, from the residence of his mother, Mrs Lucy McMullen, No 4 Rowan street, at four o'clock. Interment in Hillside Cemetery

COMBS & WILBUR,
FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT
INSURANCE
—AND—
REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

MIDDLETOWN PAPER BOX CO.
W A VAIL. Prop.
NOS. 65 & 67 MILL ST., MIDDLETOWN.
Manufacturers of
PAPER BOXES
OF : EVERY : DESCRIPTION
Excellence of Material
Elegance of Style,
Exactness of Fit
And Reasonable Prices are the
Distinguishing Characteristics
—OF—
Garments Made by Us
WOLF & KLOHS.

CHURCHILL'S
39 NORTH ST.
IS A DRY GOODS HOUSE
Where Standard Goods of all kinds are sold for Cash at much less than Standard Prices
BUYERS SHOULD MAKE A NOTE OF THIS

For Family Use!
TRY THE
American Select Bottled Beer.
BREWED BY
Hinchliffe Brothers,
Depot, 18 Union St.,
Middletown, N.Y.

HERBERT GEDNEY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
ROOMS 9 and 10, LOW BUILDING,
MIDDLETOWN. N. Y.

H. McD. STRUBLE, M. D.,
8 WILLIAM STREET,
MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.
Hours—1 to 3 and 7 to 8 p. m.

A. H. PRATT,
HOUSE, SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER
Graining, Kalsomining and Paper HANGING.
26 UNOIN ST., MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.
Residence Cor. Lake Ave. & West St.

HORTON'S ICE CREAM
is the best and most popular Ice Cream in the world.
Used by nearly everybody. Try it. You will like it.
Our "high grade" fancy mixed cakes are the very best.
Orders from out of town promptly attended to.
DEPOTS:—305 4th Avenue, 598 6th Ave., 115 Park Row, 302 Columbus Ave., 110 East 125th St., 142 West 125th St., 7-11 New Chambers St., New York; 495 and 632 Fulton St., and 548 5th Ave., Brooklyn.

You Will Find Us
HEADQUARTERS
—FOR—
Fine . . Millinery
AT BOTTOM PRICES.
We can save you money on Stylish Trimmed Hats. Try us.
Frank Crawford,
15 W. Main Street, Middletown.
93 Pike Street, Port Jervis

Dr. D. B. HARDENBERGH,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
17 North St., Kernochan's Building,
MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.
OFFICE HOURS } From 9 to 10 a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 p. m.

F. O. ROCKAFELLOW & BRO.,
UNDERTAKERS
AND
EMBALMERS,
99 NORTH STREET.
LADY ASSISTANT.
TELEPHONE NO. 3.

J. E. BARNES,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
NO. 35 NORTH STREET,
MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.
All matters receive prompt attention.

Dr. Chas. I. Redfield,
—OFFICE HOURS—
9 TO 10 A. M 1 TO 2 P. M. 7 TO 8 P. M
42 EAST MAIN ST., MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

WM. E. DOUGLAS, M. D.
No. 38 South Street, Middletown.
HOURS:
12 to 2: 7 to 8 p. m.

DR. EDWIN FANCHER,
16 ORCHARD STREET,
MIDDLETOWN, N Y
OFFICE HOURS } Until 9 a m, 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 p. m.

D. B. SMILEY, M. D.,
10 ORCHARD STREET.
MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

Dr. W. J. NELSON,
66 EAST MAIN STREET.
OFFICE HOURS } From 8 30 to 9 30 a. m., 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p. m.

JULIA E. BRADNER, M. D.
OFFICE HOURS:
9 to 10 a. m., 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p m.

DANIEL FINN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
NO. 25 NORTH STREET,
MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

THIS AD HAS A TWO-FOLD PURPOSE.
First, to assist in making this paper a success, and again, to remind you that Fine Perfumes and Toilet Articles may be found at
F. M. PRONK'S.

We Have It! What?
The largest glass of Ice Cream Soda in the city—5c.
CITY PHARMACY.

GEORGE H. HILL & CO.

CAVANAUGH
Ice Cream Parlor, Restaurant and Bakery,
60 East Main Street.
Board by the day or week Lunch and meals at all hours. Good rooms Prices reasonable Catering for parties and weddings.

W. H. HARNEY,
Corner James and Depot Streets,
will give for the benefit of
THRALL HOSPITAL,
three per cent of cash sales for the month of May

DO YOU EAT MALTED BREAD?
Recommended by physicians as containing the most nutrition Try it and note its advantage over any other form of bread made Sold only
BY
ISEMAN & SON,
44 and 46 James St., Middletown, N. Y.

GO TO
The Reliable House
OF
L. STERN,
FOR YOUR
MILLINERY AND CLOAKS!
We are acknowledged leaders in both lines. Look for the Handsome Store
OF
L. STERN,
13-15 North St.

Don't You Often Wonder
in what manner of place, by what kind of men, and from what material your bread is made.
We invite you to visit our work room any time and see this
ISEMAN & SON.

JUST A WORD.
No Wind, No Gush.
But lots of carpets, rugs, portieres, curtains, baby carriages and furniture of every kind lower in price than any other house. We ask the privilege of showing you the goods
Wm. D. VanVliet, Goshen

The Notable Excellence
OF THE ARTICLES IN THIS PAPER IS DUE TO THE FACT THAT THEY WERE PROBABLY WRITTEN ON PAPER OBTAINED FROM US.
Moral:
IF YOU, TOO, WOULD WRITE WELL USE OUR STATIONERY.
Our Specialties:
IRISH LINEN, 32c. A POUND. OUR BARGAIN BOX ONLY 38 CENTS. DAMASCENA LINEN, 120 SHEETS WITH ENVELOPES ONLY 98 CENTS, AND THE BEST OF HURD'S AND CRANE'S PAPERS.
We Supply
ALL THE NICETIES FOR POLITE CORRESPONDENCE, ENGRAVED CARDS, MONOGRAMS, SEALS AND WAX.
HANFORD & HORTON,
BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS, 6 NORTH ST.

SUPREME Court, Orange county—William F. Royce, as trustee under a mortgage made and executed by the United States Gas and Water Works Construction Company, plaintiff, against The United States Gas and Water Works Construction Company, Isaac S Benjamin, Charles F Lawrence, Clarence Frazer, Henry G Marshall, Jacob H. Warner, Fred Lasser and James Graham, defendants.

In pursuance of a judgment of foreclosure and sale, duly made and entered in the above entitled action, bearing date on the 13th day of April, 1895, I the undersigned Referee, in said judgment named, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder at the front door of the Court House, in the village of Goshen, town of Goshen, county of Orange and State of New York on Wednesday, the 5th day of June, 1895, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, the following described premises to wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being in the village of Goshen, and State aforesaid bounded as follows viz:—Beginning on the southerly side of Spring street, at the northwest corner of a lot owned by James Franklin and running thence southwesterly along Spring street to Bell avenue, thence southwesterly along Bell avenue to the lands of the New York Lake Erie and Western Railroad Company; thence northeasterly along the lands of said railroad company to the lot owned by James Franklin, thence northeasterly along said Franklin lot to the place of beginning and all the engines, boilers, cupolas furnaces, forges, lathes, planers, tools, implements, machinery, shafting belting and fixtures of any and every kind and sort whatsoever, which the said party of the first part, now has or uses in carrying on the business of its foundry and machine shop, at Goshen, aforesaid and now upon the lands and premises aforesaid, and all additions thereto or substitutes therefor, or for any part or portion thereof, which may at any time before the payment of the moneys agreed to be paid by the bonds hereinbefore mentioned, both for the principal and interest be made or permitted by the said party of the first part, its successors or assigns.

GEORGE H DECKER, Referee
O'NEILL & ROYCE, attorneys for plaintiff, Middletown, N. Y.
Dated April 20th 1895. d&SatTuJul

WHAT PEOPLE SAY
When you want a nice
READY-MADE SUIT OR OVERCOAT
or extra pantaloons, latest style and cut, a stylish hat, silk, tourist or derby, gloves cane or umbrella, neckwear, fancy or dress shirt, in fact anything in gents' furnishings, or in
MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT,
a suit, overcoat or extra trousers (we carry the stock of both foreign and domestic manufacture, and Mr. Rodgers can please the most fastidious, as our order book shows more orders than ever before) the place is at
JOHN E. ADAMS,
Leading Hatter, Clothier and Gents' Furnisher 41 North Street.

ESTABLISHED 1851. OLDEST AGENCY IN THE CITY.
INSURE WITH
E. E. CONKLING,
Fire, Life, Accident and Tornado Insurance.
OLD, STRONG AND RELIABLE COMPANIES REPRESENTED.
AGENT FOR THE GRAND OLD MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
and the Inter-State Casualty Company of New York.
Real Estate in all Parts of the City and Country For Sale.

THE STANDARD RANGE
—OF THE DAY IS THE—
STERLING.
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
Don't fail to see it before purchasing elsewhere.
—SOLD BY—
SPOONER & AYRES,
NO. 40 NORTH ST., MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

NEW NO. 9 Wheeler & Wilson.

We wish to call the attention of the ladies of Middletown and vicinity to the fact that we want to supply you with a

NEW NO. 9 WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE.

The best on earth: also Furniture, Carpets and Crockery. Buy from the largest housefurnishing establishment in Orange county.

C. E. CRAWFORD FURNITURE CO,
44-46 North St., Middletown.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

ARE NOT

THE MOST LASTING.

It is NOT THE SOUP but IT IS the DESSERT by which you remember the dinner.

Dessert is the crowning glory of the dinner! It fittingly rounds out a good dinner—it helps the palate to forget the faults of the earlier courses! Make the Dessert dainty. If you serve Ice Cream have it right; above all have the flavor perfect. Flavor with Extract Vanilla because pure extract Vanilla is the most popular and the most healthful of flavors. But be sure your Extract Vanilla IS PURE.

Some housekeepers have never seen pure Extract Vanilla, as most Extract Vanilla is adulterated with Tonca Bean. Tonca is not Vanilla; Vanilla, true Vanilla, is smooth, delicate as a fairy's touch! Tonca is rank, coarse, rough—tastes like perfumery—is meant for the nose and not for the palate. The purity of Extract Vanilla should be above suspicion. McMonagle & Rogers' Premium Extract Vanilla is absolutely pure, and Ice Cream or cake flavored with it takes on a new character, becomes a revelation of what Dessert should be and fittingly rounds out the dinner or supper.

It is made from the very finest Mexican Vanilla Beans, of which we receive the pick of the crop. It owes its entire flavoring principle to that source alone and contains neither Tonca nor any of its products. One Thousand Dollars will be paid if found other than above when it leaves our laboratory.

In the onward march of more than 25 years, our Premium Flavors have found their way from the Atlantic to the Pacific and in every State in the Union, the palm of highest excellence is conceded them. We caution housekeepers to insist upon having the genuine. See our name on every bottle. If your grocer doesn't keep it, he will procure it for you.

McMONAGLE & ROGERS,
Middletown, N. Y.

Chambers' Pharmacy,

NO. 21 WEST MAIN STREET

is a good place to buy

Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals.

By keeping on hand at all times a full stock, and strict attention to the wants of my customers, I hope to merit a continuance of the public patronage.

JOHN J. CHAMBERS

Little Good Advice!

When you are sick, go to THRALL HOSPITAL,

when in want of Groceries, go to

J. E. CORWIN'S,

157 North St., Platt Building.

DAILY ARGUS.

LIVE LOCAL TOPICS.

—Notice the advertisement of the Traction Company. It is a live one, like the company itself, and always mindful of the needs of our people.

—We regret that space would not permit us to publish all the bright essays of the pupils of the public schools. Many of them were good essays, and it was difficult to make a choice.

—Copies of the baby faces will be offered for sale at Hanford & Horton's. These will be printed on fine plate paper suitable for framing. Price 25 cents.

—A Democratic view of President Cleveland by Miss Cassie D. Friend and a Republican view of Cleveland by Dr. Julia E. Bradner will appear in the Monday supplement.

—The generous advertisement with which the Ontario and Western have favored the Woman's Edition, is in keeping with their general enterprise. When the O. and W. do anything for the benefit of the public, they do it admirably. We approve of their road, their officials and their ad.

—Mr. C. W. Massonneau, of Red Hook, N. Y., having seen in some newspaper an announcement of our Woman's Edition for charity, sent an order for ten copies, and wishes us success in our undertaking—We would be pleased to fill other orders of a like description.

PERSONAL.

—Miss Rockafellow entertained a few of her friends at whist, Thursday evening.

—The many friends and patrons of Miss Mary E. Van Duzer's school will be glad to hear she will reopen it in the fall.

—Miss Laura Tillson, who has been visiting her friend, Miss Adams, at "Old Orchard Place" in this city, returned to her home at Highland, Friday.

—Mr. S. S. Mallett has indicated his intention of becoming one of our permanent residents by the recent purchase of the Fowler property on Prospect street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Bonnell have left their pleasant home, "The Maples," for Greenwood Lake, where they will spend the season. Mr. Bonnell will have the supervision of a large summer hotel.

—Mrs. Elizabeth D. Shepard and her son, Mr. C. Sidney Shepard, of New Haven, Oswego Co., N. Y., who have been spending the winter at the "Plaza" in New York city, were the guests of Col. Shepard, on Thursday.

—Mr. H. C. Horton, of New York is spending a few days in town.

—Miss Mary Margarum, of Deckertown, will be the guest of Miss Hayes on South street over Sunday.

—Mrs. A. S. Richmond will spend the coming week with friends in Brooklyn.

—Dr. Hulett is in Chicago attending the annual convention of the National Association of Railroad Surgeons and will not return before the middle of next week.

—Mrs. Sarah Davis went to Newark, this morning, to spend a couple of weeks visiting relatives.

—Mr. Roger Conant, of New York, is visiting his aunt, Mrs. William Vanamee.

—Miss Mason, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Millen on Highland avenue for the past two weeks, returned to her home in New York, this morning.

Bicycle Items.

—The "Wheelmen's" new suits have arrived, and are very jaunty—ecru, with bloomer trousers, sack coat with rolled collar, and caps to match. The club has adopted a new pin, a gold wheel, with white rim, and a blue enamelled ribbon with the letters "Middletown Wheelmen" on the ribbon in gold.

—The "Middletown Wheelmen" have a new monogram, "M. W.," with Mercury wings behind the letters done in color.

—About ten ladies' wheels have been sold in town this spring.

—The club's next run will be to Walden.

—An extra effort will be made next week to keep the county championships in Middletown.

Lady Bowlers on the Armory Alleys.

The Armory alleys have been very popular with a large number of our young women. There are clubs for every day in the week. As the ladies have been carefully taught and have faithfully followed instructions, they are justly proud of the result and will be sorry to have the alleys closed on May 13th.

Nervous People.

And those who are all tired out and have that tired feeling or sick headache can be relieved of all these symptoms by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives nerve, mental and bodily strength and thoroughly purifies the blood. It also creates a good appetite, cures indigestion, heartburn and dyspepsia.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy in action and sure in effect. 25c.

Go to the C. E. Crawford Furniture Co. for your sewing machines. Get the Wheeler and Wilson new No. 9. Best on earth. dtoJu26

IN THE ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSERY

Bright Features in the Lives of the Girls Who Are Employed There.

The surroundings are pleasant the rooms are large, sunny and well ventilated.

Everything is kept scrupulously clean, as far as it is possible. The employers are kind and just, and endeavor, as far as it is in their power, to make the work light and pleasant.

The work requires skill, each can being made filled, sealed, labeled and packed with the greatest care.

In ten hours' time one girl can fill 4,000 cans, another can seal 4,800, and another could label 4,000.

We now have a labeling machine which can finish 115,000 tins in a day, and do it well, so labeling by hand is almost a thing of the past.

The girls pride themselves on their factory, their employers, their foreman and their work, "East and west home is best."

There is always satisfaction in work well done, thus the work is a pleasant feature.

At noon hour and often in the morning before work, the girls gather in groups, when they talk, read, crochet and sometimes sing.

Many people would be surprised to see the number of yards of fine and beautiful lace, and the amount of fancy work which are made here in the course of a year, and at odd moments.

Vacation time is always a great pleasure, each girl being allowed two weeks every year.

The farmers are kind, too, and many a rosy-cheeked apple is sent to the girls' room.

At Christmas time, the company always remembers the employes with substantial gifts. The girls also exchange gifts with each other; they could almost rival a "Thrall Hospital Fair," at this season.

On the whole, a girl's life is a very pleasant one here. She not only has the satisfaction of being independent, but often of helping others. Truly, perseverance and labor conquer everything, and sometimes lead to honor and glory. If she can not realize her ideal here, there is nothing to hinder her idealizing the real.

ESTELLA E. MATTISON.

TROLLEY NOTES.

Band Concerts and Dancing at the Park—New Cars—Attractions at Midway.

—During the coming summer, beginning some time in May, there will be at Midway Park two band concerts each week. Music by the 24th Separate Company Band, and free as air. The dancing on these nights will be under the auspices of the company band. Middletown and the surrounding country can no doubt look forward to something very enjoyable.

—Four new open single truck cars will arrive in about a week from the St. Louis Car Company, making in all twenty-two cars, which is the full equipment of the Traction Company at present. The new cars are somewhat larger than the single truck used last summer.

—As soon as summer travel permits there will be six or seven regular cars on the Midway Park and Goshen line, making the schedule every ten minutes from Franklin Square, commencing on the even hour. Two of these cars will run only from Franklin Square to Midway Park.

—Among the attractions at the Park, this summer, will be the maze, which will be located near the fountain and will cover an area of 1,800 square feet; the roller coaster and inclined railway; a bazar; the bowling alley and billiard and pool rooms—all these in addition to the features of last year.

—There are few places of the size of Middletown that can boast of such a resort as Midway Park.

WINIFRED I. WIGHTMAN
LOUISE STORCH.

From the Sanctum Sanctorum.

One of the dear girls we had asked to write came in with a sheepish air and protested that she really couldn't do anything. She had tried, and had read her effort to the family and when she finished three laid in a faint on the floor. She brought them to, and they said with one voice "spare us that disgrace" But the editor thought the articl good and took it, and it's in the paper.

One Effect of Newspaper Experience.

Since engaging in newspaper work we have observed an abnormal development of the bump of inquisitiveness. We take a lively interest in the doings of our neighbors, and a quality commonly called "brass" has materialized to an alarming extent. Do certain qualities go with certain trades, and will they vanish when we retire from the business?

Erratum.

For the word "liquid" in article entitled "A Trip Across Country," read incendiary. A second appalling error is the misuse of the word "oaths" for oratory. C D F.

The Evolution.

Of medicinal agents is gradually relegating the old-time herbs, pills, draughts and vegetable extracts to the rear and bringing into general use the pleasant and effective liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs. To get the true remedy see that it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all leading druggists.

J. T. ROBERTSON,
124 & 126 EAST MAIN ST.
MAKES A SPECIALTY OF

SMOKING AND CURING HAMS

—MAKING—

BOLOGNA and FRANKFORTERS

THAT CANNOT BE BEATEN.

CHOICE GROCERIES
ALWAYS READY FOR PROMPT DELIVERY.

Boarders Wanted.

First-class accommodations for boarders, by the day, week or month, at reasonable rates.

Very pleasant rooms and good board.

JOHN McCONNELL, 306 NORTH ST.

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Mrs. C. P. Clark's
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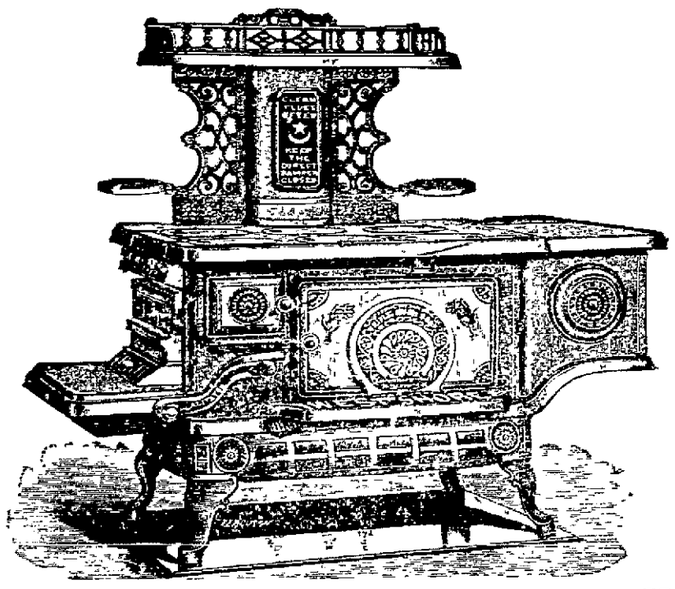

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17 W. Main St., Middletown.

A GLIMPSE OF AFRICA.

BY FANNIE W WILCOX.

Leaving the good ship Kaiser Wilhelm II, at Gibralter May '64, we remained for a day, enjoying the scenes of that picturesque town, and grand old Rock, next morning we started for Africa, after a nights rest with our heads upon pillows which one of our party said, "must have been made from pieces of the rock."

Our destination seemed very far away, but was in reality only four hours distant, by the littly steamer to Tangier. Soon after noon we came within the Bay. In former years travelers were taken ashore on the backs of Jews. Moors hated Christians, and would perform no such service for them.

As we anchored, we saw rushing towards us a dozen or fifteen boats, rough and heavy, and rowed by men almost devoid of clothing, howling, screeching and gesticulating, eager to be the first to take off passengers. We all crowded together as if for protection, dreading to trust ourselves to such savage looking oarsmen. The guides said there was no danger, so we ventured in, and after paying fare in Spanish coin, we were landed safely at the foot of a long flight of stone steps. These we climbed to the wharf, at the end of which was the gateway into the city. Here sat three or four customs officers, Moors, with turbaned heads, and long, loose robes, who bowed as we passed, but gave us no trouble.

Tangier stands on a bluff. The streets, of coarse cobble stones, are so narrow that one can almost reach and touch the houses on either side. These houses, white and square with flat roofs, are built evenly with the streets. One door admits entrance. Windows, some not more than a foot square, are built in without regard to regularity. Dirt and filth are everywhere, and Tangier, is but "Cairo street" at the World's Fair, intensified.

The Moor, who is a Mohammedan, will not a camera pointed at himself, fearing that in some way his soul will be taken from him, so we were obliged to get "snap-shots" on the sly. Jews living in the city remain by themselves, as the Moors will not associate with them. Their quarters were the cleanest and neatest of anything we saw.

In Tangier it is well to eat one's meals before rambling about the city. At dinner, I noticed, no one cared for food, and dish after dish, as it was passed, was refused, by those, who perhaps, like ourselves, were troubled with visions of fish, meat and vegetables, for sale along the dirty streets, unprotected except to lie in open baskets.

Our rooms at night were in the annex of the hotel, and to reach them we were guided down a narrow lane by a Moor carrying a lantern to a large green door, which he unlocked with an iron key at least a foot long. We entered, and as he bowed a "good night," he locked the door on the outside and left us to go prowling up the dark stone stairs and find our way to a candle in our pretty Moorish rooms. We tried to rest with a Jewish festival in progress all night, and the Moors calling in prayer upon Allah (God). Such groanings and howlings as came up to us from the city were wierd and terrible indeed, and we were glad to see the light of day.

After coffee and rolls we went to ride outside the city on the highest part of the bluff to visit the gardens and see the homes of the Consuls and the Moorish Governor. We were not mounted, however, on Arabian steeds, with slaves to run before and clear the way, but on wicked little donkeys needing a deal of whacking, to make them go. When our guide told us that the word "Zoog" meant "go" we were able to vary a snail's pace with a hard trot. The owner of my donkey ran alongside, sometimes whacking, sometimes stopping to gather flowers for me from the roadside or raising my umbrella when the sun was scorching, and we had settled to the snail's pace. He was really a kindly appearing fellow, after I dared look at his dark face under the hood of the goat's hair mantle which fell to his knees, His legs were bare, his feet encased in yellow leather slippers. This ride left a pleasant impression of Moorish life in wide, cool palaces, with beautiful tropical gardens, and away from the rabble below.

A visit to the prison, and what was once the ex-Governor's harem, finished the sights. The small prison has many convicts crowded into one horrible room, almost no light or air, and for food, two ounces of bread a day. The keeper drew aside a small round door, that we might look in, when out came dozens of baskets and belts made of palm leaves which the prisoners sell to buy food for themselves. It was pitiful to hear their crys.

At the harem only women visitors are allowed. On knocking at the street door it was slowly opened by an unseen hand. I entered along, a long narrow passageway, the door closed and a soft voice said "Signora, Signora" and by my side was a pretty slave woman who led me into the court lighted from above, the floor paved in beautiful marbles, and arches and alcoves on every side. A delightful perfume filled the apartment. Several women came forward to meet me, bowing gracefully. Soft oriental pillows and rugs were lying about on the floor, no furniture except a small round table, a foot and a half high, before which was seated on the floor in Turkish fashion, a woman somewhat older than the rest, taking her coffee, with great deference, as if she might be held in greater esteem than the others. I was introduced, these soft voiced women repeating the word 'Signora," over and over again, as if sorry they could say nothing more.

On the street the women appear with heads and faces covered, only showing the beautiful dark eyes. In the harem the face is uncovered, and soft white drapery hangs at the back of the head from a band about the forehead. The robe is of clinging material falling to the feet. Their faces have a sad expression, as if they could know nothing of a happy life. When my call was ended the slave led me to the door, and placing a coin in her hand, I left her. That afternoon we returned to Gibraltar, rejoicing that it was our lot to have been born in the "Land of the Free."

F. W. W.

GIBSONISM IN BOARDING SCHOOL

BY HELEN FERRIS GILCHRIST.

If a great man had done for girls what Hughes did for boys in "Tom Brown at Rugby," you would know that a boarding school is a great composite, a little world with principles and tendencies just as a greater world. Its population gathers in the fall from country, village and city and after a very few days, perhaps only hours of reserve, it unites "for sickness and health, for better or worse till Commencement all do part." From the first day, the clubs search for new members, the societies join the hunt, the great routine of study begins and the new girl discovers with a start that her whole manner of living is to be revolutionized. For the first time in her life she is a member of a community rather than a family. She is shaken quite out of her old ideas and at first she is homesick, desperately homesick. Then, womanlike, she adapts herself and from that hour an expansive change is apparent. She is ready for new ideas and they come in on every hand. It is surprising to see the evolution in her personal appearance. Heavy bangs part or shrink to the merest fringe, plain hair takes on a becoming wave, collars grow higher and skirts lengthen as criticism and observation suggest. From the styles of more than half a hundred different mothers and dressmakers, this congress and convention of girls elects the most becoming.

A close observer is ready to say that one of the most potent influences in this evolution is the work of C. D. Gibson, the clever American artist. Look in our reading room and you will see the girls poring over his pictures in *Life*, long after the joke is explained. "The Princess Aline," in *Harpers*, was almost read to pieces and not a girl of them all "wondered that he traveled four thousand miles just to see her." The story is charming, but one is ready to promise a reading for even an abstruse article if only the "Gibson girl" illumine the pages. The pretty, practical dressing, splendid step and merry word, the quick intelligence and fine, truthful face, win unbounded admiration and, better still, imitation. It is first seen in hair dressing, in certain posings, in the very way a girl walks down stairs. There are few cases where it is not becoming; many in which it is successful, so successful, indeed, that if Gibson should attempt to delineate the school, he would find several instances of his little French model right at hand. Gibson evidently loves his "American girl." True, he makes sarcastic jokes on marrying for money, on extravagance and on titled foreigners, but he never lashes her except to sting her into doing the right, and he never makes her when she is not bonny and lovable. And while Gibsonism is first seen in what may be called a changed style, in the smooth, careless hair, free carriage and artistic dress, yet the close observer detects a change, too, in things spiritual, an inward straightening of crooked shoulders as though the soul were walking with a freer gait. The brave eyes, the lowered voice, the very lines of the face, come to show a calmer, sweeter soul. There is talk these days of the "new woman," and Gibson is hastening her coming. The very exaggeration of the type has the advantage of an heroic model.

But, of all the Gibson girls, the general favorite is the straight shouldered lass who seems walking to meet you, right off the cover of Gibson's new book. She appears, clipped from advertisements, on many a dressing case or desk in school, as the picture of a familiar friend, an inspiring, bracing friend.

Such she is as she looks downward. It is well your shoulders are broad, Oh, Gibson girl! for there will be plenty of burdens on them. It is well you have pride to hold your head high, for you will have many a sad mood that you will not care to betray. It is well you walk vigorously, for you will find the great out doors a true friend and sympathizer. Your face looks refined and sensible and it takes refinement to keep one from materialism, and sense to keep one from sentimentality. Your eyes look straight ahead to the future, you neither dread nor fear to face. You have high ideals, but, Oh, Gibson girl! are you strong enough to work your horses of the sun to an earthly plow? Will not your shoulders droop, your ideals shatter; will not your soul grow faint?

"Let the maiden with erect soul walk serenely on her way, accept the hint of each new experience, try in turn all the gifts God gives her. The fair girl who repels interference with a decided and proud choice of influences, so careless of pleasing, so willful and lofty, inspires every beholder with somewhat of her own nobleness. The intent heart encourages her: O friend, never strike sail to a fear. Come into port greatly or sail with God the seas. Not in vain you live, for every passing eye is cheered and refined by the vision." I think the Emerson girl and the Gibson girl are one.

LUTHERVILLE SEMINARY.

"The Land Where Our Dreams Come True."

BY FRANK C. ALGER ON.

Far over some mystical river,
And under a wonderful sky.
Where the rain never blots out the sunshine,
And orchards never weary or die,
Where the flowers never fade.
But in changing, their magical sweetness renew,
Lies a glorified realm of enchantment,
The land where our dreams come true.

Yet we know in divinest fulfillment,
That our loved ones are gathered at home
The pearls that we mourned for are hoarded,
Where the moth and the rust never come.
And yet when the sunshine is fairest,
We can catch through the rift in the blue
A far away glimpse of the glories
In that land where are dreams come true.

There are garnered the prayers of our mothers,
And the love cradle songs that they sung.
There they move in the mist with white garments
And faces immortally young.
And out through the mists and the shadows,
Their white hands will reach us the clue
That guides to the valley of sunshine,
The land where our dreams come true.

So weeping we lay down our idols,
And bury our loved ones from sight,
Yet we know in our hearts we shall find them
Over there in the mansions of light;
And the sad tears that fell on their ashes,
And blossom in pansy and rue,
By and by will be perfume immortal
In the land where our dreams come true.

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one day only. The sick and afflicted may consult them without charge during their stay.

If you are incurable they will tell you; therefore invalids must not take offence if they are rejected, as no case will be accepted unless there is a moral certainty of a cure being effected. These Doctors are graduates of the best universities of Europe and America; they are of the highest standing in the medical profession and have had unlimited experience in the treatment of all Chronic Diseases and Deformities. As the latest methods, instruments and appliances of the various schools of both the Old and the New World are familiar to and at the command of this staff of doctors, it is reasonable to believe that in ninety cases out of every hundred a cure can be effected, even when the patients have been given up as incurable by doctors who have had less experience. Do not be discouraged because your doctor cannot give you relief, or even if he tells you that you cannot get well, for it matters not what your disease may be, you can consult the doctors free, and, if curable, they will treat you; if incurable, they will give you such advice as will tend to prolong life and afford you the greatest relief.

The doctor visits Middletown one day each month. Will be at 18 Broom street, Port Jervis, Wednesday, May 8th. Office hours from 10:30 a. m. to 6 p. m.

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THE DRUGS AND MEDICINES. CAREFUL ATTENTION GIVEN TO COMPOUNDING PRESCRIPTIONS

NUREMBERG THE ANCIENT

BY MARY H. BURT.

How glad I am to have seen Nuremberg before the stern hand of the nineteenth century has leveled its houses to the dust. I shall not soon forget my first perfect impression when we alighted at the station, quaint and old with its curious roof, a fit prelude to the town, which I might describe as a poem in roofs. We were driven at once to our hotel, the "Bayerischer Hof." We rattled past those pictu esque houses in a most irreverent fashion, while every roof leaned forward with its fascinating windows peeping down bidding us linger to look at them. Snap went the whip, and we suddenly rolled under the solid, arching steone entrance, which ran like a tunnel under the house and terminated in the court yard. Yes, a veritable court yard of the middle ages, with the inn surrounding it, run in modern style. As we stepped out in the early twilight I wished we had had on brocaded silks, and that the porter had worn a powdered wig. How delightful it seemed as the horses trotted to the end of the arch, and stamped around in the stone-paved court yard. But we were only dusty nineteenth century tourists, so we went to our rooms and walked directly to our windows. So this is why the "Bayerischer Hof" has maintained its supremacy we think—although we have driven around the town's walls and climbed its highest vantage points, we find no place that presents so great a variety of roofs, piled up in so picturesque a confusion, as from our windows. We leaned our elbows on the sill, and heaved the sigh of perfect contentment that the tourist feels when his ideals are fully realized. This side of the house has its foundations in the dear, muddy, little river Pegnitz, which winds through the town in the slow, narrow, turbid manner, which these small German streams affect. One forms a cultivated taste for these rivers—like a taste for olives, and it was not long before we had learned to lean over the bridges, and sniff the pestilential air in æsthetic delight.

From our window we saw at our right a dark arched bridge, and across the narrow stream a wilderness of roofs confronted us. They rise one above the other up the hill, such steep, steep roofs, and every size and shape that the artistic sense adores.

Eye-brow windows, yes, and a window you never could dream existed. It just seems as if the roofs must have breathed up this kind, which I have never seen before. The red tiles are simply lifted up in a most indescribable way, and underneath a bright little window appears. It is simply wonderful; these Nuremberg people evidently have had some revelation in the past of heavenly windows. I cannot account for it any other way.

And the wall of the town! Ah me! Have we not driven all around it, and jumped out of our carriage so many times to look over the moss-grown walls into the deep, dry moat, that I am sure one driver thought us civil engineers or artists. You will know just why we did it when you stand looking over the wall to the wall beyond, following the tree tops that lie below in the moat to the ivy-grown wall, thence to the round tower and arched gate, then up at the Castle on the highest hill against the blue sky.

We had a delightful time in the Johannes Cemetery, this morning. It is a positive pleasure to visit these graveyards and know that Albrecht Durer, in this case, can paint no more pictures to drive the tired tourist on his weary rounds to view them. Did you know there was a man named Peter Vischer, who was a famous artist in bronze? We did not, but given a conscience and Baedeker and you shall know all things. Providence has mercifully set a limit to the productive genius of man, and I took a grim satisfaction in nothing that Peter Vischer's busy hand is stilled forever not far beyond Durer's.

Yesterday we visited Durer's house. We found it much more interesting than Goethe's home in Frankfort. Goethe's house is devoted far more to the relics of his mother. We almost laughed in the face of our guide before he had finished pointing out "Goethe's mother's lace-frame," "Goethe's mother's bureau," "Goethe's mother's dress, when she was three years old." I believe, however, that one of the latest discoveries of biographers has been that all great men have remarkable mothers, so perhaps this guide wished to attract our attention to Goethe's genesis.

You may be sure we visited the Castle of Nuremberg. In it is a room devoted to the instruments of torture, used to force the innocent and the guilty to confession of crime. It almost makes one's heart stand still to think how comparatively recent was the use of some of these devilish contrivances. What confession or recantation would be counted as of value given under such circumstances! The rack, the thumb-screw, the stocks, the spiked collar were in the first series. The steel gloves heated red hot, the open-work chair to lower in the river, the pincers for ripping out pieces of flesh followed next, and last, and most horrible of all, the "Iron Virgin." She is kept in the blackest room of the tower, and the effect is heightened by the broken English of the serious-eyed young German girl who, with her lantern held high above her head, explained the fiendish affair. The iron figure swings open on two hinges, and is hollow within. The victim is placed in one-half, and the other half, provided with countless sharp iron spikes, is closed upon him. Think of that tortured helpless figure! No need to go further than this for a dream of hell. As man stamps out all these hideous tyrannies, uses his power to bless instead of curse his fellows, we will forget this black, bloody, brutal past and realize that Paradise never lay in the early history of man, but is a fair realm to be built in the successive ages of the world "when the brute part of nature shall be crushed, that the god-like spirit may unfold."

Warwick, N. Y.

Our Toast.

Oh, Here's to the men, the glorious men!
We love them, we worship them; tongue, brush nor pen
Could ever portray our wild adoration
For these fickle creatures, the gods of creation!
They guide us, they guard us, they love, they caress;
They gave us our pleasures, they cause our distress;
They love us as suits them, as suits them despise;
Bring smiles to our lips, and tears to our eyes.
They seek us for playthings, like playthings destroy;
They trample our hearts, they murder our joy.
No fair woman's eyes, how bright may they shine,
Are so dear to their hearts as a glass of bright wine.
It quickens their pulse, it fills them with bliss,
Not a drop would they give for a fair woman's kiss.
They pledge us their hearts, they plight us their troth,
How quickly they tire and rob us of both.
They lure us to sorrow, they lead us to pain,
They sip all our honey, then leave us again.
But we love, we adore them—are slaves to their wiles—
We barter our souls for their kisses and smiles.
We come at their beck, we answer their call,
We love the base creatures—not one, but them all.
Then fill up your glasses, and every drop drain
To the gods of creation, our tyrants, the men!

G. M. B.

A Question of Color.

The young man considers himself a man of resources, although he is not as sure about it now as he was a few days ago. He has been very attentive to a certain young lady, and he was calling on her at the time that he partially lost confidence in his resourceful mind.

It is unnecessary to narrate what passed between them upon the occasion in question, but at the time that the young lady's sister entered the room he was in the act of holding the young lady to his manly bosom.

Of course he desisted at once, as young men generally do under such circumstances, but he was not entirely crossed—not a bit.

The young lady's sister said, "Excuse me," and started to leave the room, when his resourceful mind began to work. He felt that he ought to say something and say it right away.

"Don't go," he said; "we've just been measuring to see which is the taller."

She paused in the doorway and looked at them both intently.

"You're both about the same height," she said quietly, "but sister is much the redder."

Then she went out, and he was embarrassed—just a little.—Chicago Post.

Fervent.

Many paused before the hand-organ and listened to its rude melody.

"There's no place like home," groaned the organ.

Tears sprang to the eyes of the man with the dusty hat.

"There's no place like home."

"I know me," sighed the man, for his thoughts were with the bare, wet floors and a dinner of cold potato on the top of the sewing machine.—Detroit Tribune.

Puzzled.

"Mamma, will you come here, please?" asked the athletic girl.

"What is it, dear?" asked the anxious mother.

"I have got my bicycle suit and my everything suit mixed up, and I can't tell which is which. I don't see why that foolish tailor didn't label them."—Indianapolis Journal.

Distinctions.

"Money makes a heap of difference in this world," said the philanthropist.

"O' course it does," said a man always choose his resolutions."

"Oh, I don't know about that. Here I am with such limited means that I can't even afford speaking terms with even the telephone company."—Washington Star.

Innocent Soul.

Mrs. Chugwater—What did the doctor say you'd better do for your cold, Josiah?

Mr. Chugwater—He told me to "take a night-cap."

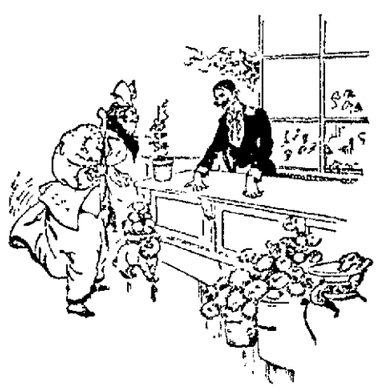
Mrs. Chugwater (greatly relieved)—Is that all? You can have one of mine.—Chicago Tribune.

How to Find Out.

Ted—I suppose the best way to find out whether she loves me is to go right up and ask her.

Ned—Not at all, my boy. You had better ask one of her girl friends.—Texas Siftings.

At the Florist's.



Mrs. O'Hilligan—Oi phwant some roses.

The Florist—Madam, I would recommend chrysanthemums to you. They're all the rage now.

Mrs. O'H.—Shure, sor, thot's pwaht Oi phwanted, but Oi couldn't say it.—Truth.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS,

The only safe, sure and reliable Female PILL ever offered to Ladies, especially recommended to married Ladies. Ask for DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS and take no other. Send for circular. Price $1.00 per box, 6 boxes for $5.00
DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO. - Cleveland, Ohio

Sold only by W. D. OLNEY, Middletown.

DON'T STOP TOBACCO

It is Injurious To Stop Suddenly

And don't be imposed upon by buying a remedy that requires you to do so, as it is nothing more than a substitute. In the sudden stoppage of the use of tobacco you must have some stimulant, and in most all cases, the effect of the stimulant, be it opium, morphine, or other opiates, leaves a far worse habit contracted. Ask your druggist about "BACO-CURO." It is purely vegetable. You do not have to stop using tobacco with "BACO-CURO." It will notify you when to stop, and your desire for tobacco will cease. Your system will be as free from nicotine as the day before you took your first chew or smoke. An iron-clad written guarantee to absolutely cure the tobacco habit in all its forms, or money refunded.

We have Hundreds, we publish but few.

Office of the Pioneer Press Co.,
C. W. Harnick, Supt.
St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 7, 1894.
Eureka Chemical & Mfg. Co., La Crosse, Wis.
Dear Sirs—I have been a tobacco fiend for many years, and during the past two years have smoked fifteen to twenty cigars regularly every day. My whole nervous system became affected, until my physician told me I must give up the use of tobacco for the time being at least. I tried the so-called "Keeley Cure," "No-To-Bac," and various other remedies, but without success, until I accidentally learned of your "Baco-Curo." Three weeks ago to-day I commenced using your preparation, and to-day I consider myself completely cured. I am in perfect health, and the horrible craving for tobacco, which every inveterate smoker fully appreciates, has completely left me. I consider your "Baco-Curo" simply wonderful, and can fully recommend it.
Yours very truly, C. W. HARNICK.

Rodden, Ill., Jan. 14, 1895.
Eureka Chemical & Mfg. Co., La Crosse, Wis.
Dear Sirs—I have been a tobacco fiend for thirty-three years and during the past two years have used chewing tobacco very extensively. My nervous system being affected considerable. I have often tried to give up the use of tobacco, but always failed, until I bought three boxes of your "Baco-Curo." I used tobacco at the same time while taking "Baco-Curo," and after a week I lost the appetite for tobacco—smoking or chewing. I am enjoying better health, and consider your "Baco-Curo" the safest, most harmless and reliable remedy for to break the tobacco habit.
Yours truly, JOHN RODDEN, Postmaster, Rodden, Ill.

Rodden, Ill., Jan. 15, 1895.
Eureka Chemical & Mfg. Co., La Crosse, Wis.
Dear Sirs—I have used chewing tobacco very extensively the past thirty years. I tried so-called "No-To-Bac" and other remedies, but without success, until I bought three boxes of your "Baco-Curo." I continued chewing tobacco while taking the preparation and find that the horrible craving for tobacco has left me, and I consider myself cured. I can fully recommend "Baco-Curo" to any person wishing to break themselves of the tobacco habit.
Yours very truly, D. S. WHITE.

Independence, Wis., Jan. 28, 1895.
Eureka Chemical & Mfg. Co., LaCrosse, Wis.
Gentlemen—Last summer I furnished Mr. James Reid, of the town of Burnside, Trempealeau Co., with three boxes of your "Baco-Curo." He had chewed tobacco for over forty years and the last year used over sixty-five pounds. He commenced using "Baco-Curo" and one box did not have the effect, when he had used about one-half of the second box, he began to lose his taste for tobacco, and when he had used one-half of the third box he had lost all his appetite for it, and is now entirely cured.
Yours truly, J. C. TAYLOR, Druggist.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.
This is to certify that I, William S. Sawyer of Atlantic, County of Cass, State of Iowa, having been an inveterate smoker of tobacco, bought three boxes of "Baco-Curo" Dec. 21, 1894. Began taking same according to directions and can say that I am completely cured of the tobacco habit. "Baco-Curo" is simply wonderful and I recommend it to all who are slaves to the tobacco habit and wish to be cured. I am in perfect health and have not felt so well in years. That terrible craving, which every tobacco user has more or less, has completely disappeared and I feel like a new man. Hoping that this may do some one good and lead them to try this wonderful remedy, "Baco-Curo," I remain, Yours truly,
WM. S. SAWYER, Atlantic, Iowa.

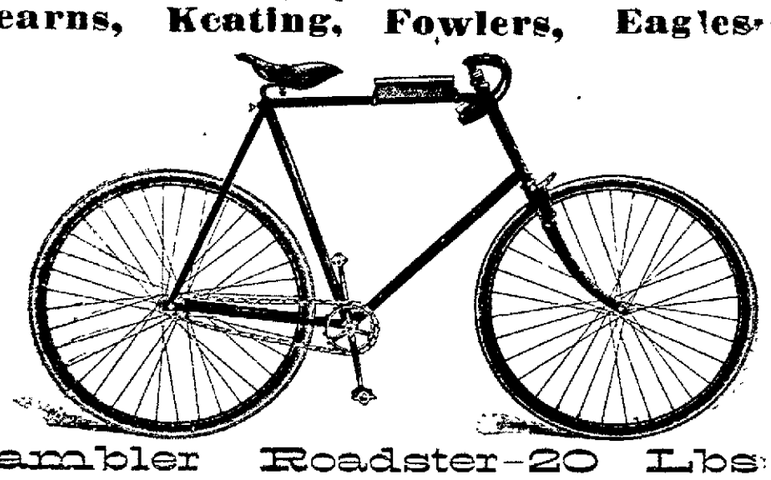
Clayton, Nevada Co., Ark., Jan. 29, 1 95.
Eureka Chemical & Mfg. Co., La Crosse, Wis.
Gentlemen—For forty years I used tobacco in all its forms. For twenty-five years of that time I was a great sufferer from general debility and heart disease. For fifteen years I tried to quit, but couldn't. I took various remedies, among others "No-To-Bac," "The Indian Tobacco Antidote," "Double Chloride of Gold," etc., etc., but none of them did me the least bit of good. Finally, however, I purchased a box of your "Baco-Curo" and it has entirely cured me of the habit in all its forms, and I have increased thirty pounds in weight and am relieved from all the numerous aches and pains of body and mind. I could write a quire of paper upon my changed feelings and condition.
Yours respectfully, P. H. MARBURY, Pastor C. P. Church, Clayton, Ark.

WHAT MR. KRAEMER SAYS OF "BACO-CURO."
ATLANTIC, Iowa, Feb. 4, 1895.
This is to certify that I, F. D. Kraemer, of Atlantic, Iowa, was an inveterate smoker of cigarettes for more than two years.
About eight weeks ago I bought three boxes of "Baco-Curo." I began taking it according to directions, and after taking one and one-half boxes, all the desire for cigarettes left me, and I have had no desire since.
I can heartily recommend "Baco-Curo" to all who are slaves to the cigarette habit or tobacco habit in any form, and are in search of a cure. I had become so under the influence of cigarettes, I could not remember anything; could not study, unless under the influence of the drug, which is death in the end, if kept up.
Cigarettes are sapping the lives out of more boys and young men to-day, than anything that is known to the world. Boys, before it is too late get some of this remedy that killed the craving for cigarettes in me and save your young life. Restore yourself to manhood. You will feel as though you had escaped an awful doom, and you have, when cured by "Baco-Curo," for you feel like a new being. I never felt better in all my life than at this present writing. I did not know what was the matter with me, until informed by the agent. He told me what was the reason I could not do anything unless under the influence of the death-dealing poison found in cigarettes. I did not believe him at first, until he explained the action on the system. Then bought the goods and thank God and all concerned. I am a sound person to-day. Hoping this may reach the unfortunate cigarette smoker, I remain, Yours respectfully,
F. D. KRAEMER.

PRICE $1.00 PER BOX OR THREE BOXES (30 days treatment and guaranteed cure,) $2.50. For sale by all druggists or will be sent by mail upon receipt of price. SEND SIX TWO CENT STAMPS for SAMPLE BOX. Booklet and proofs free. Eureka Chemical & Mfg. Co., La Crosse, Wis.

BICYCLES AND SUNDRIES.

Stearns, Keating, Fowlers, Eagles.



Rambler Roadster—20 Lbs.

MEDIUM GRADES, MAJESTIC AND ENVOYS.

I guarantee your wheel against puncture. Have several second hand wheels, taken in trade, such as Stearns, Cleveland, Majestics, Ben-Hurs, Columbias, Centrals, all in good running order, which I will sell cheap. Wheels for rent. Wheels repaired.

Charles L. Swezy, 24 North St.,
MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

The Middletown Savings Bank,

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

DEPOSITS, $1,500,000. SURPLUS, $100,000.

Savings Banks are institutions created for the PURPOSE of encouraging THRIFT and the habit of SAVING.

They have NO CAPITAL and issue NO STOCK.

All the earnings belong to and are held FOR the benefit of the DEPOSITORS.

The Trustees give their SERVICES GRATUITOUSLY and are not allowed to borrow, directly or indirectly, any of the money deposited.

Surplus Earnings after paying dividends are allowed by law to be accumulated to the extent of fifteen per cent. of the total amount on deposit, in order to INSURE to the depositors the FULL RETURN of their PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST in the event of loss arising from depreciation in the market value of the securities owned by the bank, or from any other causes whatever.

Deposits made on or before the tenth day of January or July, or the third day of April or October, will bear interest from the first of those months respectively.

No Interest will accrue from the last interest date on sums withdrawn previous to July 1st or January 1st.

Interest is credited to accounts January 1st and July 1st, payable on and after the third Monday, and if not withdrawn, will bear interest as a deposit.

The TIMES is the only paper in this city that definitely states its Circulation.

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A NEWSPAPER WHICH THE PEOPLE READ.

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Publishes More Columns of News than any Semi-Weekly in this Section.

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HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS OF ALL KINDS.

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AT THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS,

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for benefit Capt. Wm. A. Jackson Post, 301, G. A. R.

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Royal Worcester W. C. Corsets

They are the Pride of Our Corset Department.

WE HAVE THEM IN 17 STYLES and can fit any figure. Price 50c to $7 a pair. We control the sale of these Corsets in this city.

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Horses and Colts handled for track and road. The best of accommodations for boarding horses in summer or winter. First-class Half-mile Track, with roomy box stalls.

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NEW TO-DAY.

GREEN Turtle soup, to night, at HERMAN & GREEN'S, James street 1t

FOUR Rooms to let, No 10 Roberts street Enquire at 3 Tow avenue 21d2t

BOARDERS Wanted, near the Asylum Apply at 42 KNAPP AVE 1t

SIX Room cottage, on California avenue, to let 1t

WANTED—Girl to do general housework. Apply to J C GOWDEY, Bloomingburgh, N Y 19t24

ETNA COPYING Co Crayon, Aquarelle, Water Color, Pastel and Oil PORTRAITS ARTISTIC DURABLE 5 West Main S., Middletown, N Y

At the City Tailors, 26 North street, is the place to have your clothes made He is up to date in style and prices All the latest styles in dressed worsteds and cheviots CHAS. H EMDE 23d3t

WILL Party who was on open car in afternoon of August last, at time of collision of Charles Keener with the car on Depot street, confer a favor by sending his address MIDDLETOWN GOSHEN TRACTION CO May 2d 1895 23d1t

DR. S. H TALCOTT.

will deliver a lecture upon "dis Recent Trip across the Continent," at the assembly Rooms, on Thursday evening, May 23d, at 8 o'clock, for the benefit of Capt Wm A. Jackson Post, G. A. R. Admission 25c c27,4 1to23

The best quality of Elgin and Dairy

BUTTER!

always on hand.

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Chocolate Cream Drops 13c a Pound, 2 Lbs, 25c. for Saturday Only.

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COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
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for your Confectionery and Ice Cream Sole agents for the new gum-Pepsin Chips Trust

Don't Your Carriage or Wagon
Need Washing or Polishing?

We have an elegant line of Sponges and Chamois Skins, suitable for such purposes; all prices.

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East Main St., opp. Mansion street depot, Middletown, N. Y.

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GUARANTEED by a first-class firm to be chemically Pure and Free From Injurious Ingredients.

What's the use of paying from 10 to 35c. per pound more than Baking Powder is worth, in order to let the manufacturers die millionaires after paying for big advertisements.

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Only 15 Cents Per Pound.

FOR SALE ONLY BY

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ONLY FIRST CLASS
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in all its fine art
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3 *Dentists* - 3 *Operating Rooms*

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PAUL PURPS'S,
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DEGNAN & CO.,
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50 CENTS
For -- Your -- Baby!

Not for your baby, for money could not buy the darling.

But 50 cents will buy for your baby the

BEST SHOE!

you ever saw, if you follow the footprints to

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CHEAPEST PLACE TO BUY WINDOW GLASS.

I DON'T KEEP
BUTT'S
BRIGHT FLAME
Cannel for Grates,
PITTSTON OR LEHIGH COAL.
I SELL IT!
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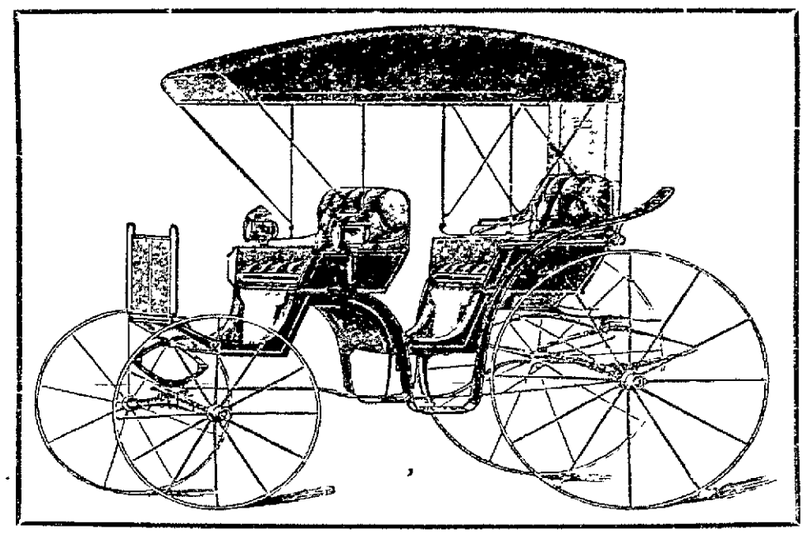

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HORSE BOOTS, RIDING BRIDLES AND ANYTHING ELSE YOU WANT IN OUR LINE.

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The earth in slices, any sized slice That is—I am selling and offering to sell very desirable and valuable portions of the earth located in this section of Orange county, such as Middletown realty

Houses, Lots, Business Blocks, Hotels and Orange Co. Farms.

If you want anything in the way of real estate, your patronage is respectfully solicited. Established agency of twenty-three years

A. V. BOAK,
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go to SHANNON'S Art Store Finest selection, lowest prices and best work in the city.

PIANOS AND ORGANS

direct from factory No agents or expenses for canvassing Come and get prices before purchasing

LOW BLOCK, 65 NORTH ST.

GEO. A. SWALM & SON,
Headquarters for
THE BEST HOT AIR FURNACE!
in Middletown.

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MIDDLETOWN DAILY ARGUS.

PART SECOND. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., MAY 4, 1895. PAGES 9 TO 16.

EVOLUTION OF THE HOSPITAL

BY CLARA S. FINN.

More than seven years ago a band of women, under the leadership of Dr. Julia E. Bradner, organized for the purpose of raising funds to build a hospital in Middletown for the care of the sick and injured. These women, in their enthusiasm and zeal, thought that they had only to canvass the city in order to raise one dollar per capita, or $10,000 at least, when they would be able to begin the hospital building. After canvassing the entire city, except the business portion, they had collected $465.23, instead of the $10,000 they had hoped for. Of course, under these circumstances, the project of building had to be put off until more money could be raised.

After this, entertainments of various kinds were given with different degrees of success. On one occasion the bill posters received more than did the hospital fund, and on another the fund was saved from being drawn upon by the return of the license fee. The pupils in the public schools were next asked to contribute and subscription books were circulated in the factories and shops and at the State H spital. While the response to these efforts was in some cases generous it was rather an uncertain way to raise a sum large enough for their needs, and the women became discouraged many times and with a less intrepid leader must have given up in despair. However, they kept on, occasionally receiving substantial aid from friends of the enterprise and from different organizations, until the spring of 1891, when they had raised a little more than $5,000.

At this time Mrs. S. Maretta Thrall very generously came to the aid of the ladies and gave the valuable lot on which the hospital now stands and $13,189.56 in cash, the cost of the building with steam heater, kitchen range, gas and electric light, fixtures and the grading of the grounds complete.

Mrs. Thrall's gift made the hospital an assured fact, and its erection and completion soon followed.

The hospital has now been open for the care of the sick and injured for three years and 325 patients have been treated.

A training school for nurses has been established in connection with the institution and the managers expect in a few months to be able to issue their first diploma. The course of training covers a period of one year and six months. The first six months are confined to work in the hospital. At the end of this time the nurses are sent out to private cases. Due attention is paid to study and lectures during the course.

Nurses from Thrall Hospital have already been sent to twenty-eight families to nurse the sick and assist at operations. This is a source of some revenue to the hospital as well as a benefit to the sick.

The Young Ladies' Auxiliary Board, re-organized about a year ago, has proved a very efficient help to the managers. They support a bed, have assisted in the way of repairs and painted the building. The city has a free bed where patients who are sent there by the Overseer of the Poor are cared for.

The hospital managers are indebted to Eagle Hose Company for instant response to every ambulance call with patrol wagon, horses and driver. Now, through the efforts or the physicians of the staff, a fine modern ambulance has been purchased.

One of the needs of the hospital, for the comfort of patients and the convenience of the physicians and attendants, is an elevator to carry patients to the second floor. The shaft is ready, but the elevator has not been put in because of the lack of funds.

As the work has progressed it has been found necessary to make some changes in the building in the way of providing more private rooms and extra heat for them. The expense of this has been quite an item.

It is the aim of the management to give patients the best care and skillful treatment. In order to do this it is necessary to provide the best modern appliances and good nurses. All who have had sickness in their own homes know something of the expense required in caring for the sick. To furnish the hospital and provide everything needful, has cost for the three years, with careful management, more than $16,000. Of this sum $2,250 has been appropriated by the city, $250 by the Commissioners of Charities, $5,528.08 has been received for the care of patients and the services of nurses, and about $4,000 of the fund raised before the hospital was built has been expended in maintaining the institution. The balance has been raised by entertainments, kirmesses, fairs, charity balls, Mary Powell excursions (through the kindness of the O. and W. R. R. officials), Merchants' clambakes, lectures, cooking school, readings, theatricals, contributions from friends and collections from some of the churches.

Surely the people of Middletown must see that all this means a great deal of work and anxiety. It seems that this noble charity ought to be maintained by the public without requiring so much labor and effort on the part of the few who have the work in charge.

The hospital belongs to Middletown and to her people It is not a private enterprise maintained for private purposes. It is a public institution, organized and maintained for the public good, and the public should see that the necessary funds are forthcoming to properly support it,

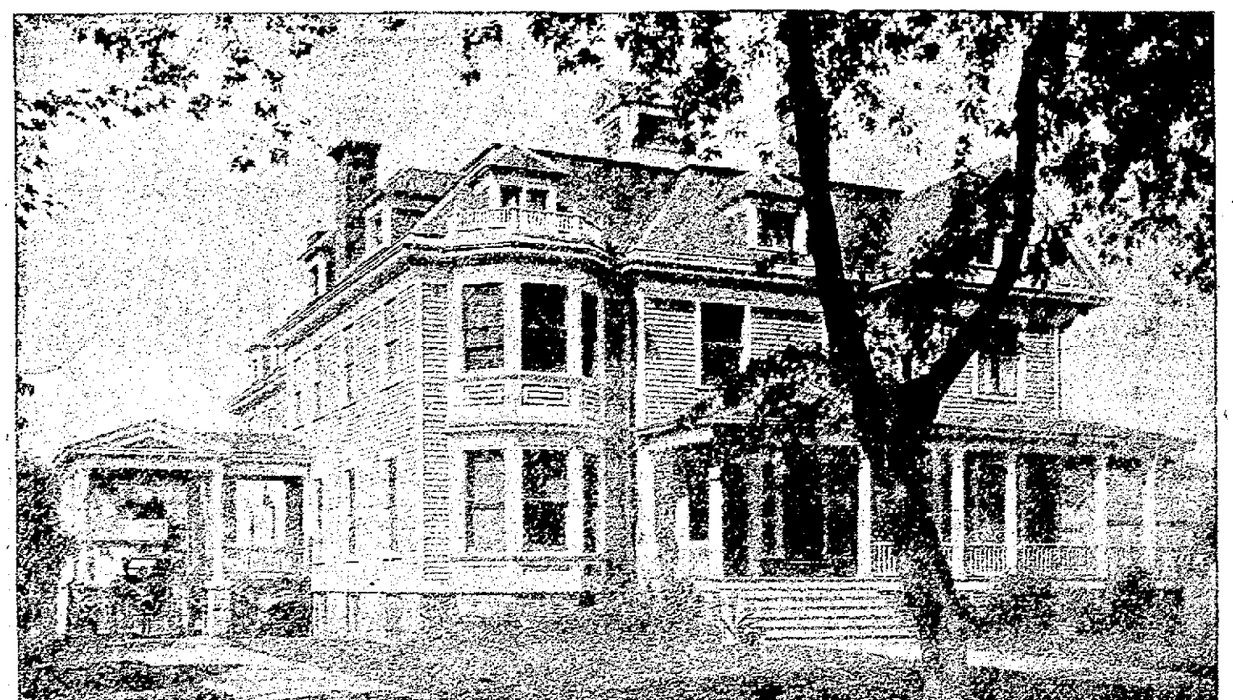
Patients are admitted to Thrall Hospital without regard to color, creed or nationality. All are treated alike, the rich and the poor.

The medical staff of the hospital is composed of physicians of both the Allopathic and the Homeopathic schools of medicine, one of each school being always on duty. All patients entering may choose which school they prefer.

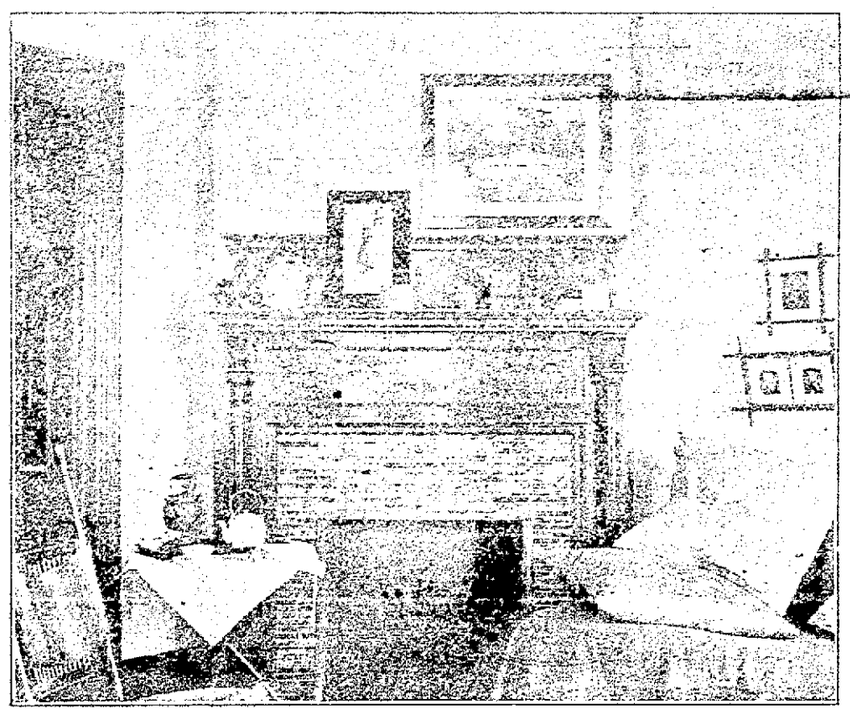
One occasionally hears the question asked "Do we really need a hospital?" The need has already been demonstrated beyond a doubt. Two of Middletown's well known physicians, now passed away, Drs. Dorrance and Eager, years ago recognized the need of a hospital in Middletown. Certainly that need can be no less now with an increased population and the liability to injury made greater by the greater number of railroads.

The managers hope, as time goes on, that the hospital will be remembered by charitable friends in the way of bequests, feeling as they do, that money so bestowed will bring a large return in comfort to the sick and suffering.

One of the difficulties attending the support of any public enterprise in a city of the size of Middletown is the unkind criticism which is sure to come and which is often made without knowledge. Will not our people be more charitable in word and deed? Surely Thrall Hospital is doing an excellent work and Middletown may with pride point to it as one of her most worthy institutions.



THRALL HOSPITAL.



CORNER IN SUPERINTENDENT'S ROOM.

ON THE WARDS.

BY CLARA BARRUS, M.D.

For the benefit of those who think with shuddering dread of our hospital on the hill, I will give a few facts to prove that life among this isolated population of over eleven hundred people is not so drear and sunless as one might suppose. "Life is checkered shade and sunshine" here as elsewhere. Neither are the patients so very different from other people; they have their hopes and fears, their loves and sorrows, their petty jealousies, their ambitions, their fads and their fancies, their opinions and their reasons for their opinions, their good days and their bad days, just as all the rest of us have, and the more we see of them and live with them, the more we find that a large number of the patients are to be approached in the same way that we would approach rational beings anywhere, making due allowance for differences in race, breeding, education, temperament, and for the weaknesses that are always fostered by any form of prolonged ill health.

There are men and women in our wards who have as keen an appreciation of beauty, moral and physical, and of the fitness of things, as people of culture anywhere. "Doctor, may I go to the dance to-night?" asked a patient convalescing from acute mania. "Yes, Miss ——, but you are not strong enough to dance yet." "Oh, no, I won't dance, dear one, I'm dressed in black. I just want to hear the music."

Our patients appreciate a kindness or resent an injury as keenly as any one would, and their opinions of men and things are "not to be sneezed at" although they are behind closed doors. Their knowledge of good literature and of current events is often such as many a sane one would envy if he but knew how far his understanding is surpassed by theirs. Their powers of reasoning and their logical deductions are startlingly accurate in many instances. Try to meet any of their appeals with evasion or well-meant sophistry and see how quickly the flaw in your reasoning will be detected.

"Doctor, I hate this humdrum life; when am I to go home? How would you like to be locked in a prison month in and month out?"

"Why, Mrs. E——, you must not look at it in that way. There are many people who would be glad of such a pleasant home, with all these beautiful surroundings. This room doesn't look much like a prison cell, does it? And then, you know,

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage."

"Yes, that's all very well for you to talk that way; you have the keys, and can go out any time; besides,

"Golden wires may annoy us as much as steel bars,
If they keep us behind prison windows."

Friendships are formed on the wards which are not the transient attachments one might suppose. Recovered patients, after going home, often write cheering and hopeful letters to those left behind, encouraging them to accept their lot more philosophically, to feel that the necessary discipline is for their good, and citing their own cases as illustrations of how the hospital requirements were all for the best, and how they were aided by them to return to health and sanity.

A sister patient will often succeed in getting a suspicious patient to eat when nurses and doctors fail. It is a daily occurrence to hear them laboring with each other to give up this or that delusion, to refrain from improper language, or to conquer destructive or suicidal tendencies.

"Don't say that you are the devil any more, Minnie, and perhaps you'll forget that you are," pleaded one young girl to another, who is constantly reiterating the statement, and whose conduct is such that one is not surprised at the patient for tacitly acknowledging the truth of it.

Some of the patients have a proper appreciation of their mental alienation, while others remain in blissful ignorance of the fact. One says: "I'm only insane on one subject. I have a delusion that I can't swallow. I know it's a delusion, but I can't help it." Her glib use of the term delusion, and her acknowledgment of it, is a rather startling thing to the novice in the study of mental diseases. Others will say: "If I stay here," etc., or, "If I can't do thus," etc., "I shall become insane," or, "I shall go crazy," or, "It's enough to drive one wild," and all uttered as naturally as any one would utter the same or like expressions.

Some months ago, on entering a room where several patients were congregated, a rapidly convalescing patient said: "Doctor, tell me, do you think I am insane? Have I any delusions?"

"What are delusions?" asked a second patient, with a bewildered look. Before I could answer, a third patient volunteered: "Why, delusions are where you think something is true that all the rest of us know is not true. She hasn't any delusions, doctor; all she needs is rest and quiet." And the patient who so correctly defined a delusion, and who realized the absence of them in another, is herself the victim of a multitude of fixed delusions of the most pronounced character. She gives as wholesome advice to her sister patients as any doctor can give, and does not a little to assist in their recovery, yet she is a hopeless case of paranoia. She saves others; herself she cannot save.

One day I noticed one of the young women patients had several black bands tied around her fingers. "Why are your hands in black, Miss M——?"

"I'm mourning for the lost chords in that piano," she replied; "if you don't think it needs tuning, just listen while I try the old tin pan."

There are certain cases, usually hopeless, wherein the patients enjoy the contemplation of their delusions so thoroughly that one feels they are in one sense compensated for the hopeless character of their disease. One woman gazes ecstatically at a spot on the wall and says: "Don't you see him? That's my husband, he's a chunk of gold. Those are diamonds in his eyes." And she lies there and whispers to her golden idol, in a perfect trance of happiness, almost oblivious of her surroundings, and rather impatient at being brought back to sordid actualities such as eating and drinking.

Our weekly dances give little opportunity for the development of romances, but one little Scotch woman, who has had ample experience in Cupid's service, is not slow to improve even these opportunities. Each week she brings back some token of affection from her aged admirer. Neither of them will ever see sixty again, but they act like a girl and boy in the hey-day of youth. It may only be a copy of Judge or Life that he smuggles into her chubby hand "after the ball," but she treasures it up to show to the doctor the next day and triumphantly calls attention to the "price 10 cents" and says "ye may know he's fond o' me when he puts his hand in his pocket to buy that." "Well, but Mrs. C——, does he know you've got a husband living? You haven't a divorce, have you?"

"Aw, wha's the differ? Dinna ye ken the auld man canna bide much longer? As soon as he dees a'm free and a' hae his pension beside, See?"

"How many husbands have you had, Mrs. C—?" "Only four, but 'ave been five times married and this one that's makin' up to me now will be the sexth. Ye ken 'a was twice married to ane man. We lived in Kellymoor, awa in the hills o' Scotland. 'A wasna sexteen when he came coortin' me. 'A was o'er young, 'a ker, but he said he would dee ef 'a wouldna tak' him, an' 'a didna want him to dee so we made it up between us and we went ten miles awa to a minister who married us for ten shillings."

"How did yon get away without your parents knowing it?"

"Aw, 'a couldna dress up in my best gown but 'a just went oot on a Saturday morning to do the marketing, in a clean laylock calico, an' a' was married in that. The father wanted me to get some sma' change that morning, he gie me ten pounds. 'A left the change wi' the weaver and told him to send it home to the father, an' aff we went. They smelled a rat before we got back an' they were i' a peck o' trouble. The driver who took us, he said "'A ken ye've run aff but 'a 'll tak' care o' ye," and he took us to a broken doon minister in the country.

When we got hame the father began to scold an' the mither to greet an' 'a was right vexed wi' mysel' for troublin' them so sore. The faether he said "Coom awa' wi' me," an' he made us go to our ain minister an' be married over again to mak' sure it was all right. Ye ken the Presbyterians are verra strict—he would hae nane but our ain minister. An' the next morning we all went to church an' 'a wore the new silk gown that was being made at the time. Aw, but wasna it a shame that 'a had to be married i' the calico?"

"Which of all your husbands did you love the best, Mrs. C—?"

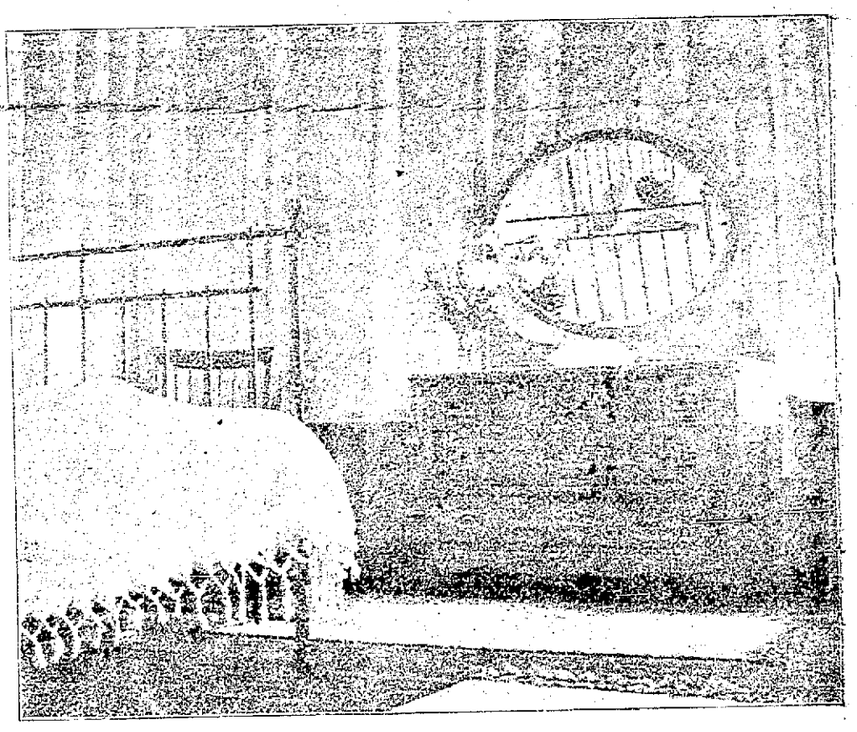
"Aw, hoo can ye ask that? A woman may marry many times but she has but one lover. 'A gie ma heart to the lad wha 'a feared would dee ef 'a wouldna hae him."

"You could get along with your fourth husband if you would let drink alone, could'nt you?"

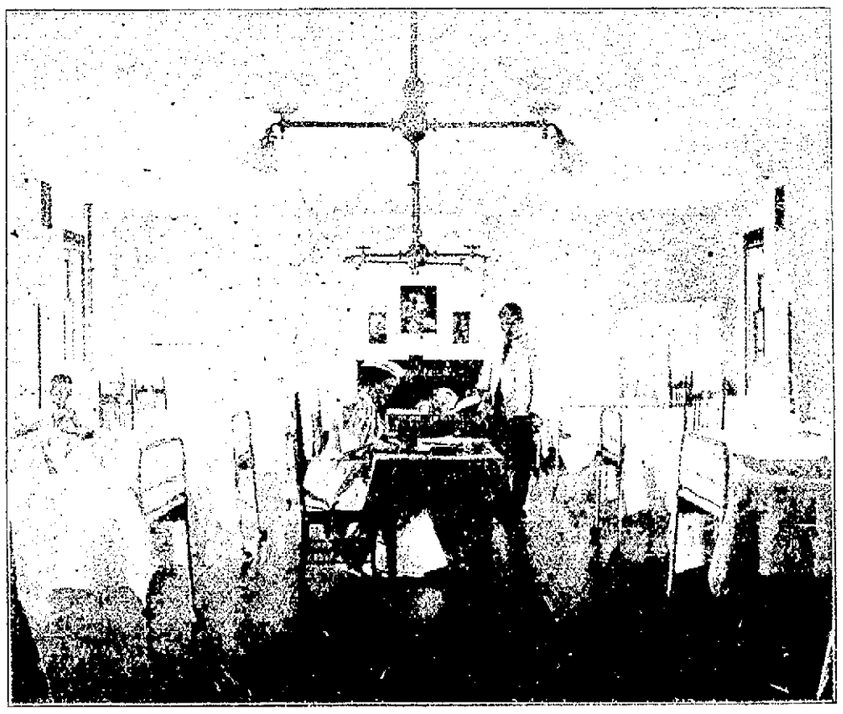
"Aw, dinna ye believe wha' they say. 'A used to tak' a drap oncet in a while wi' ma man. Sure, wha's guid for the rooster's na bad for the hen."

Not many days ago one patient who considers herself unjustly kept in the hospital by her husband, wrote the following lines:

Peter, Peter, rot-ple eater,
Had a wife but wou'dn't keep her,
Put her in the State Hospital
And *there* they kep. her—well! well!! well!!!



THE BROTHERHOODS' ROOM.



ONE OF THE WARDS.

The Trolley Line to the Asylum.

—A friend said to us the other day that she did hope she should get to the pyramids before the trolley got there, (and we believe a line is projected) but we must confess that feeling does not exist when it comes to the State Hospital. Who is to blame for the non-extension of the road? Are the trolley people so desirous of uniting Middletown and Bloomingburgh that they neglect this much needed line, or is the Erie standing in the way?

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EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

MRS. SARAH SLITER, EDITOR.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY LUCY TALCOTT JUDSON.

Much is being said in these days about the public schools and the public school system of our country.

I believe the public school is a very patent factor in the life of this nation.

I always have a feeling of gratitude and reverence for the early settlers, who planted the schools and churches alongside of their rude homes. It is with a thankful heart that I read of the struggles that have been made by parents to give their children a good education.

The present school system has been the result of much careful thought on the part of many earnest and hard-working educators. And yet good people, with no desire to cavil, see much in the system to condemn. Having spent many years in the school room, both i this state and in our sister state, Connecticut, I feel that I know whereof I speak, when I say that it is very easy for teachers to get into ruts and continue in the same mechanical round, instead of trying to arouse more earnestness on the part of their pupils. Teaching means more than running a machine.

The modern teacher has many things to contend with that those of a quarter of a century ago never heard of. For instance, the old style way of ranging the children on a line on the floor and hearing a class spell, was certainly much easier than the method in vogue at the present day of having each child write the words and then mark the letters in those words with the various diacritical marks.

Then the teacher must look those papers over carefully to decide how many words are misspelled, also how many are mismarked, and woe to the child who has omitted any of those marks. Little children, eight and ten years old, must in addition to remembering how to spell the words, remember the markings, which are seldom used in any style of writing, are scarcely ever seen except in dictionaries, and are never used in practical life.

Right here I wish to ask a question. Beyond a good fair drill in the meaning and use of the diacritical marks, will any one tell me what good is to be gained by having little children make those marks over every word in their spelling lessons, day after day and week after week? It seems to me that the school life of the average child is all too short to be used in that way. According to statistics gathered by Commissioner W. T. Harris, the average school life is only four and one-half years, of two hundred days each, in some states. In some states it falls as low as two years, while in Massachusetts it rises to nearly seven years. With these facts in view are we not spending too much time on trivial things and neglecting some of more importance? I have conversed with several well educated persons on this subject, and all without exception condemn the practice and agree that it is a waste of the child's brain and nerve power.

In a visit to one of the ward schools here in Middletown, I was pleased with much that I saw. The children were neat in dress and appearance, the room was in order, and a general business-like air pervaded the room. When the children passed in front of the visitors, a polite "excuse me, please," was always repeated. The classes were prompt in their answers, and seemed to understand the subject matter of their lessons. The ventilation was poor; the thermometer ran up to 80 degrees, and our faces told the story plainly. I knew several little heads would ache soon if they were not already doing so.

Classes in arithmetic were heard, which I enjoyed very much. One bright lad went to the board and performed an example in division of decimals. He had finished his work neatly and taken his seat. The teacher looked at the work. At one step he had worked by short division, and only put the result on the board. She asked him how he knew that that was the correct answer. He replied, that he "worked it in his head." She bade him go to the board and finish his work. He did so, thus using three times as many figures as before. I asked her why she did that. Her reply was, "We are obliged to make them show every step in their work." Now, I think a system that demands needless work like that of children whose school life is all too short, has, to say the least, a flaw in its structure. Not that I would advocate careless or slipshod work on the part of the pupils. By no means. I believe in thorough, careful instruction. But when a boy can obtain the same result, and knows how to do it by a short method, he should use the short method.

There is one other topic connected with our city schools upon which I wish to say a few words, and that is the lack of rhetorical exercises.

So far as I know there is very little of that kind of work done here in the ward schools. I know some think that it is time wasted; and teachers have enough to do without any extra care in that direction. While I would not add any more weight to the teachers' burdens, I believe some exercises of a literary nature would relieve the steady strain and everyday grind of the school room.

Then, too, a love for literature and a knowledge of authors and noted men can in this way be acquired. Many children have very few advantages of this kind in their homes; books are not found in abundance and the parents' life is too busy and work-a-day to pay any attention to literary work. The only chance the child has to know aught of literary matters is the little he may gain in the school room.

And will it not be far better when he leaves school, if he has a love for reading and some knowledge of the works of our best authors, than merely a knowledge of arithmetic, spelling and geography?

School training should take into account the after-life of the child, as well as the memorizing of the day's lessons. The State should demand of her public school teachers that they train good citizens by giving them broadened views of men and things.

To this end let us have Longfellow and Whittier days, to give a poetic touch to the mind; a Washington and a Lincoln day, to teach something of our best statesmen; an Arbor day, to teach the use and beauty of trees and flowers; Decoration Day, to teach love of country and patriotic devotion to her defenders. The list may be lengthened to suit the needs of the times.

Laugh as we will at the old-fashioned school exhibition, it had its good points. The children were interested, the parents were interested, and it is the memory of those good times which prompts men of means now to offer prizes for the best recitations in some public schools. The memory of such recitations lasts longer and I am sure has as good an influence as does the rule for long division, or the solving of examples in circulating decimals.

Let the pupils recite a little more, and use the pencil a little less. Let us strike the golden mean as near the line of perfection as we can, and educate the rising generation in a practical, common-sense manner, teaching them to apply knowledge learned to every-day life, and not mechanically to perform what they have learned like a machine.

THE KINDERGARTEN.

Froebel's idea was still in advance of Pestalozzi. He taught that the child belongs not only to the mother and family but to society as well. And, therefore, he would have him spend some time in school or the children's garden, where he would learn association in the best manner. It seems to me that Froebel's ideas are only carrying out what the christian mother would do for her child if she could.

Mothers and fathers need to give thanks for the institution of the kindergarten. A conscientious, faithful mother is one of the young child's best teachers. But such a mother feels that she would do more for her child than her own wisdom and strength are equal to. In a good kindergarten she finds the help she is looking for. Pestalozzi taught that the mother was the best educator of the young child. In time he came to see that the children of the poor could expect very little from the mother in the way of teaching. So asylums for children or infant schools were established by him later.

But one person cannot do every thing, so we welcome the kindergarten as a desirable help. True kindergarten aims to help the child do just what the Creator designed he should do and be. It does not teach a, b, c, so much as it awakens the child to be ready for the a, b, c. Kindergarten is fitting the child by the happiest means for his future work.

These are some of Froebel's words: "All education not founded on religion is unproductive."

"All has come forth from the Divine, from God and is through God alone conditioned. To this it is that all things owe their existence, to the divine working in them. The divine element that works in each thing is the true idea of the thing." "The destiny and calling of all things is to develop their true idea, and in so doing to reveal God in outward and through passing forms."

If we do not find the work our Creator has laid out for us we labor in vain.

Hear the same truth as Froebel's from God's holy word: "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." If the kindergarten be a such a help to the child from a christian family, what is it to the child who has no good home training, no loving home influence. Kindergarten can do much to reform our community. It takes the child before he has gone wrong and awakens the good that is in him before his life is wrecked.

I hope the time is not far distant when we shall see kindergarten a part of our public schools.

H. K. H.

THE PRIZE ESSAYS.

College Athletics for Girls.

BY JULIA DENTON (ACADEMY).

College and foot ball are almost synonymous terms in the mind of the nineteenth century boy. On the foot ball field college enthusiasm reaches its highest point. The honor, dignity and fair fame of their Alma Mater depends to a certain extent on the energy and skill of these representative men. Those of you who have witnessed any of the great games between our largest American colleges know how serious and how business-like the contest appears.

The games which have been most accessible to Middletown people are those which have been held at New York, on Thanksgiving Day, between the two great rivals, Yale and Princeton.

Walter Camp has immortalized himself as the founder of this famous game at Yale, and Hinkey, the clever captain of the foot ball games, for the past few years, has been known and loved by thousands or people.

While their brothers have been gaining honor and distinction on the athletic field, what have college girls been doing in this direction?

In the majority of colleges for women, each student is required to take an hour's exercise on each pleasant day. During September, October, May and June, this time may be spent entirely in the open air, and the delightful walks provided help to rest the tired student. The over-hanging trees and the lovely lake and river contribute toward making these walks pleasant.

Often some kind friend of the college, like Vassar's dear Uncle Fred, provides a pleasant exercise and recreation, by giving the student a long ride to Mohunk. They start at about 6 a. m., and after crossing the Hudson and proceeding about twenty miles, they arrive at the picturesque scenery at Mohunk. After spending the day in rambling over the rocks, they all get together again and reach college about 7 p. m.

For a time horseback riding was a prominent exercise for the college students, but in most cases this has given way to bicycle riding. The faculty and students keep their wheels there, and in spring, summer and fall, they are in almost constant use outside of school hours.

Tennis is another favorite outdoor exercise with college students, and the grand tournament, which is held each fall, is one of the pleasant breaks in the routine of college life.

All college students are fond of rowing, and usually have an opportunity to attain skill in this art. Wellesly especially is noted for its boating contests, and very seldom is a boat handled with more skill than the Wellesly float.

Most of girls' colleges have large swimming tanks, shallow in some places, so that there will be no danger for beginners, and then gradually getting deeper.

The regular gymnasium work is not, as a usual thing, taken up until after the Thanksgiving vacation, when the chilly November weather makes out-door exercise less pleasant. Gymnasium work is required an hour a day, three times a week. Class drill is provided, where the instructor gives special attention in training with Indian clubs, dumb bells, etc.

Skating is the most common outdoor exercise in winter. There is usually a large lake or river near the college, where all enjoy themselves. When the skating is especially fine bonfires are kindled. Then the ice is soon covered with skaters, ranking from the learned professors to the poor little freshman.

Two of the latest games in the colleges are battle ball and basket ball. A short time ago, I heard a college student describe a match game between the senior and junior class, at one of our largest women's colleges. The neat gymnasium suits, decorated with class colors, made a pretty picture, and the supporters of each class were arranged on each side of the gymnasium wearing encouraging favors, watching with eager interest each move. There are ten people in each team, five playing against five, and the others rest. Six Indian clubs stand in pairs at regular intervals, at each end of the hall, and one member is left to guard each pair, two support the center, and do their utmost to get the ball in the lines of the opposing party. This is by far the best exercise, since it is exercise, for the entire body.

The girls have worked well but quietly, and considering the fact that colleges for girls are so much younger in years and experience than colleges for boys, I think we cannot fail to acknowledge that they are doing well, and if the necessary time be given, we hope to find them equaling, if not surpassing their more hardy brothers.

The Tale of an Oyster.

BY SUSIE COUCH (TENTH GRAMMAR GRADE, LINDEN AVENUE SCHOOL).

Oysters are said to be tailless, but I bring you a short tale of an oyster, told by himself to a fly. He said:

"Some folks say I can't see, but they are mistaken, we can see as well as anybody.

I had about a million brothers and sisters, but we were all separated in some way or other. One warm day I started out to seek my fortune, I wandered about for an hour or so, when I saw a little oysterett coming toward me. She seemed awfully scared, but she said at last. that a large bird had tried to catch her, while she was lying on the sand.

I was charmed by her beauty, and asked her to become my wife. She consented, and we made a nice little house in the sand.

She was very good at first, I helped her a good deal, and she was thankful.

One spring day she wanted to clean house, for she said her grandmother used to clean house every spring. I reluctantly consented, but when I found that I would have to carry everything out of the house myself, I did not like it at all. But I didn't murmur (to her at least.) She said I must wash the walls, clean the floor, and make her a sea-weed picture frame, I was very meek and did it all. But one day when I was making the bed some sand flew in my eye. It hurt so I ran into the kitchen and told my wife I had some some sand in my eye, but she never paid any attention to me, and coldly asked me if I had made the bed. I told her I had not; she turned around and said "oyster, sir, you march back and make it." That night the sand in my eye hurt dreadfully. I tossed around awfully, my wife filled her shell with water and poured it over me, I hoped it would wash the sand out, but it did not. The next morning my temper wasn't of the very best and I wouldn't wait on her as I usually did."

She was mad, and tumbled away never to come back again, she said. It was the last I ever saw of her. I started away for I thought I never wanted to see the house again. All at once a dreadful noise was heard, and I felt something scraping along under me, and I, with some more oysters, was lifted up in the air. Then we were put in a deep hole, which I afterward learned was called a barrel. I was at the top of the barrel. I thought I would die, but I didn't. That day I was bought with some oysters by a man called King. I was taken home to his house, and had my shell cracked off. Oh, how it hurt! Then the man picked at my sore eye, and took the sand out. A little girl who stood by his side screamed. "Oh! mamma! Papa has found a pearl for my ring, give it to me papa." Then the mother looked at that sand, and I looked too. What do you suppose I saw?

A white stone as big as a pea. Then she said this is worth a good deal of money, and she put it away. And I was put on a plate and layed on a shelf. I remembered my grandfather had left his history so I thought I would leave mine. I looked around and saw a fly, and I told it to him.

Learning a Lesson.

BY HELEN PRIOR (PRIMARY GRADE).

Mary was a little girl who had everything she wanted.

Yet for all this she was discontent- and unhappy,

She had a nice big bay-window and a playroom full of toys and pictures.

It was cull winter now and the ground was covered with snow.

One day she was sitting on the window-sill looking out of the window when a poor little boy went past the house without any shoes on.

She now felt sorry for the little boy and she also felt thankful that she had a nice home.

She now began to realize what a happy cheerful home she did have and it was very nice to have such a home as she had.

I am afraid my little reader you sometimes forget and wish for things which makes your parents very unhappy.

But when you do forget just think of Mary and maybe you will lead a better life.

One habit of Mary's was to say I can't.

When she was learning how to jump rope she would say I can't.

One summer all her family were going away and she was in great glee. At last she was ready.

Now Mary and her family were off to the station. Then she heard the sound of the whistle and before she knew it she was on the train.

After awhile the car started off and not a happier child was in that car than Mary.

Two more stations and she would be at her dear Auntie's house.

Now they stopped at the last station and Mary was the first of her family to be off of the train.

Who did she see coming down the street, was it her two cousins?

Yes it was and how the cousins hugged each other.

Mary found the large farm delightful and often fed the pigs or hunted eggs.

But the best thing she liked to do was to have a good race with the five puppies over the fields.

The next day an invitation came for the 3 children.

It was an invitation to Linda Whittington's birthday party.

Of course Mamma will let us go said the three children. And their mothers did let them go and such a birthday party.

There were just enough to have a good time and not any too many.

Taffy pulling and popping corn, and 'round the world Joe were the games the children played. The children never forgot the birthday party and they are married ladies now and they often think of Little Linda's birthday party.

John Herschel could remember every figure of the long and abstruse mathematical calculations made in his astronomical work. He often made a long calculation, then called his amanuensis and dictated the whole from memory.

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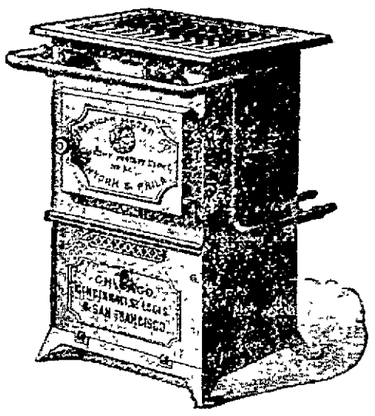

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LIVING UNDER THE FLAG

BY IDA HASTINGS MORTON.

Don't you feel proud of the stars and stripes? Perhaps the spark of patriotism is simply lying dormant in your nature and only needs an event of some kind to fan it into flame. When once burning its fires will never be quenched.

I knew I loved my country, but did not realize to what an extent it figured in my affections until a year or so ago, when I chanced to be on foreign soil, and at a port where the war ships of several nations had assembled. It was a gala day, and as the British vessel hoisted its colors to the tune of "God Save the Queen," the scene was most impressive. Then the German Emperor's *toast* was heard, followed by the national air, and close upon that came the honor to the President of the French Republic, which seemed akin to our own. But when, on one of the noble "White Squadron," I caught a glimpse of the stars and stripes slowly and gracefully unfurling, the brilliant colors glowing in the sunlight and surpassing all others in beauty, my enthusiasm rose to fever heat. Springing to my feet, just as the stirring strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" pealed forth, I snatched the hat from my head (notwithstanding the murderous hat pins that played havoc with hair and hands), and waving it with a will, tried to hurrah for the dear United States with a choking lump in my throat and a suspicious moisture blurring my sight.

It is not to be wondered at that an American, when in a strange land and suddenly confronted by the flag of his own glorious country, will feel a tugging at his heart strings that will make him forever swear allegiance to his native heath.

What then to serve under this same flag? Born and reared under it and still following wherever it calls, I find the daily life spent within sight of its starry folds, a picturesque and pleasing one, though demanding at times great sacrifices and making heavy inroads upon one's courage and powers of endurance. An army woman, though a non-combatant, fights many a fierce, but silent, battle in her own heart when a rigid order from the War Department suddenly breaks up a snug home, or sends a loved one on a dangerous mission. But—it is service under the flag.

A few years ago, when roughing it in the Indian country with my husband and his company, sent out to preserve peace, we were keenly disappointed when on pitching the tents of our permanent camp, we found there had been no flag allotted to our small command. Determined not to be outdone we manufactured one, rather small to be sure, but still a *flag*. The white stripes were made of target streamers, the red ones of hospital flannel, the blue field was quickly cut from an old pair of army trousers, and the stars, squeezed out of odds and ends, were accurate in number if not in shape. The soldiers who had lent willing hands to the scheme, soon had a pole in place, and gave a rousing cheer as the home-made flag was swung aloft. It saw hard service, as did those under it, for many a weary day, and is now cherished in X Company as a valuable trophy.

In a garrison in the early morning hours, the gun which booms out the signal for another day's duty, is fired as a salute to the colors which are swiftly and deftly flung to the breeze. If the day promises to be fair the large or post flag is used, but if the weather is stormy or a gale is blowing the small storm flag is hoisted, and only on certain occasions, such as a visit from the Secretary of War, or a high ranking officer, is the largest one of all used, and then the pole fairly staggers beneath its majesty and glory.

After that opening duty of the day has been attended to and the reveille roll call answered, the bugle, which has just finished the familiar strain, "I can't wake 'em up," sounds the welcome call to breakfast. When that meal is finished, the notes of "Come to the stable as soon as your able, and feed to your horses their oats and their corn," form a summons that the cavalrymen make haste to obey. The horses, which are on the picket line impatiently pawing the ground, are lively and full of tricks in the fresh morning air. Their heels are used to advantage if an unwary neighbor comes too near, and they have a gay frolic when untied and led to the watering trough. With heads up and prancing along, they sidle up to it as if they had never seen such a queer thing before, squealing and fussing like so many children. But on plunging their noses into its cool depths they quiet down, and, drinking in their silent fashion, are soon in good trim for the duties of the day.

Sick call brings the surgeon to the hospital to attend to any men who may report to him as ill or needing medicine.

In a few moments, a detachment of men may be seen filing along with rifles on their shoulders, belts filled with cartridges fastened around their waists, and eyes shaded by large felt or fatigue hats. They are on their way to the rifle range, which at this post is on the outskirts of the reservation, and before long the sound of firing gives warning that they are busy at target practice.

The lively summons to drill soon covers the parade ground with the blue coats, who in time of peace are trained to be most efficient warriors. At the end of an hour recall is sounded, immediately followed by fatigue call, which brings out the prisoners, for there are always some men who will trangress the rules and become inmates of the guard house. These offenders clean up the reservation, and in all the wide universe it would be difficult to find a neater spot than a military post.

If the day is Saturday, the weekly inspection of troops and barracks takes place at 9 o'clock, and then comes the interesting ceremony of guard mount, at which the regimental band adds to the pleasing effect with well rendered music. The men mounted on guard take excellent care of the post for twenty-four hours at a time, the neatest and most soldierly among them being selected to serve as Commanding Officer's Orderly, a position much coveted and one of honor.

At 10 o'clock the second drill keeps the men hard at work for another hour, at the end of which time the First Sergeants are summoned by the bugle, which is ever busy, to the Adjutant's office, where they receive their morning reports, which had been submitted for inspection at 8 o'clock, and also the orders for the next day. Soon the fatigue recall brings release to the shovel and broom brigade, and all who may be otherwise on duty. They just have time to wash and clean up when mess call seats them again at the table, where they do full justice to the substantial food Uncle Sam provides.

In the meanwhile, perhaps, the musical, yet at times alarming notes of officers' call have brought the wearers of the shoulder straps hurrying from all directions toward the headquarters building, where gravely entering, they ask among themselves, "What's up now?" Perhaps it is nothing unusual. Possibly a recitation in Tactics, or a summons from their chief who desires their assistance in preparing for an entertainment or military ball. But how often have I heard it when on the extreme frontier, and waited, with face pressed anxiously against the window pane and heart filled with forebodings, for the first glimpse of my warrior's return, only to read in his eyes that a parting is near, and to hear the low words that orders for field service against the treacherous redskins have just been received. Then a few hours later, with trembling fingers that almost refuse to assist him in buckling on his sword, but with brave face and cheery smile, I watch him march off with his company, trim, erect and soldierly,—when to return—if ever?

We left the troops at dinner, and at 1 P. M., the second fatigue call of the day rings out and the workers again appear. The men who have no special duty to perform are at liberty to avail themselves of the passes granted them, and the afternoon speeds quickly by. The recall at 4:30 and supper at 5:15 are soon part of the past.

Just before sundown the bugle again calls the troops, this time to assemble for dress parade, one of the prettiest of ceremonies, and daily watched by the army women who never tire of its fascinations. Out in their "toggery," in all the glory of their brass buttons, handsome aiguillettes and waving plumes, they present an attractive picture. The troops have their equipment shining, their shoes so glossy they are as good as mirrors, gloves spotless and uniforms immaculate; and in the manual of arms the movements are executed in such unison the entire line is as one man. The military music makes one long to shoulder a gun and join in the march when the regiment passes in review before its Colonel. When the pleasing notes of "retreat" die away softly, followed by the boom of the sunset gun, the dear old flag comes fluttering down from its high perch to be tenderly folded and safely put away for the night.

One of the saddest of sights is that same flag, when it hangs at half-mast, drooping and listless as as if it, too, were mourning for the dead soldier who will soon be reverently carried past and out from under its shadow, where he may have served for years.

Daily concerts by the regimental band are pleasant features, and in the evening perhaps the strains of of the orchestra tell of a gay hop which the officers and their families are enjoying. The enlisted men frequently give entertainments which are invariably well conducted, and they also have reading rooms in which they can spend their spare time, and billiard tables for their own special amusement.

Tattoo marks the hour of 9 P. M., and at 10:45 the call to quarters warns all the soldiers that it is time to turn in. Fifteen minutes later the last or "check" roll call is attended to, and the sweet notes of "Taps" come floating on the still air, singing a lullaby to the command whose lights quickly disappear. A profound silence falls over the barracks and post, broken only by the measured tread of the men on guard, the sharp challenge of a vigilant sentinel halting a late comer, or the clanking sword of the Officer of the Day as he makes his rounds of inspection.

So the days pass in piping times of peace. Two or three years spent in one section, possibly a few months in another, and perhaps quarters just comfortably settled when a fresh order moves us on to "pastures new." With novel experiences (sometimes dearly bought), numerous vicissitudes, and many uncertainties, not knowing what a day may bring forth, life under the flag has its attractions, and a patriotic heart responds to its demands with unswerving fidelity.

The Charge of the Light Brocade.

"Spread out the Light Brocade!"
What an exquisite shade;
Ne'er will its glories fade!
"'Tis one of a hundred!"
O, it were sad to tell,
How blindly the lady fell
Into the jaws of debt,
Into the teeth of—well
All her friends wondered.

Moires to right of her,
Satins to left of her,
Velvets in front of her,
A marvelous cluster;
Coldly her sated eye,
Passed every fabric by,
Till it at last did spy
The Brocade's soft lustre.

Quickly her choice was made,
"Cut off the Light Brocade,"
Thus to the clerk, she said,
Bright her eye glimmered.
His not to make reply,
His not to reason why,
His duty to comply,
How the silk shimmered!

"Send home the Light Brocade!"
Was she a whit dismayed
At the wild charge they made?
Sure, some one had blundered
Not though the lady knew,
Such bills make husbands blue,
And the end is oftimes, too,
A marriage tie sundered

"Home went the Light Brocade,"
Grumbling the bill was paid,
By a husband sore dismayed
"What next?" he pondered.
Sadly he went to bed
"Dressmaker next," he said,
"Why did I ever wed?
'Twas then I blundered."

CLARA T. ALLEN.

Out of the Shadow.

BY MARY ISABELLA FORSYTH.

Out of the shadow! Noisome things
Lurk and breed in the gloomy shade;
Pestilence on its victim springs,
Crime stalks stealthy yet undismayed;
Chilling mists and miasmas rise,
Faith grows weaker and courage dies.

Into the sunlight, pure and strong,
Bearing "healing upon its wings,"
Life awakes with a joyous song,
Hope and courage are crowned kings.
Unbolt, unbar, for the morn is here,
Dismiss anxiety, weakness, fear.

Out of the shadow! "Lend a hand,"
Lest in the dimness one should fall;
Into the sunlight, fair and grand,
"The light of the world" is meant for all;
May we pass for aye, when this life is done,
Away from earth's shadows into the sun.

THE MORBID IN LITERATURE

BY HENRIETTA GEDNEY.

A paragraph that the writer noticed, a few days since, in a letter from London published in one of our great dailies should be of particular interest to women, as they form a somewhat large proportion of the novel reading people on the globe.

The paragraph referred to was to the effect that a revulsion of feeling against the morbid in light literature had begun. This was bound to come sooner or later, of course, for when anything is carried to an extreme a re-action is pretty sure to take place. Every one has noticed how, on a hot day in summer, the air gets hotter and hotter and sultrier and sultrier until, just as we feel that we cannot stand it a moment longer, a thunder shower makes its appearance and the atmosphere is sweeter and purer for a long while afterward. Let us hope by all means that a moral thunder storm of public opinion is going to clear away the morbid and hysterical element that forms by far too large a proportion of the material that goes to make up the modern novel, and that its effects will be felt not only in England, but in this country as well. Occasionally the housekeeper finds it necessary to overhaul a lumber room or attic or old chest and get rid of some of the soiled or worn or useless contents, and it really seems as though the authors of some of the fiction that has been published during the last few years had been inspired by a similar idea. Apparently they have rummaged about in their brains and found material that was, much of it, valuable in the first instance, but which through misuse has become soiled and draggled and filled with microbes, for there are soul destroying bacteria as well as those that injure the body and they both flourish where dirt and impurity are to be found. The housekeeper makes a bonfire of what she finds to be useless or harmful but the author, less merciful, publishes the results of his or her explorations and calls it a novel.

After reading one or two such works, one feels like burying them, and some of them are quite corrupt enough to need it and then, after taking a bath, going out for a walk in the open air where one can feel the sunshine and let the fresh, clean, sweet wind blow the cobwebs out of one's brain. Mother Nature knows what is good for her children and communion with her is good for those who are sick bodily, mentally or morally.

It has been charged and it is to be feared with only too much justice, that women are the originators of a great deal that is morbid in literature, but that they are not entire monopolists in this line the readers of Hall Caine's late effort, "The Man Man," will hereby agree. One would as soon spend a few hours in a dissecting room as to read another book like that right away. Until the predicted re-action takes place and novelists begin once more to write about flesh and blood people with natural and healthy impulses, let us either lock the doors of our book cases or content ourselves with our old favorites.

THE MISSIONARY UNION.

BY MRS. SARAH F. VAIL

In the year 1882, three ladies, feeling the necessity of some regular plan for missionary work right here in Middletown, after due consideration and consultation with the clergymen of the different churches, issued a call for a meeting in the lecture room of the First Presbyterian Church. A large number responded and the organization grew out of that gathering.

The charter members consisted of two ladies from each church in the village, recommended by its pastor or the position. From the First Presbyterian, Mrs. G. A. Swaim and Mrs. E. E. C. Brown; Second Presbyterian, Miss Eliza Scofield and Mrs. Horton Vail; Congregational, Mrs. Blake and Mrs. Selah B. Corwin; Episcopal, Mrs. Moffat and Mrs. Jarvis; Methodist, Mrs. John Ross and Mrs. Ackerman; Baptist, Mrs. Sliter and Mrs. Kirkpatrick. The new society with Mrs. Talcott as its first president, started its work by employing Miss Decker as visitor and bible reader.

The first funds were procured by personal solicitation from house to house, the ladies meeting with good success and warm words from all, but after the first two years that plan of raising money was abandoned, and now the reliance is on voluntary gifts from the people.

The city fathers finding good use made of their money, kindly helped whenever applied to and the churches give the Thanksgiving collection every year. In the thirteen years' work nearly $4 000 have been expended; and when it comes to telling the number of shoes, old and new, and amount of second hand clothing distributed among the needy, the task is simply impossible.

The society is always ready to receive all the shoes, clothing, etc., their friends are willing to entrust them with and do their best to place them where they will do the most good. It involves no small amount of work to take in and give out fully one thousand garments every year, which is an average estimate of the number. After a few years, during which Miss Decker and then Mrs. Ackerman served as missionaries, it was decided to change the working plan somewhat, by dividing the city into wards, with three ladies in each ward, who hold themselves in readiness to go wherever needed in cases of sickness or trouble of any kind. At this time an addition was made to the membership, of one more from each church, which, with the three new members from the Second Congregational, made the force much larger.

While the great aim has always been to encourage every one to help themselves, many families have received needed food and clothing, and many sick beds have been made more comfortable by needed delicacies, not to speak of the words of christian hope and cheer. But best of all, quite a number of young girls have been rescued from degraded homes and placed in good surroundings, who bid fair to become useful women. Every girl thus far helped in this way has improved and are still in the hands of the ladies.

The Union started, and has maintained a very successful Sabbath School in the Children's Home, for over two years.

In the winter months a sewing school is the regular thing for every Saturday afternoon, and is always well attended and very popular among the little girls, who seem very sorry when closing time comes in the spring. They learn to sew and when a garment is finished it is their's.

And while putting in the patient stitchings the teachers endeavor to teach them another thing besides. The opening and closing exercises aim to give these young girls right ideas of life and living. Of the original members of the Union, there are six still in active work, who love it more and more as the years go by; and judging from the very effective service rendered by the members who have joined from time to time, they love their Master's work fully as well. They are many things to thank the community for; money freely given, material for sewing school, clothing, and, best of all, many cheering words. There is one thing more every member would like from the friends who have been so kind, and that is their occasional presence at their meetings, especially the annual gathering, which comes on the second Wednesday in May.

The Angelic Husband.

From the Boston Budget

There are husbands who are pretty,
There are husbands who are witty,
There are husbands who in public are as smiling as the morn;
There are husbands who are healthy,
There are famous ones and wealthy,
But the real angelic husband, well, he's never yet been born.

Some for strength of love are noted,
Who are really so devoted
That whene'er their wives are absent they are lonesome and forlorn;
And while now and then you'll find one
Who's a really good and kind one,
Yet the real angelic husband; oh, he's never yet been born.

So the woman who is mated
To a man who may be rated
As "pretty fair" should cherish him forever and a day,
For the real angelic creature,
Perfect, quiet in every feature,
He has never been discovered, and he won't be, so they say.

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ALL KINDS OF WOMEN.

THE NEW WOMAN.

BY HARRIET W. CLARK.

Many years ago,—so many that we will pass lightly over the date, I had a friend. We were schoolmates and she was considered one of the brightest girls in the class. We left school and in a few years she married and went West to live. We kept up a desultory correspondence, noting the christening of the first baby, Bessie, she named it, the wise sayings of four-year-old Freddie, *und so weiter*.

When Bessie was about sixteen my friend wrote she was coming East to look at schools for her, and would stop with me for five days. Now, if there is one thing more satisfactory than another to a woman it is to have the length of a visit specified. You know just how to fill in the time to the best advantage, and if "the powers that be" do not exactly fancy the guest you can say: "Oh, she's only to stay until Friday," and smooth his ruffled spirits. So I thought that in naming the length of her stay Adelaide showed all her former good sense.

She arrived, fine looking, severely but well dressed, and altogether made a most pleasing impression. We conversed of old times—of the changes time had wrought and of her Western home. Finally I said: "Come with me and say good night to the baby." She said: "Now, Sue, don't do that. It only excites the child and is most harmful." I said I always had kissed the little one good night and I must; so off I went. When I returned I found Richard and Adelaide in a most animated discussion on Dress Reform, with a large R. The line was sharply defined between them and dear Dick was even lamenting the death of Worth, as if it were a personal loss, though our closest acquaintance with him had been through looking at cuts in the *Bazar*, labelled "Gowns from Worth and hats from Virot." Naturally I was drawn into the discussion, and though we were two against one, we were worsted in the argument,—there is so much to be said when it comes to "rainy day" costumes, sensible shoes and health waists.

When we were in the privacy of our apartment, Dick said: "My dear, your Adelaide is an agitator." "Oh, Dick, don't criticise, you hurt my feelings," was my half-pleading reply.

The next morning I suggested our going to market together, but she begged to be excused, saying she had an article to write. When I came home there were reams of paper lying around with portentous words like "emancipation," "progress," etc., underscored.

I smiled when I saw those underscorings, for I knew how fond all unemancipated women are of thus trying to add force and emphasis to what they write, and I thought that my friend could not be very much emancipated or have made any very alarming "progress" or she would not still stick to underscorings.

The reams of paper, underscorings and all, were mailed to the home paper in Colorado. We all know the "Wild and Woolly West" is more up to date, *fin de siecle*, or what you like than the effete East, but in spite of the underscorings I was a little appalled, and it was some time before I felt quite in touch with her again. There were more discussions, that day, quite heated ones, on Sarah Grand, and so-called "strong books" of the hour. She hadn't a kind word for dear misguided Trilby and her fascinating associates, but was thoroughly up on hypnotism, medical questions, heredity, (apropos of Mivart's article,) and all the modern fads.

That night Richard said: "She's not only an agitator, but a reformer." You tell her to go and see Bessie Tyrele in 'Rebellious Susan.' It will do her good." "Don't speak so loud, Dick," I murmured. For breakfast, next morning, we had suffrage (not sausage) in its most virulent form. In the afternoon a mysterious telegram came calling Richard away, and his mysterious business kept him for the remainder of Adelaide's visit. Then Mr. S. came to join his wife, and can't you picture him? Dear visionary, unpractical John, who adored his wife and whom we all adored in about five minutes. It was a case of extremes but they really made a most interesting pair. But can any one tell me why it is that when a woman has these advanced ideas and seems created to rule, she always seems to find the man for a husband who falls in with her requirements? Was he the "finished and perfect product" when she got him, or did she educate him after the unbreakable knot was tied?

I could readily imagine John rocking the baby tenderly in his arms, while mother is away attending some of the numerous clubs to which she belongs, or running most perfectly a children's home or a charity hospital.

Mayhap when the great day for the advanced woman arrives, the bearing of children will be eliminated from her responsibilities, and for relaxation she will play with the child of the old-fashioned woman, and devote the most of her valuable time to attending caucuses and manipulating ward politics.

The children kissed Adelaide good bye when she made the advance, but they hugged "uncle John" violently and said they loved him dearly. When Richard returned he said feelingly "Thank God! She's gone! I know you rule the roost, but bless your dear heart, you're not a "new woman."

TRILBYISM.

If Max Nordau wants further proof that there are degenerates in this latter end of the century, he has only to note the Trilbyism of some of our larger cities and especially of New York. One would think that we might enjoy Du Maurier's book as a finely written work and a good portrayal of a side of life not familiar to many and not often found in fiction; but why must a morally deficient girl, a model of the artists of the Latin Quarter, become the continued subject of conversation, for months, of hundreds of people; be discussed by the entire press; have social functions in her honor, in which everything is Trilbyite from the articles read and the music sung, to the table decorations and the very food on the table; be dramatized and in fact become nauseating to sensible people, if we do not possess the qualities of the degenerate?

For our part, we believe that Trilby would never have become other than an interesting, well-written novel, read with pleasure but without this insane extravagance, had not the book been illustrated by Du Maurier in his own original and charming manner. The picture of Trilby, the singer, as she stands in her graceful Greek robe, with one foot slightly raised on the stool, her head thrown back and her arms behind her, is so spirited and her face so beautiful, that to this artistic interpretation of her, we believe, is largely due the popularity of Trilby.

J. D. K.

Woman

Now isn't it jolly that for a whole day
The women are "running" a paper,
And each one allowed to have her own say,
So literary cutting a caper.

It does beat the "deuce" what a woman can do
When she gathers her wits in about her,
And man, Heaven bless him, he only can rue,
Since he well knows he can't do without her

Once on a time, a club for debate
In a country school house had a meeting;
The question was "woman," so came far and near
Young and old to pay her right greeting

The pros and the cons being duly discussed,
Ayl uith took the floor in great ire
To quench as he thought, in a very few words,
His elders Promethean fire,

No sooner his feet touched the boards than his tongue
To the roof of his mouth gave a bound,
And clinging there fast like a leech to its prey,
Refused even to utter a sound

With a desperate wrench was broken the spell
"Sir woman is the devil," he cried,
And down in his seat he collapsed like a rag,
With the good Deacon Blank at his side

"Ahem" quoth the deacon, whom everyone knew
Had a chimney at home that smoked bad,
"As there seems to be no one to take up the word,
I think I will follow the lad

"His argument both has been so concise,
I move we adjourn *sine die*,"
The ayes and the noes being equally heard,
Both sides it is hoped will agree

LOUISE WILKIN.

A Sensible Decision.

Judge Johnson of Milwaukee has sensibly decided that a check to a woman's husband is not a payment to her. The case was that of Susan Marigold, who sued [illegible] for her dower right in [illegible] by her husband to [illegible]

THE BICYCLING WOMAN

BY L. SAYER HASBROUCK.

The bicycling woman and rational dress reform are now joining hands. Whenever and wherever woman attempts improved physical development, she finds at the outset a Waterloo in the dress fashion ordains she must wear; but how to get out of it is the rub.

Dame Fashion says at the seashore she may, during bathing hours, don short skirts and pants; and, last summer, a fashion scribbler bemoaned the fact that the bright and pretty girls and women were so fascinated with the physical freedom thereby gained that they might be found too often for said scribbler's idea of modesty wearing those garbs of simplicity during other than those sacred to bathing and swimming.

The bicycling woman and rational dress reform are fast gaining prominence, as meteor-like the cycling woman dashes up and down the streets and thoroughfares of nearly every city and roadway in all civilized lands.

As usual, if woman attempts to enter any sphere previously monopolized by man, she is put through a crucial ordeal that man is entirely ignorant of. Especially is Dame Gossip fearful that womanly grace, modesty and all the other attributes that tend to make woman attractive to masculine gaze, are in danger of an eclipse if she be allowed to mount a wheel astride, dressed in the rational costume, which alone should be thought of if women hope to derive physical benefit from the bicycle's use.

Men find even their regulation pants and coats a nuisance, and shall woman be shackled with yards of dirt-gathering, health-destroying drapery, that makes a spin debilitating and weakening instead of imparting health-giving vigor?

And now comes to the front the graceful bicycle woman with the question of "something to wear." She has tried the wheel in swathing skirts and finds herself tripped and perhaps maimed, while the filth she gathers and the disease germs her skirts collect from the streets counteract what good she might otherwise win healthwards.

Then comes the inquiry, what shall she do to be saved all these evils? And the echo comes back loud and strong from the cycling world, adopt the rational costume, for only thus can health be gained or maintained; and the Eton jacket of blue serge, and the close fitting knickerbockers, are pronounced in cycling literature to be "most lady like costuming."

The emancipated woman thus equipped, we read, lately formed in line on the most fashionable streets of Chicago to the number of fifty or more, to give a send off to two of their number who propose a world-girdling trip on their wheels, Mr. and Mrs. H. Darwin McIlrath.

It is to be hoped with this dress emancipation they will not ape the "genus monkey bend," so common among the men and boy cyclists when on their wheels, and which should be abhorrent to every one of sense and health-seeking attributes.

When woman first began to show an earnest determination to master the bicycle, I was asked what I thought would be the outcome? My answer was: "It will do more for rational dress reform than all other influences combined. For a while prejudice will shackle her legs with skirts, but the emancipated woman will only stand this for a season. That season is now dawning brightly on her all over the land, and she will soon ride down and over all such antiquated resolutions as those lately emanating from a benighted western town, which declared the rational dress for the bicycling women must be kept off the streets under the ordinance of 'a disturber of the peace.'"

Poor, deluded men; do they realize that they are now stemming against a fashionable fad that for once has utility and merit to sustain it, and is bound to go? If I mistake not, it was the officials of this same city, who, a few years ago, decreed that the "Mother Hubbard" dress was too immodest for the street, and all women were to be arrested who wore it. The result was that nearly every woman of the city walked the streets thus equipped, and now the right to do so goes unmolested. Yes, and if the emancipated women of that city do not now win in the contest, they have no claim to ride with the new woman of the day. Win! of course they will, and ride their steel horses with a grace only possible when thus equipped.

What good is it to women to talk physical culture, or for our schools to teach hygiene and physiology, if their every day life and dress give the lie to all these instructions? Can any one tell me?

The Woman's Congress has from its first meetings labored earnestly to arouse women to the importance of so dressing as to be able to use successfully all their physical and mental powers, but one waits for the other to act; yet they hope much from the bicycle woman, who, speeding along on her wheel, clothed in her rational dress, keeps before the eyes of the critical masses, its utility, its adaptability, and, by and by, many trust its merits will win.

Then hurrah for the bicycling women! Give them a helping hand and a word of cheer to strengthen them to wear the Rational Reform Dress, not only on their wheel, but at the desk and wherever duty calls.

We of the "old forty-niners," Rational Dress Reformers, have broken the way. But while we trod on thistles, and had the crown of thorns ever to pierce our brows, may the bicycle woman of to-day, clothed in her rational dress, receive but cheers and loud acclaim as she goes forth to conquest and to conquer.

A letter lately received from a gentleman in foreign lands—a writer, travel-cultured, and withal endowed with liberal views, says:—"It makes me sad to see that the exigencies of an amusement will now do for the bicycle women what reason and philanthropy—what the courageous efforts of brave women and thoughtful men—failed to effect for the physical woman forty years ago. We are trying to form Rational Dress Reform Associations for the bicycling women of this country, and give them the needed support and courage to wear the dress for its utility and merits,—for greatly is it needed. Yet, while I am doing all I can with pen and words to help on this movement, I can but ask myself: Will this only be a spirit of fashion; or will the new woman, after feeling the physical ease and comfort of unshackled limbs and muscles, throw off the slavish thrall that has so long held her fashion's slave, and dress as befits her new sphere of educated work and action, and the new and unusual duties she is constantly usurping?"

Some ten years ago a young man from Middletown was arrested in the streets of ancient Goshen, as a disturber of the peace, because he rode his bicycle through her streets. Had not President Nanny been his friend, he would doubtless have enjoyed the unenviable notoriety of spending the night behind the bars.

To-day, jump on the trolley cars, and, as you ride in that direction, you will find the same antiquated village stops on her borders the irrepressible electric cars, as she so lately strove to expel the now popular "bike," which flashes past you as you traverse the streets; or you see it standing ready for a "mount" at the doors of both public and private residences.

We close with an all hail to the Bicycling Woman, and the greatly needed Rational Reform Dress to help on her journey toward physical redemption; may her efforts be crowned with success.

THE ANTICIPATING WOMAN.

Men complain that women are never on time, but almost as vexatious as the procrastinating woman, is the woman who anticipates.

She it is who has her dressmaking done before the season's styles are known, and so misses the newest quirk or furbelow. She cleans house so early that the March winds sift their dust over her clean carpets, and the April showers spatter her newly-washed windows.

Her Christmas gifts are finished in October, and when others are enjoying the Christmas flavors and their pleasant hurry, the taste is all gone from hers. If a journey is contemplated it must be undertaken immediately, even though a later day would be a more fitting time, and she gets to the station as much too soon as her procrastinating sister is too late. For a drive, she is ready so long beforehand and has grown so tired waiting that the pleasure is gone.

Not only every muscle but every nerve is stretched to meet the future more than half-way, and her restless anxiety to be "through with one thing and unto the next," makes her a woman to be pitied.

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During the months of September, October and November, and when heavy frosts have cut down all other flowers, these Pompon Chrysanthemums are still in their autumn glory.

Price, 25 cents each, $2.50 per dozen.

The Wonderful New Rose, CRIMSON RAMBLER, from Japan,

IS PERFECTLY HARDY IN THE OPEN GARDEN, and one of the most remarkable introductions in many years. A shoot will grow ten feet in a single season, and has produced as many as 300 blooms in magnificent clusters. The flowers are superb for pillars and trellises. Received Gold Medals from the National Rose Society of England and National Horticultural Society of France, and First-class Certificates wherever exhibited. Price, 35 cts. each, 3 plants for $1

The California!

Mammoth New Violet. Floral Wonder of the Century.

Blooms cover a silver dollar; stems 12 to 14 inches long; color deep violet-purple (does not fade). Fragrance intense; several hundred flowers from a single plant; blooms during seven months in the year. Price 25 cents each $2.50 per dozen.

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is hardy, and should be grown exactly the same as Marie Louise or other Violets, either in cold frames or Violet houses; or, if planted in the open ground, will bloom in the early fall and spring.

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Case & Taylor, 15 North Street, MIDDLETOWN.

A DECADE HENCE.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., May 10, 1905.

EDITORS ARGUS:—Having spent a fortnight in Middletown, after an absence of ten years, I cannot bind away the remembrance of the visit in my sheaf of pleasant memories, till I have sent you some impressions that I received of the many changes in your city during that time.

The last object on which my eyes rested, when I left ten years ago, was the same old brown, wooden building that had, years before, greeted my infant eyes, and that had, by courtesy, borne the name of the Erie station. Imagine my surprise and pleasure when I alighted at the handsome brick and stone depot, already an old landmark to you. Truly, it was a fortunate day for the Erie, with all its ups and many downs, when a well-known monopoly obtained control of it.

Though I know there has been a great improvement in roads all over the country since the use of electric carts and carriages, I was not prepared for your miles of clean, smooth-paved roads. Of course, the oldest part of the town will always be marred by narrow streets, owing to ancestral short-sightedness, but the broad, shaded streets of the new part must indeed be a constant source of pride to you. I thought, as I rode on your trolley to Howells in one direction, to Bloomingburgh in another, and south of the town as far as Waywayanda, and realized that it had united farms and villages in one great town, how much we would have appreciated its convenience in the old days, when our only outing was to the Midway and Goshen. The attractive waiting room in one of the corner stores on Franklin Square, which was rented and fitted up, I am told, by the trolley company, I have seen duplicated in some New England towns.

Glad was I to feel that this was my own, my native town, as I saw everywhere the substantial business blocks; prosperous manufactories; new churches; many charitable institutions; the town hall on South street; the fine library building and Y. M. C. A. rooms on the old Orchard street school site: the handsome academy on Main street, with its large corps of teachers, its laboratory, good reference library and gymnasium; and numerous public school buildings fitted with the new and nearly perfect method of heating and ventilating, and where there is room for all. The half day, spent in visiting some of these schools was one of the pleasantest of my visit. Education seems to have reached that half-way point between the antiquated ways of our childhood and the too-progressive and cramming methods of a few years ago, and now aims to develop the natural resources of the child. I noticed that the children had few studies during a term and short lessons each day. The recitations were oral, instead of written. In all studies except spelling, causing less fatigue and giving more time for study in school. Less attention was given than formerly to minutiæ that would be judicious were the children sure of a lifetime for study. No school books were allowed at home but the studies were so systematized and so thoroughly taught that when a boy was obliged to leave school at fourteen or fifteen, he could read and write well, spell ordinary words correctly, knew something of the world he lived in, was trained in practical arithmetic, and possessed fairly well developed powers of observation.

Your city made a great advance when its political parties united, for the best interest of the town, in selecting men for their pre-eminent qualifications for special positions, rather than purely party advantages; keeping their wrangles and party preferments for presidential campaigns.

I was gratified that Middletown women were among those who refused the franchise, judging it expedient to leave the voting, office holding and musket bearing to the men and to spend their time and abilities, not consumed in the home, in church work, kindergartens, sewing schools, hospitals and all philanthropic organizations.

A stranger on your streets would be much impressed by the fine bearing of your men. Inquiry brought out the fact that the middle aged men were veterans and the young men active members of the 24th Separate Company, which had become the best drilled company in the State. Though we desire the time when

> "War in men's eyes shall be
> A monster of iniquity
> In the good time coming."

Yet, while "to be prepared for war is one of the most effectual ways of preserving peace," we honor our citizen soldiers.

Remembering the prevalence of drinking and the large number of saloons that existed ten years ago, it gave me great pleasure to see so few saloons and to learn that much improvement has resulted from high license and its rigid enforcement.

How Utopian this letter would have seemed in 1895, but now, viewed in the light of the progressive new century, it is a matter of fact.

With wishes for continued prosperity and remembrances to old friends, I am

Sincerely yours,
JANE D. KINNEY.

HEADACHE Cured in 20 minutes by Dr. Miles' PAIN PILLS. "One cent a dose." At druggists

24TH SEPARATE COMPANY.

Many Notes of Interest Concerning Middletown's Crack Military Organization—Brief History of the Company—Its Finely Appointed Armory.

BY LILLIAN D MILLSPAUGH.

The 24 h Separate Company, N. G. S. N. Y., was organized March 17, 1887 Fifty-four men, under Capt. Wood, mustered in, with head-quarters at the old Casino. After drilling the boys faithfully for three years, Capt. Wood, for business reasons, resigned, and A. E. McIntyre, then First Lieut. was elected to fill the vacancy. Here the company remained until the Casino burned Feb. 27, 1891, when their few remaining supplies, coats, guns etc, were moved to temporary quarters in the Elevator Factory.

It now required patience and perseverance to keep the company alive, but with the prospect of a permanent home in view life revived.

The corner stone of the Armory, on Highland ave., was laid Oct. 28, 1891; and some months later, with flying colors and a full company, one hundred men and four officers, the 24th took possession of its present spacious quarters.

The Armory, which is of brick, with brown-stone cappings, has a substantial appearance, with no attempts at fine architectural effects, having the usual round tower in front, as used in all modern armories.

The interior, finished entirely in oak, is divided on the first floor into a square hall, with reading room on the right, officers' quarters on the left, and drill hall at the rear. On the second floor are the company parlors and the Non-Coms' room, the later the handsomest room in the building. Its walls are decorated in dull green cartridge-paper, with draperies to match, and a crowning feature, is a mantel in colonial style, beautifully carved.

In the basement are the lockers, Quarter-Master's room, bath, boiler room, mess-hall, kitchen, bowling-alley, rifle range and armorer's den.

Some fail to appreciate the immense size of the hall, seventy-five by one hundred feet; but all good housekeepers can comprehend the space, when told that it requires four women one whole day to scrub it.

The reading room is used more than any other by the boys when off duty. Here they can enjoy a good smoke while reading any one of the following publications: Town Topics, Outing, Harper's Weekly, Puck, Judge, Truth, Munsey's, Scribners', Scientific American, The Illustrated American, Army and Navy Journal and the city daily papers. The comic papers are usually sent to the Children's Home and the other magazines to Thrall Hospital.

To attend one company drill will dissipate the illusion that the 24 h boys have all play and no work. Their accoutrements weigh several pounds and are difficult to keep properly adjusted. Some of the movements are most intricate, requiring strict attention and simultaneous execution.

Capt. McIntyre endeavors by strict attention to details in drilling to bring the company up to as high a degree of perfection as possible. Under his excellent discipline the 24th has continued to raise its standard, until now, few if any rank with it in military tactics, powers of endurance and fine appearance in the drill hall and on parade.

NOTES.

—Since the last inspection by Gen. McLewee, a few needed corrections have been made. One was the position in which the gun should be held.

—It would be well for the officers to bear in mind that the spectators have toes and not bring the companies up quite so near the reserved seats.

—The pivot man should take a step twelve inches long, keeping his eye on the marching flank, otherwise the outside man takes a ridiculously long and ungainly gait.

—The company now numbers eighty-two men, four officers. Capt. McIntyre's ambition is to have a full company again.

—One has but to visit the armory to feel sure that Armorer Rose is the right man in the right place. Always genial and courteous to everyone, he combines the many callings of builder, painter, electrician, machinist and engineer in one; not as a Jack of all trades, but doing successfully whatever he attempts.

—After the cartridges furnished by the State have been used for the outdoor practice, the shells are cleaned with soda and potassium, refilled and used again on the rifle range.

—The armorer's den contains a lathe and engine of three horse power, besides all the paraphernalia necessary for making an infernal machine, melting old lead, casting and sizing of bullets. Last year the armorer cast bullets and filled 9,000 shells.

—Powder is never kept in the armory in larger quantities than twenty-five pounds.

—The striking resemblance has often been remarked, as to carriage and fine military deportment, between Second Lieut. J. D. Stivers and the late Inspector-General McGrath.

—Sergeant Dugan will be greatly missed by the company as he stood A No. 1 in everything that goes to make a good officer and soldier.

—A new boiler is needed, the present one having heating capacity for only half the building.

—There is but one Strack and the 24th is the happy owner.

—Corp. George Wallace, having passed a most creditable examination, now becomes the worthy successor of Sergeant Dugan.

—Dr. Ashley, when dressed in his regimentals as surgeon, is one of the finest looking soldiers on parade. The boys have cause to be proud of the high rank he has taken in all State examinations. During the regular weekly drills the doctor looks so serious one might think he was the power behind the throne.

—It was through the active efforts of Corp. F. C. Rogers that the bowling alley was built, and as a reward he still holds the highest score 233

—First Lieut. L. S. Stivers is deservedly popular with all the boys. His ready wit and keen sarcasm never fail him.

LIBERTY AS A SUMMER RESORT.

BY MRS A. W. ABRAMS.

Many are the localities that call forth the praises of tourist, sight-seer and seeker after health. Each of these offers certain peculiar inducements to the great "outing" world—to some gaiety, to some health, to some the recreation and pleasure that come from contact with the beauties of nature. Whatever the motive, when the hot, sultry days of summer arrive, the population of towns and cities, so far as possible, seek these notable summer resorts. It is not mere fashion that thus draws the people from their homes. A frequent total change of environments has become in the present rush of life a real necessity. As ever, some will still go to places where brief, intensified, ephemeral society life cuts the chief figure, but the masses demand pure air, fresh and wholesome food, and the richest scenery nature affords.

It would probably be difficult to find another place that combines so many features of an ideal summer resort as does the delightfully situated village of Liberty. Nestled gracefully among the hills of Sullivan county, New York, this locality has within the past few years won a well-deserved and enviable reputation, and although house after house has been constructed and every effort has been made to accommodate the ever increasing rush of guests, the demand for homes still exceeds the supply. Here we find every grade and variety of accommodations, from the quiet private residences to the more pretentious and fully equipped hotels.

Having taken up his temporary residence in any one of these homes, the visitor begins to look about him Every turn, every little excursion presents to him a new and changing scene. If he tires of the view from hotel veranda, he has but to climb Walnut Mountain, go to Revonah Lake, Loch Sheldrake, White Lake, or to any of the other numerous places in the immediate vicinity, and a new panorama is ever spread before his delighted vision.

If he needs further diversion, there are streams literally abounding in "speckled beauties." Bicycle riding and games of ball and tennis all serve to cause the visitor to drink deeper of the invigorating mountain air.

If nature has done much for Liberty, her people have not been slow to second her splendid efforts. The village may well be proud of its supply of spring water, excellent drainage, well kept streets and pretty lawns. Its numerous churches, its excellent school, its public library, flourishing bank, public hall, club rooms and many good stores, not only speak well for the enterprise and character of the people, but contribute directly and indirectly to supply the wants of visitors.

Considering these advantages it is not strange that many people of wealth and refinement have chosen Liberty as a site for building pretty summer cottages or, having retired from active business, have established a permanent home here.

RATS!!!

An O'er True Tale of a Hardware Merchant and His Little Gun.

A certain groceryman being troubled by the depredations of a large rat, set a trap, and was lucky enough to catch the rodent. He carried the rat out into the rear of a well known hardware store, set him up in a life-like position, and scurried back into his own place of business, saying: "Now boys, look out for some fun!"

Rushing into the hardware establishment before mentioned, he excitedly shouted: "Get your gun, Billy; get your gun. There's a rat as big as a kitten out in your back yard!"

"Hey," says the hardware man, "Rat did you say? I'm with you!"

Hurriedly loading the gun as he went, they soon reached a point of vantage. The rat was still there.

"Stand back John, he'll see you. Now I'll show you a trick," says Billy, in a stage whisper. Bringing his weapon slowly to position, he took deliberate aim, and fired Bang!! When the smoke of the conflict had cleared away, Billy cautiously tiptoed toward the varmint, which had not stirred. Executing the wildest kind of a war dance around his supposed victim, the marksman shouted: "I've killed him, John; I've killed him! I must have struck him right in the spinal column for HE NEVER MOVED!!!"

ARE WOMEN A SUCCESS?

WHY OF COURSE THEY ARE.

ARE THEY AS EDITORS? It's our purpose to test this very important question right here and now. Or will it pay to advertise in a woman's papar? This popular edition will come damp from the press on Saturday, May 4th.

The Following Monday, 6th,

The whole population of Middletown, amounting to 15,000, more or less, together with Port Jervis,

Otisville, Howells, Hampton, Goshen, Florida, Montgomery, Chester, Greycourt,

Warwick, Monroe and all the surrounding town and country

Will be Given an Opportunity to Buy

—ONE YARD OR ALL OF OUR—

25C. PRINTED SILKS AT 21C. A YARD.

Opera Shades of Silk at 25c. a Yard. Also all of our 50c. Cheney Printed Indias and Real Indias in Opera Shades at 39c. a Yard.

STILL ANOTHER TEST. This time in our SHOE DEPARTMENT. Fifty pair Oxford Ties at 69c. a pair. 100 pair Ladies' Oxford Ties, Tan or Black, regular $1.00 quality, at 89c. a pair.

AND ANOTHER. TEN THOUSAND ROLLS OF WALL PAPER AT 1 CENT A ROLL. BORDER TO MATCH.

ONE MORE TEST FOR THIS DAY ONLY—Fifty cent Covert Suitings at 25 cents a yard in eight mixtures.

NOW FOR THE REAL FINAL TEST.

Ladies of Thrall Hospital, buckle on your armor and do valiant work for your favorite and most popular institution.

THIS, THE TEST—5 Per Cent. of the Entire Sales

of this memorable day, less extra expenses, will be presented to the popular THRALL HOSPITAL. Swell the sales ladies; $500 means nearly $25 for your Hospital.

GEO. B. ADAMS & CO., 33 AND 35 NORTH ST.

REMOVAL.

CRANE & SWAYZE

—HAVE REMOVED FROM 12 HENRY STREET TO—

NO. 15 MONTGOMERY STREET,

(YARD FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY S. S. WICKHAM.)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS

—IN—

LUMBER AND COAL,

White and Yellow Pine, Hemlock, Spruce,

DOORS, · WINDOWS · AND · BLINDS,

Red Cedar Lumber and Shingles.

THE CELEBRATED HAMBURG LIME, HOFFMAN CEMENT.

Lehigh, Pittston and Lackawanna Coal Constantly on Hand.

UPPER LEHIGH, THE BEST LEHIGH MINED, A SPECIALTY.

EXAMINE STOCK AND PROCURE PRICES BEFORE BUYING.

DARKNESS AND WEDDING CAKE.

BY CLARA T. ALLEN.

CHAPTER I.

It was six o'clock one soft October evening as Salem Whipple drove his span of fine bay horses, with a clatter and a flourish, through his open farm-yard gate. At the sound, a shrill whinny came from the barn, toward which the eager horses pranced, in anticipation of the evening measure of oats, and the tender ministrations of Reuben, who stood in the doorway lantern in hand.

The still air was odorous with the scent of dying leaves. It was quite dark, but later the moon would be up.

Salem tramped up the steps to the house, which stood across the driveway from the barn, and somewhat nearer the highway.

In the doorway, against a cheery background of warmth and light, and appetizing smells of supper, stood a figure, the amplitude of whose checked apron indicated the attractive personality of Mrs. Whipple.

Her greeting was in harmony with the rest. "Well, S'lem, you're just in time, supper's on."

Salem received the announcement approvingly, and soon after seated himself at the well spread supper table, and helped his family and himself with liberal haste. He beamed upon his wife, and two ruddy cheeked daughters, pocket editions of their energetic, capable mother.

They all enjoyed their supper. There is a certain satisfaction about a neatly ordered table, and a well cooked meal, which appeals not only to the physical but mental appetite. The girls were full of questions concerning what "Pa" had seen and done in the village, and it was not until Salem passed his plate for a third supply of pork and beans, that he found time for an interesting announcement.

"I saw Milt Spor drivin' home, and he asked us to come down and spend the evenin', and have a game of whist, Sue, and I told him we'd come. It's goin' to be a nice night."

"Pshaw!" said his wife, with more disapproval in words than in tone, "I'd cakalated to finish off that comfortable to-night, and have done with it."

"The comfortable can wait, I guess. We ain't really sufferin' for it, as you might say. The girls can keep house. Milt seemed real anxious; said we hadn't been down in a dog's age."

"We were there last, but then Almira can't do as other folks can—poor sick woman that she is! And she does love company so! It's the very breath of her nostrils. I s'pose we better go."

"Wear your new Henrietta cloth, Ma," said one of the girls.

"Would you? Well, p'raps I better. Almira Spor does so love to see new things! I'll take down that cashmere scarf to show her that you're makin', Anna May. Yes," as the girl made some remonstrance, "I shall too. She just loves fancy work and you know she hardly stirs from that chair day in and day out. It's a real charity to show her things. It's a queer dispensation that a lively, stirrin', fun-lovin' creature like Almira Spor should be compelled to sit still, or lie down all her days when there's plenty of slow sluggish folks that has got a back and legs. But I sometimes think she's got more backbone than the hull of 'em after all,—such things as she does accomplish lyin' on that sofa. And she without a chick or child to be company or help her,"

"You forget Mary, Ma," said Anna May.

"Oh! Mary's all very well, but she's only adopted and she's away most of the time, What with boardin' school and visitin' and what-not! She's been gone most a month now."

"And they say she's going to be married to Tom Jervis b fore long, too," said the elder girl. Her name was Ella Grace.

After supper Mrs. Whipple made diligent haste to don the new Henrietta cloth, It was trimmed moderately with jet, after a fashion which the wearer considered somewhat showy, yet sufficiently simple, and therefore suited to almost every occasion. As her husband bundled her into the spruce top buggy her black eyes sparkled with good humor and jollity, just as they had sparkled years ago, when he first escorted her home from dances, singing schools and meetings.

Salem was a prosperous farmer. His farm was a beautiful and sightly one upon the sammit of a long, steep hill, whose winding road skirted in the descent a thick piece of woods on the right, and on the other side commanded a wide view of the surrounding farms and the village in the distance.

The moon had not yet risen, but they congratulated themselves as they drove carefully along, upon having the gorgeous luminary to drive home by. The horses knew the road and the hard thud of their hoofs broke the stillness of the soft air. The village lights gleamed in the distance.

The pair enjoyed their drive. They talked about their children, what nice stay-at-home girls they were, not such "flyaways" as Mary Spor; and they spoke of their prospective host in laudatory terms.

"A squarer man than Milton K. Spor, I have yet to see," said Salem

"Yes," said his wife, who was a great talker, "and so good to that sick woman and always rememberin' things for her comfort. I don't believe *he* ever forgits anything." This last with a suggestive emphasis in which lurked a subtle hint of personality.

Besides the table scarf, Mrs. Whipple had brought a small jar of apple-butter for her friend, who appreciated every little token of remembrance.

It was 8 o'clock when they drove up to Mr. Spor's pleasant and hospitable home, but instead of the brightly lighted house and the warm welcome which had always greeted them in days gone by, they met with a most unexpected shock. All was still and dark,—darkness everywhere, and the only sound, the faint chirp of a cricket at their feet, whose note sounded painfully noisy to their ears.

"What does it mean?" muttered Salem.

They drove to the side door with no better result. The white gleam of the house could be faintly discerned in the surrounding blackness, but the roll of their carriage wheels awakened no answering sound within. It was evident that their evening's fun was over, and the jet trimming donned in vain, for the Spor family had retired for the night.

"P'lite! I must say," muttered Salem again. He suggested trying to arouse them by knocking, but after an interval of dumb amazement, Mrs. Whipple recovered her powers of speech, never long lost, and forbade this attempt.

"It shows pretty plainly what it means, I think," she said. "We'll go home and not trouble 'em."

Mrs. Whipple was what is denominated in the country a "spunky" woman, and as they turned about and commenced the homeward drive, she gave free vent to her feelings.

"I guess 'twill be one while before I darken their doors again," she sputtered.

"Didn't have to, to night; they was dark enough already," snickered Salem.

"I'd joke, seems to me, after bein' insulted this way. It's a pretty piece of business! And to think how I left my work I wanted to finish, and brought that apple-butter, and how we've stumbled along in the dark to git there, just to be sociable!"

"We hain't got the moon to go home by after all," said Salem. "Well, well, Susan, maybe they're sick or suthin."

He was in truth as angry as his wife, but deemed it his duty to still her raging passions, as is the way with most husbands of tempestuous wives.

"Sick!" echoed Mrs. Whipple scornfully. "Milton Spor was well enough when you saw him, wa'n't he? And they might at least have left as much as a candle burning. No, it's a downright snub; that's what it is 'Tain't as if they was in the habit of goin' to bed early—they're not. You know they sit up late and play games every night. It amuses her."

By the time they reached home, they had worked themselves into a towering rage, which was not at all diminished by their daughters' astonishment at their early return.

The girls' indignant comments upon their story served to fan the flame of their anger, of which, luckly for their own peace of mind, their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Spor, slept and dreamed in happy ignorance

After parting with Salem Whipple Milton Spor had driven along, feeling for a time much p'eaced with the inspiration which had led him to proffer the alluring invitation to his friend.

He was unconscious that it was almost invariably his habit upon meeting a friend to say: "Why don't you come down and see us? Do come down." So that what seemed to him inspiration, was really force of habit.

He knew his wife always enjoyed company, and that was his greatest interest in the matter. She was a true exponent of hospitality, for the cordial spirit was always there, though preparation might be lacking. Mr. Spor vaguely remembered the nuts and apples in the c-ller, and the new barrel of cider. He knew there would be no lack of "entertainment," as in country parlance anything of the nature of eatables set before a guest, is termed. Then he forgot all about it.

He was a busy man, engrossed throughout the day in a variety of enterprises in which he was pushing and active; at home he was devoted to his invalid wife, and it was pleasant to see with what solicitude he would enter into her occupations and amusements, entertaining her with bits of gossip he had treasured up, or playing games innumerable.

To-night he felt unusually tired, having had a long day's ride; and when she asked the news, he beat his brains in vain to think of anything to tell her.

After supper he sat by the fire, his feet encased in a pair of grey felt boots reaching to the knees, which he wore, not because the season demanded it, but out of preference, despite the fact that he possessed slippers galore, worked by his wife, and which he admired intensely.

He talked to his wife in his soft drawling voice, and attempted to read the newspaper, but he did not think of Salem Whipple again. The heat made him sleepy after his long ride, and Mrs. Spor said she, too, was tired, and they concluded, contrary to their usual custom, to retire early, and their one domestic being out for the night, the house was in darkness by eight o'clock

Several days later, Mr. Spor met Salem Whipple in the village, and a recognition of his lamentable blunder flashed upon him. It was quite plain, from Salem's manner, that the invitation had been accepted, and the consequent result, he knew.

Explanation was unavailing His expressions of regret were received by Mr. Whipple in what Mr. Spor in relating the affair to his wife, denominated as a "huffy" manner, and a coolness ensued between the families, which, as frequently happens in such insignificant quarrels, increased, rather than diminished as time went on.

CHAPTER II.

One year later, Salem Whipple was again on his homeward way, in the soft October twilight. The home of his sister at Cheney's Corners had been his afternoon's destination. Her husband was the proprietor of a cheese factory, and she had presented her brother with a small, choice cheese, carefully wrapped in a number of papers.

"It'll be ready to cut about Thanksgiving," she said; "and mebbe we'll be over to help eat it."

Salem was gratified by the gift, and stored it away under the seat of his democrat wagon. At the village, nearly a mile and a half from his home, he had stopped at the post office for the mail. As he came out, a woman emerged from the adjoining house with a shawl over her head. She was the wife of the local expressman.

"Oh! Mr. Whipple," she called out, "did you know Hiram had broke his leg?"

"Why! Mis' Slocum, is that so? That's too bad," said Salem.

"Well, he a'int sufferin' so much now, but I'm worryin' 'bout a package. Ed Hyde's goin to take the business to-morrow, but to night there's a few things, and the most important's this weddin' cake of Mary Spor's. You see there was some accident befell the first one, and this is the second, and Hi was to take it down there to-night. Mr. Spor spoke to him and told him particular to be sure to bring it. The weddin's to morrow mornin', you know. Queer time, a'int it? but seein' you're goin' right by there, I thought mebbe you wouldn't mind leavin' it."

The good natured farmer hesitated. He disliked to refuse; still less did he wish to comply with her request, but it ended in his taking the precious parcel. He was already planning, as he gingerly placed it under the seat, how he would inveigle some boy or passer-by, to deliver it at the Spor mansion. It would be dark and, he would escape observation.

But as the distance between the village and Milton Spor's was quickly traversed in the gathering dusk, he began to realize that it was long past supper time, and that it would be foolish to wait for a messenger, should none be at hand.

He resolved that he would in that case leave his horse in the road, and carry the cake to the kitchen door, hoping to meet only the servant girl, or perhaps one of the hired men. He practiced saying in a gruff, disguised voice: "Here is your cake," and similar brief speeches. And fortune favored him. He did meet one of the men at the gate, and hastily put his brilliant plan into execution, disguised voice and all, and hurried away forgetting the darkness in his panic, fearful lest Milton Spor should be coming out, or his wife look from the window.

When he sat down at the supper table that night, his wife and daughter were talking of to-morrow's wedding.

They were of course not invited, although the invitations were general, but the coolness of a year ago had grown to such an extent that Salem and Milton did not speak when they met, and when the Whipples drove by to Church, they no longer glanced at the Spor house as of yore, to bow to Mrs. Spor in the window.

Salem was perhaps a little conscience-smitten, hence a little crosser and gruffer than heretofore. He did not relish this gossip about Mary Spor's wedding, while his wife in her secret heart, longed to be at Mrs. Spor's right hand, to assist her at this trying time.

"They say the baker at the village let the first cake burn up," said Ella Grace, "and they had to send to K—— for another."

Her father refrained from mentioning his knowledge of the cake number two, and turned the conversation into more agreeable channels.

The crisp, sun-glorious morning of the next day had nearly passed when Salem Whipple, out in a distant lot, engaged in burning hop vines, was summoned to the house by a shrill blast from an archaic and seldom used horn—a relic of the days of his grandfather.

"What's up?" he muttered, and when he drew near enough to recognize the Spor sorrel at the gate, he felt somewhat displeased.

He instantly determined to accept no wedd ng invitation at this late day, and marched in with a gruffness of demeanor quite unusual.

There in the kitchen sat the wild and genial Milton Spor, felt boots and all, and wearing as grim an expression as nature had made possible for him. The three women were clustered about, scared and expectant.

"Mr. Whipple," said Milton, getting up quickly, "where's my daughter's wedding cake?"

"Thunder and lightning! I left it at your gate last night with Jake."

"No, you didn't, you left a cheese. I've been down to Slocum's and they say you took the cake from there last night. I want it, if you please. Mary's to be married in just one hour."

"Gee-Whittaker! Susan," said Salem. "get that cheese;—that cake, I mean."

The astounded women produced the round box she had hurriedly put away in the dark the previous night, and upon inspection announced that it was directed to Milton K. Spor, over whose face came a look of intense relief, as he at last received this very essential part of the wedding festivities.

It was now Salem's turn to explain and apologize, which he did in a most embarrassed and confused manner, while his wife ejaculated: "My land! If men don't beat all!"

"That's all right, Whipple," said Spor, in his deep-throated drawl. "'T'was all a mistake. I see how it happened; it's all right, and now I want you and Mrs. Whipple and the girls to put on your things and come down to the weddin', and let by-gones be by-gones. Almira will be delighted."

The suddenness of this proposition almost took Mrs. Whipple's breath away, but while her pride recoiled at the concession, there flashed through her mind the thought of the girls' new pearl gray dresses and how pretty they looked in them, also of her own handsome black silk which she seldom had an opportunity to air And Salem, with a man's common sense, saw that it was best to go and as he was master in his own house, the result was that, after much hustling and hurry, the family presented themselves, very red and embarrassed, at the Spor house, in good time for the wedding.

Mrs. Spor, bless her good heart, welcomed them with hearty hand shakes, and a smile as cordial as if no cloud had ever existed between them. And so it disappeared and Mrs. Whipple was soon talking away faster than ever, and Salem fairly outdid himself in joviality. None among the guests more enjoyed themselves than did the Whipples; they loudly admired and praised everything, especially the famous wedding cake which appeared to be unharmed by its adventures, and as they had provided no regulation gift, Salem presented the bride, who was going to housekeeping, with a small choice cheese, which would be ready to cut about Thanksgiving.

A FEW MIDDLETOWN HOMES

BY MRS. S ELIZABETH O'NEIL

The work that comes under the active department of the "City Missionary Board," and calls its members to personally visit all classes of homes, in all manner of places. An outside individual, can form but a faint idea of the depths of sin and degradation, of ignorance and total depravit , of human suffering and poverty, which exists in our city.

Some time since we found a drunken, lazy father, and four motherless children, living in one room and sleeping in one bed; the eldest, a slight, frail girl of some thirteen years did all the work and cared for the little family; her bruised and swollen body told its own story of ill treatment from the father; the girl was rescued and placed in a comfortable home in our city and is contented and doing well

Another was found, ill with typhoid fever, lying on an old resemblance to a mattress, propped up on four chairs, vainly trying her utmost to keep the little family of three younger, motherless brothers and sisters together while the father was away working in a neighboring village. She was taken to Thrall Hospital and cared for until stronger placed in a home in our city and is still there. She also is doing well.

A mechanic who met with an accident which compelled him to lie in one position for six months was visited as often as twice a week by the ward committee and all done that could be to aid his devoted wife in making his last hours as comfortable as might be. All of us who visited him and felt the warm grasp of his hand, as he hovered on the border land, anxiously and prayerfully waiting his Master's call to take him home—will not soon forget the lessons of patient suffering we learned there,

A family from Russia, the husband an industrious workman in our railroad shops, falling ill with that dread destroyer consumption was furnished means for transportation across the waters that he might die in the land he loved so well. A family was aided to reach Germany, but in this case it was the wife and mother who was ill and wanted to leave her little ones among friends in her native land.

Many families have been visited in cases of contagiou diseases, quarts of milk given, bowls of broth made; delicacies donated, sheets old and new carried, ofttimes by wearied arms and hands when hearts are sad because little real relief can be given.

Children have been found, dirty and ragged, some of whom, almost under the shadow of our church spires, certainly within the sound of the ringing of the Sabbath bells, who could conceive no idea of what was meant by the Lords prayer.

The bridal veil is a survival of the cloth borne by four maidens over the bride at a Saxon marriage to conceal the blushes of the poor girl at the coarse jests that were always bandied about on such occasions.

Middletown Daily PRESS

A Clean-cut Republican Journal.

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Novel and exclusive designs in dinner, luncheon, and tea cloths Complete lines of bed linen, ready made and by the yard. Bed spreads of every d sirable style and size. Toilet and bath towels in large variety.

ART LINENS!

Novelties in stamped center pieces, platter cloths, tea cloths, doylies, etc. All the linen fabrics used for fancy work.

Pure Linen Handkerchiefs,

Plain hem-stitched, initialed, embroidered, lace trimmed, etc. A very large assortment. Every Handkerchief warranted pure linen. Catalogue on request.

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How well we succeed we leave to your judgment.

We will always be found at the front.

WHETHER YOUR WANTS

are large or small, they will receive the same attention, and be appreciated. Come in and get acquainted.

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TWO HOURS

The City of Middletown will then have, in connection with the O. & W.:

1st—The quickest train to New York.
2d—The handsomest train leaving Orange County and running
3d—From a station which is an ornament to your city, and
4th—Over the most attractive route.

WE ARE A MIDDLETOWN ROAD

—AND WE SPEND IN MIDDLETOWN—

OVER ONE-HALF MILLION DOLLARS

—EVERY YEAR IN GOLD, (NOT WIND GOLD.)—

Help us in return by sending your freight business over and doing your traveling on

YOUR OWN RAILWAY.

J. C. ANDERSON, General Passenger Agent, 56 Beaver St., New York.

THE MIDDLETOWN DAILY ARGUS.

IS A WOMAN'S PAPER TO-DAY.

BUT IT IS

A GOOD PAPER,
A HOME PAPER,
A NEWSPAPER,
AN UP-TO-DATE PAPER,
A FEARLESS, OUTSPOKEN PAPER

EVERY WEEK DAY IN THE YEAR.

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Opp. 6th Ave Hotel and Near Stern Bros.' Store,

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will find this restaurant a very desirable and attractive place in which to take lunch.

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The Oldest Established Clothing House in the City.

CHAS WOLFF & SON'S

is the place to buy your

New Spring Suits, Spring Overcoats,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

Hats, Caps, Etc

For men and boys' wear. Assortment the largest. Prices always the lowest. Give us a call.

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A Club for Women—Would One Thrive in Middletown?—A Fashionable Funeral Hustling and Worry—A Tired Woman's Epitaph—Woman's Papers—Women's Economies—The Short Paragraph—Longing for Summer.

What a busy, growing, active, big, little city Middletown has become. To a person who has lived here twenty years, it is astonishing the tremendous progress it has made in that time. All sorts of people, every kind of enterprise, many amusements, plenty of occupation. After attending a reception at the Ladies' New York Club, one day lately, I fell to wondering if Middletown would ever have a similar institution,—any other ladies' club besides the little home-meeting ones, now so flourishing.

I would like to organize a club for social purposes, entertainments and such meetings as women would find convenient, pleasant and profitable. To have rooms always open to its members, where a cup of tea could be made, a letter be written, a friend be taken for a chat,—a headquarters for discussing plans, engagements, and business of all kinds that women are or should be interested in. Rooms which members of the club would have charge of in turn, and which would be bright and pleasant. In time, as the organization became popular and was appreciated, women would be no poorer mothers and housekeepers for this chance of meeting each other; it would broaden and brighten them; but is Middletown large enough yet to carry out such a plan? How many women could I find to join me if I undertook it?

***

Is more enjoyment found by being a great woman in a small place or by being a small woman in a great place? Not having tried either position, I am unable to answer my own question, but when such prominent women in large places, as Mrs. Paran Stevens, die, I am always disposed to wonder how much real pleasure they obtained out of life. We are told over and over again that real happiness is not the growth of any position, and that but few can be great among the many, nor many great among the few, but we would all like to try either position if we felt sure the only satisfaction we were to get out of it would be sixteen society women walking behind our coffins. There must have been something very attractive about Mrs. Stevens, besides her wealth and position, to have called forth that demonstration

***

There is no word more descriptive of modern life than the one often heard, "hustling" It applies to women as well as to men, and perhaps rather more so, for women try to do so many things at once, and such a number of them look so tired and worried with their efforts, that I have felt as if the frequent use of the word was somehow to blame for their over activity.

It is the endless effort to "keep up" which makes hustling necessary. Keeping up in so many ways. Modern life requires much knowledge and work in different directions and few women can endure to see their friends interested in, and energetic about things they feel capable of undertaking, without joining them.

A New York woman hurrying for a train, with a long list of shopping in her hand and every prospect of being late for an engagement, said to me: "When I have four times as many things to do as I have time or strength for, I often think of the epitaph an old woman wrote for her own tomb stone:

"'Don't weep for me now friends,
Don't weep for me never.
I'm going to do nothing
For ever and ever.'"

Monotonous as that might sound to some, to others the change from a life of "hustling" would seem a great relief.

***

One effect of woman's papers throughout the country will undoubtedly be to increase to an alarming degree the woman writer. Will any woman who has once seen herself in print give up hope of again experiencing that delightful sensation? Not without a struggle great and long, and many of them will be like the Irishman, who thought he was a poet while carrying a hod, and gave up that occupation to shine in his new vocation. Alas, in how many cases the result will be the same.

***

It is an indisputable fact that women are more economical than men, perhaps because many of them feel their inability to earn money, perhaps because they have so much less to use; but this quality is shown no less by what they do not spend than by what they save. If any man is disposed to doubt this, let him compare his own and his wife's expenditures for amusement and pleasure; also let him take a woman's place at this time of year and look over a few closets, where his careful housekeeper has folded and saved the most minute scraps which she had thought would possibly become useful; or let him watch the possessor of these "treasures" as she conscientiously contemplates the "pieces" and then decides they are too good to throw away.

I do not assert that this greater economy is altogether a virtue. In one way it is a decided fault or disadvantage. A little boy understood some remarks addressed to his sister more quickly than she did, and exclaimed: "The trouble with you, Mary, is you're too economical with your brains." This can be applied to many women. It comes from training, or lack of it, from habit, from seeing no necessity for greater mental exertion than is expected from them. They don't use their brains. They save them till they rust and solidify. The term false economy can never be better applied than to such cases.

***

I think one reason the short paragraph and the brief argument are so popular is because the reader is apt to think he could have added something important to them if he had been writing. This is pleasant. It gives a feeling of great complacence, for it never occurs to him that perhaps the writer purposely stopped where he did, refrained from saying more, (one of the greatest traits a writer can be capable of,) for the purpose of giving just that feeling to the average reader, to become popular, and, perhaps, to leave something for another item.

***

Sitting at my desk, in a steam heated room, I look up from my work, and noticing that a limb of a tree before me has not yet put on its Easter dress. I think how soon it will be green and gay, and I am reminded of a nook in the woods I know of. A great wave of longing comes over me to be there. Still bound by winter's bonds, as I know it must be, the trickling water is dancing down the little hill, singing its songs to the stones it caresses. There is the bridge, the rocks are there, the grand old trees, the solitude of the woods, with the indescribable sounds, which are so restful and endearing. A limb falls at a distance, a bird calls, the wind plays many tunes with the waving branches. The last year's tall grass, so near the edge of the stream, is dead, but still there, and I am wondering how the tender, young shoots, which are coming, will be able to push it aside and find room for themselves; perhaps the noisy water is telling me that secret with other wood lore. It has seen it all going on for so many years. If I could only understand! How sweet the air must be. How fragrant with early spring. Dear little nook; you'll wait for me, for I, too, I hope, am coming, coming.

LIDA OSTLOW VANAMEE.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

BY FRANCES M. BOAK.

Some one has said "knowledge is power and power to its very last particle." Strong, true principles are evolved from pure thinking and upright living, and the press is the exponent of a nation's moral growth; if this be true, what a potent factor in the universe is woman, even if she cannot wield the ballot for the press of the country caters to her as well as to man, and is largely what the people make it. The nation, the government, social and family life, are alike swayed by the mesmerism of this mighty hypnotist. Who can estimate the power for good it is, in the commercial and political advancement of the country? But is the power of evil influence as greatly appreciated?

To expect a perfect exercise of none but its proper functions on the part of the press is not to be thought of in this age of chaotic social conditions, for the various elements upon which it thrives, ramify through requirements that must either blight or invigorate, poison or purify society.

"Alas, 'tis true and pity 'tis, 'tis true," that the defect in principle is so apparent in the press; false to God, to country and to fellow men, in politics, in religion in the home, or why does it not refuse to lend itself to the baser uses of a curious, scandal, loving, vituperative public? In spite of the "charity that covereth a multitude of sins," we cannot gainsay that almost daily, we see voiced with the assurance of a Delphic oracle, erroneous judgments of personal life; it may be fiend, it may be foe, but who gives the right to public pen to convert itself into a public scourge; to become the mentor of the masses, the criterion of private morals and life. I do not presume to dictate to our "lords of creation," but let the weight of woman's influence lead itself to the suppression of the *clotea maxima* of the press, the making of it a common sewer for public and private immorality. Inflamed by the sensationalism of the age, the imagination of the youth becomes diseased and a vitiated and moral malaria is the result. When the disease has become widely disseminated unhealthy indeed will be the life of the nation. Are we not tending to that condition? Though the public taste may clamor for sensationalism, (and I doubt its preponderating claims) raise the standard of purity and elevate the masses through the refining educational power of the nation's press.

Are you all tired out, do you have that tired feeling or sick headache? You can be relieved of all these by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A RIDE ACROSS COUNTRY.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE C. O. B. CLUB.

BY CASSIE D FRIEND.

A party of young people from this city took a drive recently down to a snug little inn not far from Walden. They had a delicious game supper, a good time generally, and reached home, not in the "wee sma' hours," but long before silence, like a gentle spirit, had thought of spreading her wings above Middletown. In fact, the city was wide awake and filled with crowds of people when the spanking team pranced fresh as daisies into our city. So much for the "staying" and "going" qualities of Middletown's modern horses.

Boasting of the speedy manner in which our stylish pair left the miles behind recalled to the memory of the writer an event which occurred many years ago, when a certain and special set of the C. O. B.'s, i. e., Confirmed Old Bachelors, were at the social zenith of their gaiety and go, their hearty but innocent hilarity and mirth. A wedding was to take place not far from Montgomery. The cards had been issued and in due time the day arrived—a benedictory sort of day, auspicious, beautiful, in a glorious month redolent with roses—a time of bloom and berries, ice cream and cherries, shad and sunshine, straw hats and soda water, jaunts, juleps and June bugs, in fact it was June, but a prematurely sultry one.

Certain girls, relatives of the bride, had left town the day before to lend some finishing touches to the bride's cake, superintend the floral decorations, etc., and among them was the maid of honor, who carried an awfully pretty gown and garnitures.

Well, to abbreviate this true story, which might be lengthened into a two volume romance, describing all the beauty and beauties of that particular event, and the finis thereof, and of many a history begun that fair day, we chronicle merely the experience of one of the C. O. B.'s, now a Jupiter in the legal firmament, but at that time only a youthful, truthful, twi kling star on its horizon.

On this particular wedding day, after an absence of over a week, this C. O. B.,—we'll call him Brown, hurried from an Erie train which had brought him from a distant city, and hied him to his home to array himself in a stunning suit, black and glossy as his own raven locks, and in fine linen as spotless as his reputation. This done, he hastened to "Johns" Brink's livery establishment to engage his best and fleetest pair of fliers, but alas, to his dismay, he found that the rare and radiant Lenore, the dashing Betty and Chiquita, Nip and Tuck, Punch and Judy, Dusty Miller and Lydia Thompson.—these, each and all had already been engaged for the wedding. Not a trotter, nor a pacer, nor a racker, nor a racer could be had for love or money, for bribes, taffy or maledictions.

Away went the embryo Coke with a face as black and ruffled as a wet crow, to present his case further on at the Herrick establishment, but alas, again, the livery boys saw him afar off, knew his errand, and grimly and with malicious glee softly whistled, "Late, late, too late." Not a horse at this place was unengaged.

At the third "dernier resort" the now rampant searcher for a span, found that nothing was left him, but a span of rat-colored, sixty dollar heirlooms, known about town as "Stub and Twist." They stood in their respective stalls, where they had been for two weeks past chewing the bitter cud of discontent, mixed with scanty portions of ground oats, for most of their teeth were conspicuous by their absence. One horse resembled Poe's raven with the grippe, the other a petrified, galvanized Justice of the Supreme Court. They stood and chewed on, taking no notice of the insulting gibes of the stable boys. They munched away as their guffaws and the stinging epithets and contemptuous flings soared ceilingward like sky rockets, from the lips of the disgusted, wickedly eloquent Brown. They neither winked nor frowned, nor said aye or neigh, as they were being harrassed and harnessed for the drive.

In about half an hour the "span" halted in front of the home of the girl who was to accompany the legal light to the wedding, and presently the two left Middletown behind them. It took less than twenty minutes to discover that life was virtually over with Stub and Twist, and that they cared not for the beautiful day, the roses, the sunny skies or the refrain "Haste to the Wedding," that the girl in the carriage occasionally hummed. They lived only in the past. In vain did the highly irritated holder of the ribbons coax, bluster, plead, jerk, shove, mutter and consign. Beneath their feet those venerable patriarchs ground the soft earth slowly, like the mills of the gods, up hill and down dale. Finally, realizing that something desperate must be done, and suddenly moved by an awful uncontrollable impulse, Brown took a triple Samsonian grip upon the reins and wildly yanked and sawed the ossified jaws of those renaissance relics, meantime uttering liquid Italian, tripping French and guttural Dutch, and Scandinavian oaths, which the girl listened to with bated breath. Presently words failed, and during the lull of terrifying sounds, she remarked that time and the tide, as well as the untied, waited for neither man nor woman, and that the hour named for the wedding had long since passed. She also mentioned that she believed they were and had been for some time on the wrong road,—the houses and the landscapes looked unfamiliar. Assurance was instantly given that Brown knew the entire county by heart, like a law book in fact. So, time went on, far faster than the "span." Then again said the girl:

"These are positively not the environments of Montgomery."

"Where do you think we are?" asked Brown.

"I haven't the slightest idea," was the reply, "I don't know the county by heart, but I imagine we have driven across a good half of it this afternoon."

Then again upon the fragrant air sounded the slap of the reins, and the see-saw on the jaws of Stub and Twist. On they stumbled and plodded for more weary miles, until suddenly around a curve in the road, appeared a friendly looking little inn. In its doorway loomed an old specimen of humanity with a black clay pipe between his teeth,—his *tout ensemble*, a unique mixture of Buffalo Bill and a Salvation Army Corporal.—not "mine host," but a curious casual guest from the neighborhood.

"Whoa," commanded Brown, though it wasn't necessary, and then with a fetching smile he addressed the stalwart: "Can you tell me how near we are to Montgomery?" A wierd uncanny grin meandered past the ears of the smoker and reached around in the vicinity of his spinal column. Taking his pipe from his mouth, he replied in a voice that sounded like a croupy tree toad, "Waal now, sir, you're away off from Montgomery, but if you was able to fling a right smart stone like David did at G'liar, blest if you couldn't pretty near hit the top of the Newburgh Court House."

A "right smart" yank of the reins brought the sleeping horses back from their sweet dreams of "green fields and pastures new," and after being backed and hawed and geed until they had described a double and twisted circle, they were started upon the right road.

Stanley newly arrived from darkest Africa, never bore up under greater cross-examination, nor received heartier greetings than did the girl when the place of the bridal was reached and the gay curious groups crowded round her for explanations, and a desperate time she had of it, being handicapped by an awfully solemn promise previously made to Brown, never to breathe a word of any trip "across country." All the cause of the long delay was heaped upon Stub and Twist. The wary Brown cunningly dicap eared with the excuse of seeing that the now totally exhausted "span" had their mush and milk, and thus, as he afterwards explained, saved himself the fate of Ananias.

Now for the sequel of this true story. Early in the afternoon, the groom and his friend Jones disappeared from view to remain in the upper regions of the house to wait for the wedding hour, and the "coming (best) man" from Middletown. The space was small, the ample rooms of the homestead being occupied by the numerous guests. The day was sultry and, when, after torrid hours of waiting, the disgusted groom with a wilted collar, and an extremely unangelic cast of countenance, was released from incarceration to claim his bride, I heartily wish that all the readers of the WOMAN'S ARGUS could have beheld that same irate lord of creation as he loomed up in the doorway. Brown and the girl, who had been the innocent cause of all this annoyance and delay, stole away quietly to a remote corner of the hall and laughed and shouted, until a sharp call for the "best man" quenched the uprising of their wicked mirth.

But in spite of all the drawbacks and irritating experiences of that day, the wedding was charming and all went as merry as a Casino ball, and if any curious reader of this story wishes to know at what hour those paralyzed quadrupeds reached Middletown after the tempting and bountiful wedding feast, please make inquiries of the father and mother of one of the prettiest little family groups in Middletown—the former the driver of Stub and Twist, and the latter the maid of honor on that eventful day.

Further particulars will be cheerfully given by, yours truly, the companion in the drive "across country."

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NOTHING TO LIVE FOR.

A STORY OF HOSPITAL LIFE.

BY LIDA OSTROM VANAMEE.

The people who were told how it happened thought at once that it was a good thing there was a hospital in town. The man had no friends, no place to go to be taken care of. He was only a stray, extra hand hired to help shovel snow after the great storm. No one knew anything about him. After it had been ascertained that he was not drunk, and his fellow workmen seemed eager to assert that they "had never knowed a soberer man," and a doctor had examined him and said something about a fever and starvation, the crowd put its hands in its pockets, and, casting all future responsibility on the hospital, rejoiced in its existence.

The man looked starved, was wretchedly clothed, but even the doctor of many "cases" noticed he was not of the commonest type of laborer. He was shaved and fairly clean, with a good face, showing signs of some refinement.

He was unconscious and was taken to the hospital.

The first intelligible words he uttered, after stimulants had brought him to and his whereabouts and condition had been explained to him, were:

"D—n you, why don't you let me alone?"

"To die?" said the head nurse.

"Yes, to die," the man said mockingly. After a pause he muttered as if to himself.

"Now I've got to go over it all again."

"Over what?" she asked.

He only looked at her, out of great hollow eyes and made no answer.

The fever came and for days he raved in a thick hoarse voice, which was horrible to hear, but none of the attendants could understand many of the words of the man who had called himself John Smith, when he applied for work on the streets.

The cots near were empty at first. Then, a young boy who had had his leg cut off by the cars, was brought in. The nurse said she was glad the older patient had become quiet,—somehow his ravings had been more than usually depressing, and the boy had every one's sympathy at once. He was a most attractive little fellow, if he did belong to the poorest class.

Thin to emaciation, gaunt and haggard, John Smith had recovered reason and lay perfectly quiet on his bed. He ate but little of what was brought him and medicine he absolutely refused to take. He seldom spoke now and the few words he uttered at long intervals, showed disgust of life and an absence of all wish to continue it.

Young Mat Benson in the next cot, suffering from his stump of a limb and other injuries, groaning and with tears following each other down his boyish cheeks, saw two deep-set, dull eyes staring at him and tried to rub the tears away without being seen.

John Smith turned his face away, then turned it back again.

"What are you blubbering about?" his weak, hoarse voice asked.

"Nothing." Mat gave a boy's usual answer to almost every question.

The man turned away indifferently and the boy soon sobbed again.

"What's the matter with you?" The dull eyes had brightened and the boy faltered:

"I've only one leg, and it hurts, and I can't work no more."

"Oh, you want to work, do you? 'Tain't exactly usual. Ain't you got any body to work for you?"

"We both work."

"Who's we?" John Smith showed the first interest he had displayed in anything since he entered the hospital. A passing nurse remarked it to a companion.

"Grandpa and me. He's hurt too, but they took him home. There ain't nobody to see to him there; I wish they'd brought him here. It's good and warm here ain't it?"

But the man's interest had died out, he asked no more questions and Mat cried on softly to himself.

A few more days and the nurses were in despair about the patient, John Smith. He did not eat enough to keep himself alive. He would not say anything; when they questioned him he made no answer. The doctor did his best, but John Smith told him, one day, that he did not want to live, that he did not intend to, that there was nothing whatever for him to live for.

"No wife?" asked the doctor.

"No."

"No children?"

"No."

"Haven't you friends or work or a home?" To which the patient merely answered:

"No."

The physician tried to cheer him up, told him to get well, go out and he'd find all these things. The look he received was very much as if the patient was saying: "You don't know what you're talking about."

He felt somewhat abashed and did not know what to do. John Smith would die of lack of wish to live, and the doctor suspected he had intentions of hurrying up the event in some way, for he had asked queer questions about some poisons the doctor had had occasion to use, and a nurse told him that he had wanted to keep his knife and fork at night.

The busy doctor cautioned the attendants, and then gave his care and thought to his next important case.

John Smith did intend to die. If they wouldn't let him starve himself to death he felt sure he could find some other way. Hour after hour, he laid with eyes wide open, staring at the ceiling and planning—planning with weak brain but strong purpose.

His next door neighbor, as he would have been called if there had been doors between neighbors in the public wards of the hospital, talked to him sometimes in a frank, boyish way, and the man seemed to listen. These talks were all he showed the least interest in. Mat was about fourteen, perhaps older, but childish looking and small and delicate. He was not doing very well and asked constant questions about his grandfather. If John Smith had not had his thoughts concentrated on the subject of how it would be possible for him to leave this world, he might have noticed that the attendants evaded the boy's questions and put him off to various ways.

One day, Mat was able to sit up in bed and had several things given him for his amusement. The greedy eyes of the occupant of the next cot were attracted by a jack-knife, with which the boy was whittling a stick, and in an eager whisper he asked:

"Is that yours, youngster?"

"What's mine?"

"The knife, is it your own?" he repeated, glancing around. There was no one near.

"Yes, it's mine. I had it in my pocket and they have gave it to me. Whittling ain't no good though, it makes a fellow tired," and he leaned back on his bed.

"Lend it to me, won't you?" the man asked.

"Do you want to whittle?" Mat was surprised.

"No, but it's so long since I held a knife,—that's a nice one, too, ain't it?" John Smith had grown observant and had detected a look of pride in the owner's face. "Perhaps you better wait till night, though," he added.

"The nurse told me to give it back at night," Mat said.

"Can't you ask her to let you keep it? just tell her you like to hold it and she'll let you have it. She'd do more than that for you, I know."

The boy was a favorite; he was gentle and good natured and always obedient.

"Then give it to you?" he asked.

"Yes, I won't hurt it, I like holding knives too." He smiled grimly.

The plan was successful. The nurse, busy with other arrivals, scarcely heeded the boy's request.

John Smith got the knife, and Mat did not notice his muttered words, "Before morning," nor did he see the eager look and the interest with which Smith felt its edge, and saw that the point was sharp and keen.

When the lights were low and John Smith lay with eyes staring upward, a timid little voice by his side said:

"I asked her not to put up the screen. You don't care, do you?"

"What are you talking about?" the man asked impatiently, but not harshly.

"It's so lonesome at night, when I can't sleep," Mat said, "That I asked her to leave it so I can see you. It seems company-like. I used to sleep with grandpa. I wish I could see him." His voice had tears in it.

"You want to look at me?" John Smith didn't understand.

"You're so kind, you know," Mat smiled at the grim figure. "I'll be quiet, but if you're asleep it will be company to look at you. Sometimes the pain is bad too. There's such queer lights in the room at night. Haven't you seen them on the wall? You won't care if I'm quiet, will you? I can see the knife, too, if you hold it."

The man made no answer; something seemed choking him. He felt a strange tenderness towards the boy, who seemed to need him for "company." Could he furnish the entertainment he had intended for the boy as well as the whole hospital? Would the finding of him ghastly and dead in the morning, hurt the little chap?—put him back? Nonsense, the people would see to his not being disturbed by such a sight, but—how to do it with those confiding eyes fixed on him.

"You don't care about the screen?" the boyish voice asked again.

"No, no, leave it open. You just speak to me if your pain is bad. We'll whisper a bit and you won't feel lonesome."

John Smith was surprised at himself; his plans were being upset.

And all the long night he watched the boy, who was restless and wakeful. For long intervals the knife was forgotten where it was hidden under his pillow. When morning came it was there yet, and he felt interested enough to talk to the nurse in low tones, about the boy who had wanted his company and for whose sake he was still alive.

When the doctor came he talked still more about him. Told him how Mat had muttered in his sleep about his grandfather, and the doctor said:

"Poor fellow, he'll have to know soon. I don't see what's to become of him."

"Have to know what, doctor?" the man asked earnestly.

"Why, his grandfather was killed, and they haven't told him yet."

"Killed! Hasn't he any one else?" John Smith almost sat up and the doctor looked in astonishment at his interested face.

"Hush, not so loud. Why, Smith you're getting on; you'll be out of this soon, if you take care of yourself."

"Who'll look after the little chap?" not heeding the doctor's words about himself.

"There's the trouble; there is absolutely no one. He and his grandfather lived alone, and he's a delicate little fellow, and now he'll have only one leg. He's almost too old for a children's home. The railroad may do something, though it was not any one's fault. The old man was deaf. Well, something will have to be done."

With the air of a man who has many problems thrust upon him, the doctor dismissed this one, and, telling his patient to eat well, for all that he wanted now was strength, he hurried off.

When the man next held conversation with the lad, there was a different tone in his voice, and an altered look in his face. Mat was trying to whittle with the restored knife. They talked about his past life; his boyish stories of poverty but happiness were eagerly listened to. They became great friends.

Days passed and John Smith was dismissed. Tall and gaunt he still was, but a younger man he looked than when he had entered the hospital. He had told the physician he intended to live. Things looked different somehow, and the doctor had taken great credit to himself for his skill.

John Smith was bidding Mat goodbye. The boy had grown very fond of him and it was only when he promised to return and go with him when he left the hospital, a few weeks later, that he could console him.

"Maybe grandpa will be well enough to come then, too," Mat said, "but if he's well he can't leave his work. We'll just have to work hard now I guess,—only I cant."

"Oh, well, I'll come too," the man broke in, "You look out for me, I'll be on hand sure. Good bye. Don't lose the knife, bring that along," and John Smith left the hospital a man with purpose and even cheerfulness in his gait.

A few weeks later he did come, and when the boy was taken to the room where the man had made a home for them both, and was told that he was to live there and that his grandfather was dead, his grief was soothed and comforted in a way which would have astonished many who had known John Smith for the last few years.

He had obtained work, had gone at it with a will and now the boy who had unconsciously saved a life, by bringing into it an object to live for, was to reap the benefit of the energy and care born of hope and love.

It was a poor existence. At first the strange pair, the gloomy man and the crippled boy, well nigh starved and were often discouraged, but some people interested themselves, and got a little money for the boy, and they made themselves more comfortable. As time went by the man, who was still John Smith and who had had some education, taught his companion what he knew. Mat attended school and became competent to do such work as his misfortune made possible. Life became easier, and unto the end the companionship continued and the bond uniting them strengthened and endured.

One day a man, calling on a friend, in the office of a great factory, saw John Smith and asked who he was.

"John Smith, that is all I know. A steady fellow," was the answer.

"Pshaw, that isn't his name if he is the man I think he is. He used to live near some people I knew."

"What about him?" his companion asked carelessly.

"Oh, he lost all his savings in a bank failure. He had pretty hard lines. His wife left him,—another man I suppose,—and a child or two died of diphtheria. I think he took to drinking—anyway he disappeared, years ago. Maybe it isn't the same man, though. I never saw much of him. Shall we look over those figures and plans again?"

Dr. Miles' Pain Pills, "One cent a dose."

Thrall Hospital.

I live in Middletown, New York,
Thrall Hospital they call me;
And, as I am so very young,
My age does not appal me.

My history is most unique,
Perhaps you'd like to know it;
Then don't omit the next few lines,
For they will briefly show it.

As Middletown increased in size
A hospital was needed,
And then some ladies—noble band—
For my existence pleaded.

They worked and planned in many ways
My building funds securing,
And showed the most persistent pluck
Discouragements enduring.

By slow degrees the dollars came,
The ladies still kept working,
And though they had a thankless task,
No hardships were they shirking.

At last my site became their theme
And long they thought about it,
A fine location was desired
They couldn't do without it.

When Faith and Hope were almost gone
And Charity seemed waning,
The ladies had a precious gift
A site for me obtaining.

My benefactress, Mrs. Thrall,
Decided she would save me,
With generosity most great
She land and money gave me.

Brave ladies planned to have me built,
Brave ladies still befriend me,
Their work is vast in my behalf,
They constantly attend me.

My birthday comes in early May.
Much gratitude is due me;
I've done a great amount of good
Since first the public knew me.

My walls have witnessed many scenes
Not all of which were cheering,
But lately Cupid entered here
Not even sickness fearing.

A wedding followed his advent,
My fame was thus completed;
Thrall Hospital became a name
Which often was repeated.

I am most thoroughly equipped,
Am always clean and pleasant,
I have physician, skilled and kind,
Trained nurses ever present.

What more can invalids require
When hospitals they enter?
My tender nurses' ever thought
Will on my patients center.

If my ability you doubt,
I hope you won't decry me;
To prove my value thoroughly
When ill just come and try me.

This city should be proud of me,
Much good I'm daily doing.
But still an income is required
For work that I'm pursuing.

Hence money is my urgent need,
And money I'm desiring
An institution of my kind
Is always cash requiring.

The DAILY ARGUS, knowing this,
A helping hand extended—
In ways so practical and wise
My prospects seem quite mended.

The Woman's Paper greets you now,
For patronage it thanks you.
Thrall Hospital the profits have
And as a friend it ranks you.

—ANNA DUNNING.

VOTE FOR A NEW ACADEMY.

Increased School Accommodations Our City's Crying Need—The Best Plan of Relief—What Smaller Towns Have Done for Their Educational Interests

Considering the fact that there are some 300 pupils who cannot be accommodated in our school buildings, that the Board of Education for years past has been obliged to rent rooms outside and crowd young children into the lower floors of churches, stores, wagon shops and other dark, gloomy and altogether unsuitable buildings, that the so-called Academy is so over crowded that it is necessary to use the low, poorly lighted and ventilated basement for a class room, the necessity for more school room, to any but a childless taxpayer, seems self-evident.

The Board of Education, which is chosen to represent the taxpayers, has repeatedly emphasized the necessity of a new school building, and at its last meeting took action which points to a new academy, and this plan, notwithstanding the opposition it may meet in the suburbs and from possible new wards in the outlying districts, is the best solution of the school house problem.

A fine, modern building, centrally located on the beautiful site of the old academy, large enough to admit the grammar grade pupils as soon as promoted, thus leaving room for the primary grades in their proper branch schools, will meet the present want as no ward school can.

It is earnestly hoped by all real lovers of our public schools that the taxpayers will generously sustain the efforts of their Board and vote the necessary appropriation to carry its plans into effect.

The people of Middletown, housed in their comfortable homes, are thrifty, saving and enterprising, but to a "stranger within our (railroad) gates" we are apparently wanting in public spirit. This is indicated in the character of our public buildings, of which there are but three worthy of our city, one built for us by the State, another by private enterprise, and the third by a "soulless corporation."

The greater and better Middletown will have better public buildings. The first one should be dedicated to the education of our youth. Let the city hall and city fathers come afterwards.

How much can the city of Middletown afford to put in a new school building? A little town of 2,500 people in Delaware county invests $40,000, a larger town of 5,000 people in Chenango county raises $50,000 for new school buildings.

These, complete and perfect in all their appointments of heating, lighting and ventilation, are a source of pride to the people and comfort to the children. Are these too good for Middletown?

JANE HASTINGS CANFIELD.

Gold, Gold.

GOLDEN GLOSS

Will renew your mirror and picture frames, requiring no artist to apply it. Fine for decorative purposes—15 and 25c a package.

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J. ERSKINE MILLS,

Druggist, North St.

The City Tailor

IS AT 26 NORTH STREET AND UP TO DATE WITH HIS SPRING GOODS FOR SUITS AND TROUSERS IN STYLE AND FIT. WE CANNOT BE EXCELLED. GIVE US A TRIAL.

Chas. H. Emde.

WISE WOMEN

—BUY THEIR—

—DRY GOODS—

—AT THE—

POPULAR "BEE HIVE."

EVERY DAY NEW GOODS ARE ADDED TO OUR VERY LARGE STOCK.

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Twenty-four inch Satin Duchess for $1.00. The Best Value Ever Sold, and we mean just what we say.

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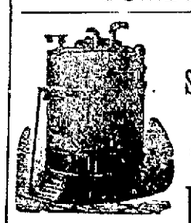

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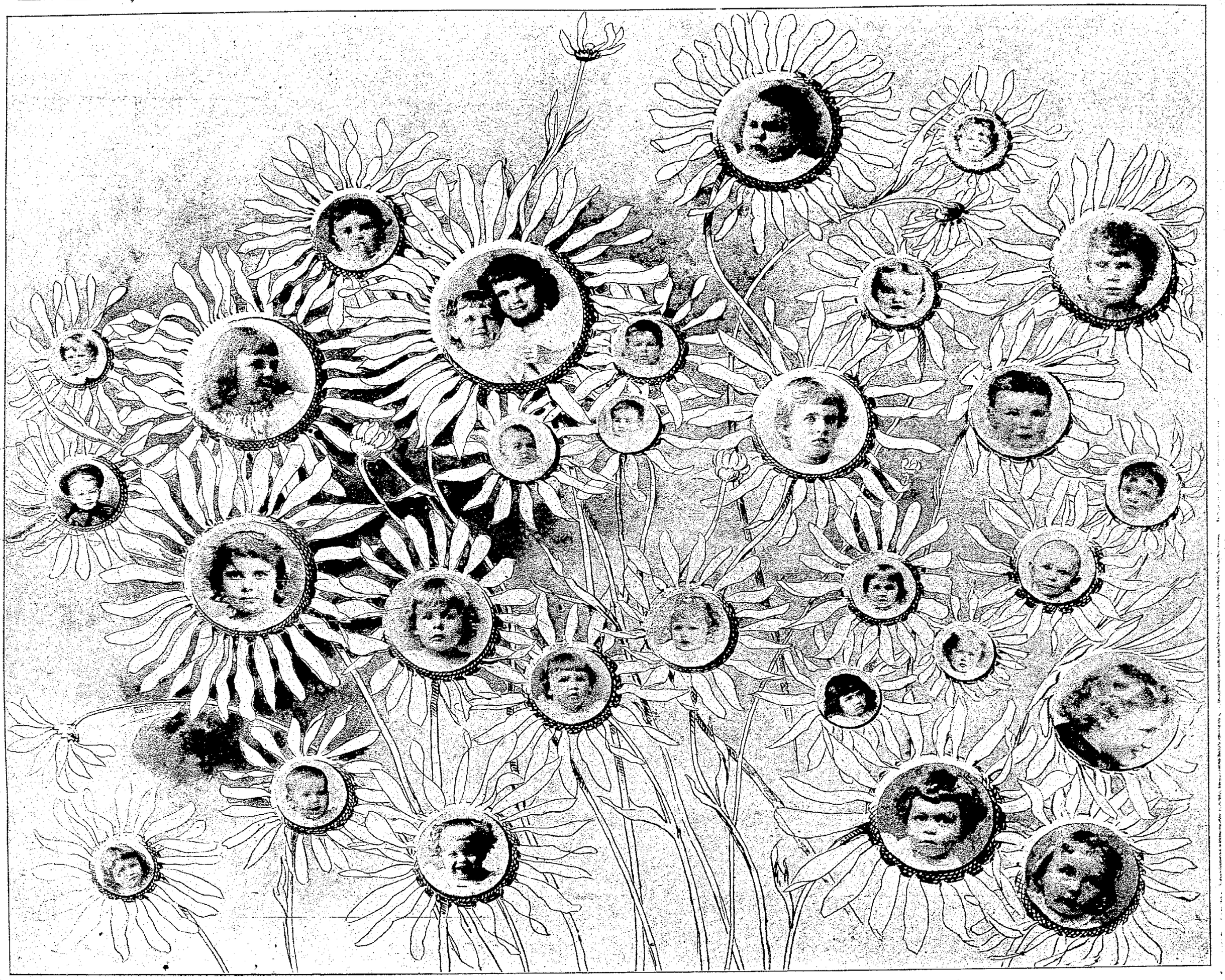

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"RULERS OF THE FUTURE."

MARY C. VAN DUZER, EDITOR.

The material for this page has been collected from various sources, some of it being the original sayings and uncorrected work of the children of our schools. It is to be hoped that every one is interested in the little ones, seeing them as they are, just how they look at things, especially their first ideas of this world of life, which no doubt are rather commonplace to us, but to the child are ever bright and fresh.

The thanks of the manager of this department is expressed to those busy teachers who at very short notice sent in some of the work of their pupils, and is especially indebted to Miss Margaret Beattie for an attractive feature of the children's page. The clever pen and ink sketch of daisies is the work of the gifted young artist of whose talents the woman's edition is justly proud.

MARY C. VAN DUZER

LETTERS FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

DEAR MISS AUSTIN:—How do you feel? I am quite well but I have the rheumatism very bad we have a dog at home he wakes people up. I have two dolls at home I like them very well and papa is going to make me a swing and I will swing in it every night after school. I will say good by.

ANNA BOYCE.

Seven years. 5th Primary Grade.

One day a flower was out in the fields and a butterfly came on it and put his tongue out and got some honey. When he got enough he flew away.

By and bye a humming bird come and picked on the flower then he flew away and went in the tree.

A bee came to the flower by and bye to get some honey. When he got enough he flew away to his hive and told the other little bees to help him make honey.

A little girl came to the flower and she picked it off and put it on her dress.

When the bird went back to find the flower he didn't find its head and he felt sorry and he thunk he'd go to another flower. "Poor little flowers when they are so pretty they get picked off to make little girls feel happy."

RICHARD BENDER,
Six years. Benton ave. Room 1.

There was three little birds and, you know, one come and that was the mother.

When she come all the little birds opened their mouths and she fed them.

She went back and got some more food and they opened their mouths again.

Soon as they got old enough you know they got their own food.

GERTRUDE REED,
Six years. Benton ave. Room 1.

WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT.

This great monument is situated in the southeastern part of the city. The outside is built of granit; the inside is made of stones and marbles from the different States and some from foreign countries.

The monument was commenced a great many years ago, but was only finished seven years ago. To go up in the monument you go down and enter a door at the base. You find seats for those who choose to wait for the elevator, and the spiral stairway starts from the same place.

Papa and I took a seat to wait for the elevator. Pretty soon we heard a grinding, creaking sound. Looking up the shaft we saw a light coming nearer and nearer to us. When the elevator reached the bottom the conductor cried out, "Room for all," so we went in, the door was closed and we felt ourselves moving upwards very slowly. Soon we saw in black letters on the side of the shaft, 2 ft., and so on all the way up to 555 ft. The numbers were marked on the girders of the shaft. We timed ourselves, and it took us just nine minutes to reach the top. It made us a little dizzy at first, as we kept climbing up and I caught hold of papa's hand and held it tight. I think any other boy would have done the same, because I thought what if a wind came up and blew the monument over.

Up, up, up, the higher we went the colder I grew. After what seemed hours to me, I was happy to hear the man call out, "Hands off the door," for we were at the top. We stepped from the elevator into a room fifteen feet wide, two windows on each side the tower looking towards the North, South, East and West.

From the windows we saw a dog that looked the size of a pebble; a street car passing, the horses looked like flies, the capital dome shining like silver, but all the same it looked like a toy house. Also the beautiful Potomac stretching away into the distance. We soon left and went to the bottom again. It did not take us long to get out in the sunlight again. Sunlight never seemed so good to me before.

HAYNOR E. GORDON.

A BOY'S ADVENTURE.

BY HAROLD W. SLAUSON.

Harry Brown lived near a small village, about one hundred miles north of New York. The place had a river running through it and was a great summer resort for wealthy New York people.

Harry had heard a great deal about New York and had often wished to go there, but his father could not afford it as he was a very poor man and it was all he could do to support his family.

One day as Harry was walking toward the river he heard a cry for help and looking out over the water he saw a boat with an old gentleman in it capsizing. He recognized him as one of the wealthy New York boarders. Harry got into a boat and rowed to the man and was soon helping him out of the water.

After they got on shore the old gentleman said: "My boy, you have saved my life. Accept this ten-dollar gold piece as an expression of my gratitude," and reaching in his pocket he took out a pocketbook and handed Harry a piece of money. He then went on his way, while Harry stopped to examine it. Much to his surprise he found that the old gentleman had made a mistake and given him a twenty-dollar gold piece.

Harry resolved to keep the money and not let his father know anything about it, but run away to New York. He decided to go to bed early that night for he intended to catch the through train for the city, which left at about 2 in the morning. He accordingly went up stairs at 7 o'clock and made up a small parcel of the things he would need, and then went to bed. At half past one he got up, dressed himself, took his parcel, climbed out of the window, walked to the village and had just enough time to buy his ticket when the train came steaming in.

Harry reached New York at five o'clock in the morning and went to one of the largest and highest priced hotels. After a hearty breakfast, he spent most of the morning riding on the elevated and cable cars, and in the afternoon went to Barnum & Bailey's circus. He then went back to the hotel and had a good night's rest.

The next day Harry decided to spend in Central Park. Accordingly in the morning he hired a bicycle and rode around most of the forenoon. In the afternoon he went to see the animals. When he got back to the hotel towards night he found that he had hardly enough money to pay his bill. He then began to think that running away from home as he had done was not so pleasant as he had expected.

He paid his bill, however, and walked out into the street homeless friendless, and with a guilty conscience, when he felt a hand laid up on his shoulder and looking round saw the old gentleman that he had rescued from the water. He asked Harry how he came to New York, and Harry tremblingly told him the whole story.

His friend took Harry to a restaurant and gave him a good meal and while they were walking, talked kindly to him and gave him some good advice. He then took him to one of the finest hotels where they stayed over night. The next morning he gave him enough money to pay his car fare back home again and left him.

Harry went to the station, got on the first train and in a few hours arrived home. He found that his father and mother had been very anxious about him but were willing to forgive him.

Harry has learned a lesson and is now a good boy.

CHILDREN'S BRIGHT SAYINGS.

A little lad of this city, who was invited to spend the day at his grandmother's in the country, was shown for the first time a brood of chickens. After looking for a long time and wondering over them, he rushed into the house, exclaiming, 'Grama, who broke off their tails?"

While little Dick was taking lunch at his grandfather's, one day last week, he noticed one of the dishes to be omelette with chopped ham in the centre, when he exclaimed: "Oh! you have omelette too, Gonka, so do we, but our's has no seeds in it."

Little three-year-old Dorothy's older sister was reproving her for some trifling offense and remarked: "I should think you would know better, Dorothy," when Dorothy wisely informed her: "Why! Florence I'se only been born three years."

Little Abie was in the First Reader. The teacher was careful that the children should understand the meaning of the words in their lesson and asked what cheap meant. Abie's hand was the first to be raised, so he explained: "Coats and pants" The definition was appreciated by the teacher, as Abraham's father was a dealer in ready made clothing.

Each child in school was taught to answer present when their names were called each day. Carrie being a new pupil did not respond, but exclaimed: "When I has a present I'll say it."

"Johnnie go in the garden and bring me a stick to punish you with," said a parent who did not believe in sparing the rod. "I can't find one, Mover, but here is a little stone to throw at me."

"Robbie, what did you do at school, to-day," said a mother after her first day at the kindergarten. "Oh, we sing and pray all the time."

Ned, who was four years old, fell one day when he was walking with his mother. It was so hard a fall that she expected a crying spell, but, after a few seconds of silence, Ned raised his head and said. "Hello: what does this mean?" His mother asked him what made him fall and he replied. "To make mamma ask questions."

Tom was pulling at his mother's dress one day and hindering her in her sewing, when he suddenly saw his brother Ned and started to creep to him. Ned said, "Tom says he will bother poor little Ned now." His mother said that she had not heard Tom say anything, when Ned answered quickly, "He speaks with his eyes" mamma."

One day when it was raining, Ned said, "I wish I could go up into the sky and turn off that hose."

Ned was not a long time in obtaining a drink one day and when he saw his brother getting it first he sighed and said, "I 'spose I am not so thirsty as Ishmael was."

Six-year old Ned's idea of the difference between naughty and wicked he expressed in this way: "Naughty is like a thread, but it takes a good many threads twisted together to make a rope, and wicked is like a rope."

A California four year old was greatly attached to a baker boy named Angel. One night, after remembering the usual list of dear ones in his prayers, he crept into bed. In a few moments he sprang up, fell

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THE HELPING HAND

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., April 22, 1895.

I have tried several baking powders, but find the ROYAL superior to any other. Mrs C. C. Luckey

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

I have used the ROYAL BAKING POWDER for a number of years, and prefer it to all others.

Mrs. G. W. Lemmon

I have used the ROYAL BAKING POWDER ever since it was first put on the market and think it superior to all others.

Mrs. Sarah Slater

April twenty-second, Ninety-five.

April 23, 1895.

The ROYAL BAKING POWDER I consider the very best, having used it since its first introduction.

Mrs J. D. Rockefeller

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

I have used the ROYAL BAKING POWDER for years, and find it the very best of all baking powders.

Mrs Lloyd

MIDDLETOWN, April 24, 1895. *Housekeeper Thrall Hospital.*

April 20, 1895.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER never fails to do its work satisfactorily. I take pleasure in recommending it to my friends.

Mrs Gen. B. Adams

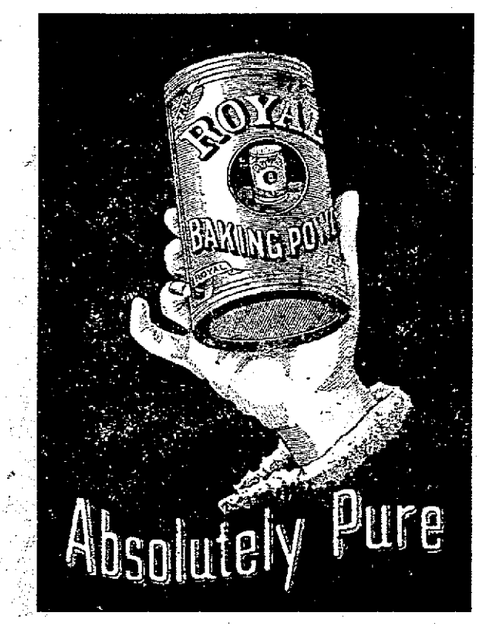
MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

After using ROYAL BAKING POWDER for eighteen years I have no hesitation in recommending it. C. S. Sturm

ROYAL BAKING POWDER lightens our household cares and duties, by never failing to lighten our cake and puddings.

Mrs W. B. Royce



Sound forth praise for the ROYAL BAKING POWDER,
It stands unsurpassed in lightness and quickness,
And year after year its praise we sing louder,
Its reliable qualities; we still are its witness,
How it makes our cake light, and with a fine grain.
We use box after box, and renew it again.

In using this ROYAL BAKING POWDER with care,
You save great expense, both in money and power,
By relieving the good housewife, her burden to share,
And not using eggs, beaten hour after hour.
The biscuit, the cake, and all that we make
Are results of the powder, so come all and take.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y. 1895. Mrs Ralph Van Duzer

Having used the ROYAL BAKING POWDER for a long time, I can recommend it very highly.

Mrs. Lavea Robinson

April 20, 1895.

Having used the ROYAL BAKING POWDER with satisfaction for twenty years, I have no hesitancy in recommending it.

Mrs. Ira Dorrance

MIDDLETOWN, April, 1895.

MIDDLETOWN, 40 South Street.

For years I have used the ROYAL BAKING POWDER, and the results have been very satisfactory.

April 25, 1895. Mrs S. D. Clason

Have tried several kinds of baking powders, but consider the ROYAL BAKING POWDER the best.

Maria A. Taylor

April twenty-third.

I have used the ROYAL BAKING POWDER and heartily recommend it.

April 23, 1895. Pauline A. Little

By personal experience I am convinced that the ROYAL BAKING POWDER is the most reliable, and take pleasure in endorsing it.

Mrs. E. M. Prior

MIDDLETOWN, 4/22, '95.

I have used ROYAL BAKING POWDER twenty years, and find it always reliable and think it *absolutely pure*.

Mrs C. Macardell

April 24, 1895.

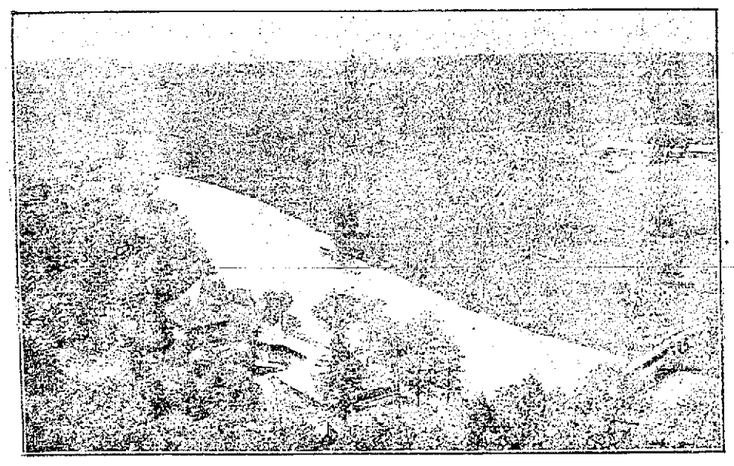
I have used ROYAL BAKING POWDER for years, and found it entirely satisfactory.

Mrs. D. H. Bailey.

62 West Main St., MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

MIDDLETOWN, April 22, 1895.

After trying other baking powders I always return to the use of the ABSOLUTELY PURE ROYAL. Acta L. Roby



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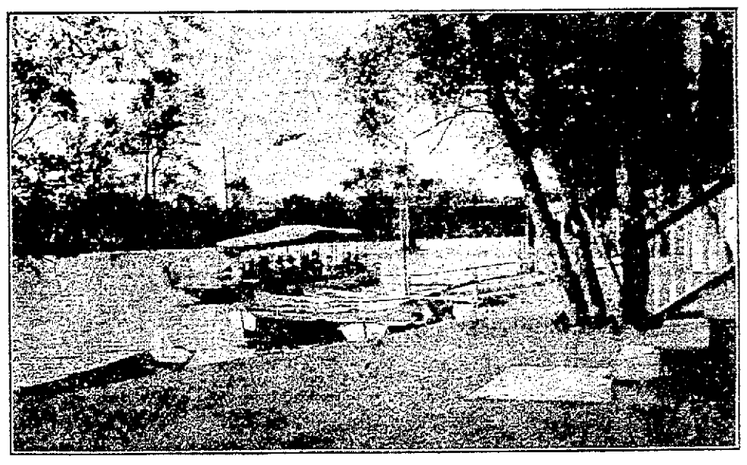

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SUPPLEMENT WOMAN'S EDITION

MIDDLETOWN DAILY ARGUS.

VOL. XX. NO. 5,724. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1895. PRICE TEN CENTS.

VIEWS AND INTERVIEWS.

THE CITY HALL QUESTION.

Views of Middletown Women on Its Location—Nearly All Favor the Orchard Street Lot, but Some Are of a Different Mind.

It isn't every day that women have a chance to express their views on public questions and the editors of the Women's Edition of the ARGUS determined to give the women of Middletown a chance to have their say in regard to the location of the city hall, sent their fair reporters out to gather the opinions of womankind on this important subject.

Mrs. D. L. Prime—I am strongly in favor of the Orchard street lot, to include the adjoining property. I confess I am more interested in the location of the library than that of the lock up. Let the city give us fine library accommodations, with room to grow. If booksellers in general follow the lead of Brentano, in meeting the prices of the department stores, in the sale of books, we can have more books and have them oftener. We are at the beginning of the universal reading age. Let us, therefore, provide ample accommodations for the future in the city hall building.

Mrs. T. N. Little—I consider the Orchard street school house property, enlarged by purchase, the most desirable location for the following reasons: It is owned by the city and would, therefore, be more economical; it is central, being accessible from all parts of the city, and it would also be the means of removing the present eyesore from that beautiful street.

Mrs. J. E. Corwin—I think it would be lovely to have a city hall, but prefer the location to be decided by the gentlemen.

Mrs. W. B. Royce—My choice of location for the city hall is the Orchard street school house lot, with the Dr. Hulett property added. The new structure would be central, and could be made an ornament to our city. At least it would be the means of removing the nuisance that has been permitted to exist on the school house lot for the past few years.

Mrs. Albert Bull—I am decidedly in favor of a city hall and prefer it to be located upon the Orchard street property, as it already belongs to the city and would leave more money to be put in the new building.

Mrs. J. E. Iseman—My judgment with reference to the proposed city hall, would be to locate it in the business center of the town, adjacent to newspaper offices, banks and stores, as the bulk of business is transacted within a radius of half a mile from Franklin Square. Also, judging from the present state of affairs, all business pertaining to the municipality, such as the Board of Aldermen, Police Court, Water Commissioners, Board of Health, etc., seems to be transacted in the heart of the city, and as it is also expected to locate the free library in the city hall, I think a public building should be located for the convenience of the masses. Among the sites especially desirable are the Holding House, Graham, Dorrance and Schoonmaker properties, Orchard street and Foundry lot.

Mrs. J. H. Drake—In regard to the site for a city hall, I think there are several fine locations, the Orchard street school house lot in particular, which, I understand, can be utilized at low cost, inasmuch as it is city property.

Mrs. A. V. N. Powelson—I think what is known as the Babcock property, on East Main street, is the most desirable location for a city hall. A fine building erected there will show to a better advantage than on any other lot I have heard named. And besides, if we are ever to have a greater Middletown, its location there will tend to dispel the theory that all business must be conducted within a small area surrounding Franklin Square.

Mrs. C. M. Winchester—My choice of a location for our city hall is the Orchard street school house lot, enlarged. It is central, the surroundings desirable and all things considered, the expense would not be extravagant.

Mrs. C. B. McQuoid—No. 45 East Main street. It is the best and brightest location in the city and is on the busiest thoroughfare, on the line of the trolley, and near two of the most popular churches in the city.

Mrs. C. Macardell—I am decidedly in favor of a city hall, and think it should be located upon the Foundry lot. To locate it there would be a great improvement to the central part of the city.

Mrs. Ira Dorrance—Think the Orchard street property is the best location.

Mrs. Harrison H. Crane—The Moses Wright lot on North street is the most desirable. The reasons are that it is central, and being placed sixty feet from the street, would face Orrhall Park and North street also. Sell the Orchard street property and purchase the lot adjoining the Wright property.

Mrs. D. Robinson—I am in favor of a city hall and think the Dorrance or Babcock properties good locations.

Mrs. W. J. Groo—I think the Wright lot on North street to be the best site for the city hall. It could be bought for less money; would be connected with our park and by adding the tennis grounds, we could have free tennis and croquet grounds and an entrance to Grove street.

Mrs. Clarence Sweezy—I am decidedly in favor of a city hall. My choice of location is the Orchard street property. It is central, already belongs to the city, and if a concert hall is to be included in the new building, it would be farther away from the noise of the cars than the Casino.

Mrs. J. W. Wallace—I am in favor of the city hall being placed on the Orchard street lot, which the city already owns. It is near the business part of the city and the location is good.

THE WATER QUESTION

Views of Middletown Women on This Most Important Subject—Practically Agreed That We Want a More Abundant Supply

One of the questions most prominently before the people of Middletown at the present time is that of an increased supply of water. Since this is a subject of equal importance to all, it seems no more than fair that the women should be given an opportunity to express their ideas on the matter.

Our reporters were therefore instructed to call on as many as possible, asking an expression of opinion. Below will be found the views of some of our prominent ladies:

Dr. Julia E. Bradner—Do we want more water? Well, that depends upon how we are to get it. I, for one, would object to a rain making machine flying around over my head, the thing might go off at very inconvenient seasons. If you had asked, "Do we need more water?" I could unhesitatingly reply: Some of our citizens do both outside and in, others seem very well supplied.

Mrs. Chas. H. Winfield—We need more schools before an increased supply of water.

Mrs. H. B. Dill—I am anxious for an improvement in the quality of the water, particularly in summer, and think we should not be obliged to be economical in its use.

Mrs. G. B. Wales—I agree with Mr. Fellows in every particular on the water question.

Mrs. D. L. Prime—We have an excellent cistern and get our supply straight from heaven. As long as the supply holds out we have no fault to find.

Mrs. J. F. Tuthill—If you could have seen some of the clothes that were washed at my house, last summer, and completely ruined, you would say, "Let's have more water and of better quality."

Mrs. C. D. Hanford—We need an abundance of water for all necessary purposes, that we may be able to use it freely. Abundance of water means purer water.

Mrs. E. Millen—I am in favor of softer water and plenty of it. Would like to see the streets thoroughly sprinkled.

Miss Royce thinks we need more soft water.

Mrs. W. W. Taylor—I would like more soft water, even though it be "hard" to get.

Mrs. Wm. Vanamee—Men will laugh at whatever a woman may say on the great water question.

Mrs. S. R. Morgan—We should have better water.

Mrs. T. C. Royce—I am in favor of better water, but have no fault to find with the supply.

Mrs. J. V. Demerest—I think we need more water.

Mrs. W. H. Rogers—Good water and plenty of it.

Mrs. E. C.—A greater Middletown needs more water. At present we seem to need a little oil on the supply we have.

Mrs. W. F. O'Neill—Unless the quantity of water can be very considerably increased and its quality improved, I think no more money should be expended.

Mrs. J. L. Wiggins—What business have I to think on the subject? It is out of my sphere.

Mrs. Horton Vail—I'll tell you what I think on the water question, and one other. I think you fiends who run around getting people's views ought to be sat upon. In regard to the water, we ought to have plenty to use and plenty to waste,—yes, I mean it when I say plenty to waste. The more water a city wastes, the better for the general health of that city.

Mrs. C. J. Glering hopes that we may have enough water, but feels our present great need is more school room.

Mrs. S. W. C.—We should be very certain that the capacity of our present reservoirs is not sufficient before going to the great expense of building another. Money could be spent to advantage, if necessary, to preserve our present supply from contamination, as purer water would be greatly appreciated.

Mrs. H. W. Wiggins—All men are not conceited. Oh! no; of course not. Still it has been evident that nearly all the men who have been telling the public, by this or that plan, how an abundant supply of pure water can be given to this city, have been insisting that their method is the only correct one, and that the adoption of any other will be but a repetition of former so-called failures. Profiting by past experience, in the next move that is made, this question must be affirmatively answered as a condition precedent to the adoption of any plan. "Will the supply be of unquestionable quality and quantity for years and years to come?" When the plan is presented that clearly says, "Yes," to this inquiry, then I say adopt it, no matter what it costs.

IS THE WORLD BETTER OR WORSE?

Opinions of Middletown Women on This Difficult Question—Answers Grave and Gay One Woman Got Away.

BY ADELAIDE MARVIN PRIME

The subject mentioned above has been one of much interest and much perplexing thought, from the days of Mother Eve—not to mention her spouse—till the present time: so, having been assigned to help solve the problem, your reporter donned her best gown, her Sunday smile, sharpened the reportorial pencil, and sallied out to prove that women in general are optimists. Space will permit but a condensed account of many delightful interviews.

Mrs. Lydia Sayre Hasbrouck was found superintending the arrangement of her conservatory. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Hasbrouck. Is the world growing better or worse?"

"That's a conundrum. In some respects it is a good deal better; in others, it is a good deal worse. There has never been such a period of restlessness as at present; neither has there ever been so much effort toward doing good. The enlargement of woman's sphere is a step in the right direction, but I do not think she is yet educated up to the standard to which she aspires—not that she lacks book education, but the practical knowledge which she requires to bring about the result to be attained."

Mrs. John L. Wiggins:—"Oh dear! I wish it was something easy. If I were to say, I should say that the world is growing better, especially from a woman's point of view. As for the men, there isn't much room for improvement!"

Mrs. J. W. Norris:—"I think the world is certainly growing better. I am not so much of a pessimist as to think it is not growing better. I should not care to live in a world that is growing worse."

Mrs. I. C. Jordan:—"Ask somebody older than I am."

Mrs. T. C. Royce:—"I think it is in many ways growing better. I cannot say it is better in every way. I feel that the Sabbath is not so reverently observed as it was forty years ago."

Mrs. H. K. Wilcox was "cornered" at a rehearsal of the Schubert Club. When the question was put to her, she laughingly replied: "I think I shall have to answer you as my little six-year-old niece did, when asked a question too deep for her: 'I don't know; I don't know nothin'!'"

Mrs. Morgan, the aged mother of Mrs. A. B. Wilbur, has had eighty years' experience in the ways of the world, and says: "I hope it is growing better, with so many women working to make it better"

Mrs. A. B. Wilbur:—"I am an optimist on that, as well as on most other subjects."

Mrs. George E. Beakes:—"I think it is gaining in some directions, and losing in others."

Mrs. Lucy Talcott Judson:—"When I look around the world and see how much man does for his fellow man, how many institutions are supported for the benefit of the poor unfortunate ones of all classes; also the great missionary enterprises supported by voluntary offerings, I say to myself: 'Surely the golden rule is working out its grand design, and the world is better.' On the other hand, when I look at the records of vice and crime; the frequent murders and suicides; the penal institutions full to overflowing; the grinding toil to which many are subjected, by which they earn a scant subsistence; the political intrigues to which politicians will resort for place and power; the terrible traffic in intoxicants carried on all over the globe, I feel as though men were forgetting that there is any account to render to a just God, and that the world is surely worse. Still, on the whole, I prefer to look on the bright side, and feel that the right will eventually prevail."

"Mrs. Mary Andrus:—"Give it up! You're the sixth woman that's interviewed me."

Mrs. Charles Beattie sends this message from a sick room:

"This world is not so bad a world
As some would like to make it;
But whether good, or whether bad,
Depends on how we take it,

"My experience is that it is a beautiful world, full of beautiful things; and growing more and more beautiful every year I live."

Mrs. S. T. Jordan, mother of our townsman, I. C. Jordan, says: "I think the world is growing more charitable to the poor and suffering. I do not think the Sabbath is as closely observed as in my youth."

Mrs. C. C. Luckey:—"There is a saying that good boys die young; bad boys live to become the oldest inhabitants, tell lies about the weather, and commit other misdemeanors. The epitaphs on tombstones prove it is the good who have died. But notwithstanding these mouldering saints, and the mass of living wicked ones, the world is better. Was there ever a time of such helpful charities, such love and care of unfortunate ones? Even the brute has a share. Think of the young men and women forming themselves into societies to battle 'In His Name' against sin and sorrow. Yes, the world is growing better, broader, kindlier all the time."

Mrs. C. H. Hopkins:—"This is a hard problem, and depends largely upon our standpoint. Take up the secular newspapers, and we are compelled to think the world is growing worse. Read a religious journal, and we are impressed with the thought that the world was never so full of religious activity. I think the world is growing better, but not in proportion to its increasing intelligence."

Mrs. Thomas Gordon sends this reply from Washington: "It would be sad indeed not to believe that the lives and works, the kind words and deeds, as well as noble charities of our christian men and women, were not making our world both better and happier."

Miss Mary K. Van Keuren was found among her books, and paused long enough to say: "The world is better, most assuredly. Ask the boys whom Truant Officer Penney is pursuing, if the nineteenth century is not doing wonderful and hitherto unheard of things, to make good and useful citizens of the children of today?"

Mrs. George B. Adams says: "I hope the world is growing better. Rev. Dr. Tyler told, at Goshen, the other evening, of an advertisement in a newspaper published in 1814, of a wife who was to be sold at public auction. The auction took place on the appointed day, and the poor wife was led in by a halter fastened around her neck, and sold for two shillings and sixpence—the sixpence being for the halter. Yes, the world is slowly, perhaps, but surely growing better."

When the reporter called at Rev Dr. Robinson's, she learned that Mrs. Robinson was experiencing the truth of a saying of the late John B Gough in his lecture on "Blunders": "Single troubles never come alone." Mrs Robinson's sentiments were: "What, with the grip, and the unsettled question of the hired girl, my experience just now is that there is very little opportunity for the housekeeper to help the world to grow better."

Mrs. Frank O. Tompkins says: "Is the world growing better or worse? seems to me only a one-sided question, for I have looked only upon one side thus far in my life, and it has always been upon the optimistic side."

Mrs. Frank A. Heath replied: "Surely the world is growing better. Ever since Christ taught them how, disciples have been offering the prayer, 'Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.' Such a volume of prayer through the centuries means much."

Mrs. H. W. Rowland was met coming from Earnhaber's, with her hands full of yellow daffodils.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Rowland, 'Is the world better or worse?'"

"Oh, my! don't you want some daffodils?" and pressing a bunch into the reporter's willing hands, with a pleasant "Good afternoon," hastily vanished.

—"I don't want to vote she said,
I hate this suffrage rint,
But I don't want some horrid man
To tell me that I can't."

Drs. Jones and Potter

are regular physicians, graduates of our best Medical Colleges, registered in the city of New York, and in this and other counties of this state, as practicing physicians must be. They have given as much time to the study of treating Rupture alone, as many physicians have to treating all conditions. Practice in a special branch brings knowledge of that branch, surpassing the possibilities of the general practicioner. At Russell House, Thursdays.

THE ERIE STATION.

Interviews on the Question of a New Erie Station—Do We Want One and What Shall We Do About Getting It?

The reporters assigned to this duty found it no hard task to draw out the following emphatic opinions from some of the women of our city,—probably the only question which does not seem to have two sides:

Mrs. J. E. Corwin—I always feel a tender respect for old landmarks, but my opinion is that the Erie patrons in this vicinity deserve and would appreciate a structure more modern than the present one, which has served its time so well.

Mrs. S. R. Morgan—How shall we get a new Erie station? Withdraw our patronage; that will bring almost any corporation to terms.

Mrs. J. F. Tuthill—The Erie station is simply a disgrace to this place. I never enter it unless compelled to by the weather. The best thing that could happen would be a fire, with the fire alarm system out of order.

Mrs. W. F. O'Neill—I think the Erie station should be torn down at once. I suggest that Middletown people patronize the O. and W., and S and W.

W. G. says the only right (Wright) thing about the Erie station is its agent.

Mrs. A. H. Nanny—The Erie depot? My residence in the city being of short duration I do not know the history of the station, but the general appearance is suggestive of centuries ago and it may have been borrowed from the "Land of Goshen," or some other ancient town or hamlet that can boast of old relics. We would suggest that it be returned or removed and a commodious building be erected to the honor of our city, and the glory of the Erie railway.

Mrs. W. H. Rogers thinks that we might have a new station if the women of Middletown would patronize the O. and W., on their New York trips, and boycott the Erie.

Julia E. Bradner—Oh! That old Erie depot. Of course it is an eyesore, but most of the depots on that road are. They say the road is owned mostly by Englishmen, and building depots does not increase dividends, so I suppose we will have to put up with it.

Mrs. Ralph VanDuzer—You wish me to express in words what I think of the Erie depots. I do not consider it necessary for me to say anything, the building speaks for itself.

Mrs. E. M. Forty—I would consider myself much more aristocratic standing outside in the rain with an umbrella over my head than in entering the depot.

Mrs. H. W. Wiggins—I think the grandest opportunity for the improvement of the appearance of the inner section of this city lies in the erection of a suitable structure on the present site of the Erie station. No location that can be obtained for a city hall equals that which I have just mentioned for architectural ornamentation, and if the Erie railroad would go still farther, and secure the property lying on North street between Depot street and the railroad, an approach to this station would be given that could not be surpassed in any city along its route. The present structure is unsightly, filthy and in every way unfit to be used by the traveling public of this city, that so liberally patronizes this great corporation. It should be removed at once, as a nuisance, and a building erected in its place that will meet with the demands and needs of the public.

Mrs. T. C. Royce—The Erie depot, what do I think about it? About the oldest subject you can mention in the woman's paper. It looks just as it did when I first saw it at the time it was the terminus of the road. The one thing that changeth not. Who knows but the Woman's Edition of the ARGUS may have such weight with the officials of the road that we shall soon see a new building, which will far outstrip the model one of the O. and W.

Mrs. J. L. Wiggins—While the present station is not such as we may wish, I would not criticize it, for in so doing I condemn the Erie road. Let us not forget that the prosperity and growth of our beautiful city is largely due to this corporation, and could any one ask for better service and more accommodating employes than we meet on the Erie lines, with handsomely equipped trains running to the metropolis and Great West, almost every hour. Railroad officials, like private individuals, when they see their way clear to build better accommodations, usually avail themselves of such opportunities. Let us believe that the management will, in the near future give to us a new station. For plans and specification, see O. and W. station.

Mrs. A. L. Decker—The statistics of the Erie railroad show that the building used as a depot on James street, this city, has been used longer in that capacity than any other along its line. This might seem to some persons a distinction which Middletown should point to with pride, but it is very doubtful if one person could be found within its limits, who would object to its destruction, in any form, to make place for a new and more modern structure, after the style of the magnificent appearing depot of the O. and W. at Wickham avenue, which is indeed one that Middletown is truly proud of. About the period of the company's fall into the hands of a receiver, reports became current that the old landmark was to be replaced. In fact an official visit was made here, a survey taken of the spacious grounds surrounding it, and the company was even so reckless that it had plans made for a fine new depot of modern type. A few months later, receivers were appointed and the hopes of our citizens were blighted, one bright morning, by the appearance of a gang of carpenters who made interior and exterior improvements, that are, we confidently believe, intended to do for another half century. It is a fact that this imposing structure, used as a depot, has been the means of disgusting many persons who have alighted at its doors from trains, with an idea of locating and have turned their backs upon the city with the belief that our citizens did not possess enterprising qualifications sufficient to constitute a progressive place and then have sought new fields.

IN THE WALLKILL HAT WORKS.

Pleasant Features of Factory Life Discussed by a Factory Girl.

BY HATTIE BIRTWISTLE.

I deem it a great privilege in responding to the kind invitation of the editor of the Woman's Edition of the ARGUS for an article on the Wallkill Hat Works.

It would be interesting for your readers to know the process through which their hats have to pass before being ready for the wearer; but as it would require a considerable portion of your valuable paper, undoubtedly your readers will be more interested in a little talk of the girls employed there.

The girls working here are of good moral character and many belong to our city churches and several hold positions as Sunday school teachers. The young ladies in their spare moments read the latest books and magazines, and also do fancy work, and discuss the topics of the day. I prefer factory work to many other ways of getting a livelihood, as I have a good many spare moments and evenings to myself.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WHIST CLUB

BY ELLA AUGUSTA WIGGINS.

Last Saturday afternoon, The Young Ladies Whist Club was very agreeably entertained by Mrs. A. L Decker and Miss Lillian J. Cox, at the delightful home of the former on Monhagen Boulevard. Since the organization of this club many of the members have become very proficient in whist, and the favors were awarded after a scientific struggle. Those fortunate enough to receive mementoes of this occasion were Mrs. D. H. Arthur, Miss Ella Wiggins, Mrs. F. M. Stratton and Miss Fannie Corwin, whose cheeks glowed with pride when the favors were bestowed.

Since its organization the ladies have enjoyed many pleasant occasions. The first meeting was held at the spacious home of Miss Mabel Hayes on South street, who did everything for the comfort of guests.

At the second meeting of our club we were hospitably entertained by Mrs. H. C. McBrair. We were agreeably impressed by a new face coming among us, the bright little pet of the household.

The next meeting was held at the home of Miss Ella Wiggins on Highland avenue.

Miss Bull entertained the following Thursday, when the members had the pleasure of meeting her guest, Miss Conkling, of Brooklyn, a very charming young lady.

Again the club assembled and this time at the elegant home of Miss Eleanore B. Royce on Highland Avenue. Miss Royce who is proficient in the art of entertaining, was assisted by two fascinating young men from Cornell University.

Miss Anna Taylor also entertained the club. We shall all remember the exquisite strains of music produced by our fellow club woman, Mrs. A. L Decker, who expressed the greatest surprise at her sudden proficiency, as amidst storms of applause she arose from the musical chair in which our hostess had seated her.

Our little sketch would be incomplete did it fail to mention the hospitality extended to us by Mrs. F. M. Stratton at "Fairlawn Villa" on Wisner Avenue, where we have enjoyed so many happy hours.

The next meeting of our club is not not yet announced, but wherever it may be, we are sure of being right royally entertained. Among those whose hospitality we hope to share are the following: Miss Nettie Beakes, Mrs. O. H. Brown, Miss Fannie Corwin, Miss Pronk, Miss Pillsbury, Miss Rockafellow and the Misses O'Neill.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

FROM A DEMOCRATIC POINT OF VIEW.

We live and think and act in a cycle. The merry-go-round at a fair is not more mechanical and monotonous in its revolutions than the mutations in politics, art, literature and fashion. In literature we are just now having a modern plague in the shape of prurient novels of the "advanced" type, with generally a gilded moral, as a sort of excuse for indecency—much the same as a daring society woman pins a huge cluster of blush roses upon the bodice of her very decollete gown, as a sort of vicarious apology for the modesty she ought to possess, but is devoid of.

In fashion's domain the wheel has brought us balloon sleeves, Empire hats and spreading skirts. In politics we have the tariff problem, a tangle of financial difficulties, and the country in a state of unrest, uncertainty and doubt. It is merely the old political story over again; but the country isn't "going to destruction" on this account, any more than it did when our greater perils threatened it. We have passed through much more serious financial and political crises, and known preeminently darker days than even the dreary dismal ones of the year '94. That was undeniably most critical and eventful time: the head of our Nation faced the appalling situation almost alone. The Country was in a tumult of anxiety and anger. Congress was blowing its little penny trumpet and purposely dawdling, on the Republican side, for obvious selfish, revengeful reason; on the Democratic side, because, from the hour that the President took his seat as Chief Magistrate, he refused emphatically to be either a political automaton or a Democratic puppet, or to adopt the creed that "To the victors belong the spoils." His Tariff Reform policy broke his harmony with his own party. He came into power determined to carry out that policy, and never has he swerved from his purpose. In spite of threats, jeers, and active, powerful opposition from both sides of the House, he carried the day in repealing the silver purchasing act of Sherman. The bill was passed by the House, only to be bitterly fought by leading Democrats in the Senate, but, backed by a majority of the people, the President called upon the Congress to establish its currency on a safe and sound basis.

When the Republicans last came into power under President Harrison they found an immense surplus in the treasury. Its vaults held over $150,000,000, largely accumulated during the prior administration of President Cleveland. This is not a fairy story, but simply a matter of public financial history.

What happened? The Republicans came back again to power, as they scattered that vast accumulation of money, as the whirlwind scatters the dust in the streets. They squandered this vast store of treasure, by monstrous extravagant appropriations: they reduced the revenues by the action of their McKinley bill, and had about reached the brink of financial destruction when the people sought their former deliverer and stronghold, Grover Cleveland. Back they brought him to power, but he faced a bankrupt Treasury and a Country plunged into financial straits. He likewise faced an army of revengeful, chagrined political opponents, and a small world of hungry Democratic office-seekers, clamoring for the positions that countless Republicans had held continuously for thirty-five years prior to Cleveland's former administration. He quelled that mob by his quiet, almost superhuman power. Not a word of exaultation did the people of the Country hear from him. He neither triumphed, boasted, nor lamented the mistakes of the past four years. Neither did he prophesy sagely and confidently about the future. He simply gave the people what little measure of hope there was to offer and then began the gigantic work of reconstruction, hadicapped by a medley of baffled, howling Republicans and a horde of mulish, jealous and unprincipled politicians of every description. In the extra session, thanks to the lofty and enduring courage, and splendid generalship of the President, came, after protracted and bitter struggle, repeal of the Sherman silver purchase act, but not until the Country had been thrown into a panic. With banks and business houses toppling to ruin, with millions of operatives unemployed; with a treasury emptied by criminal legislation and extravagances, it was inevitable that the administration should be confronted with deficient income. The cause of the emergency was well known to every banker, broker, manufacturer and business man. The President knew it best of all. The Secretary of the Treasury sounded the alarm that gold was being drawn from the treasury at the rate of $7,000,000 a week. In a fortnight every gold dollar in the Treasury would be gone. But the Republicans were neither honorable nor patriotic enough to come to the rescue. They had pulled down the walls of the Treasury about them and now left a modern Samson alone among its ruins. This was the vital time to endeavor to make the country believe that all this disaster was the first natural result of Democratic rule. At this very time, about the middle of January last, ex-Speaker Reed, with his hands in his pockets, stood up in the House of Representatives and taunted the Democrats with the state of things in general, and the state of finance in particular, and openly declared that no matter how affairs stood "the Republicans were not to be expected to propose plans or measures of relief, as they were not in control of either Executive or Legislative departments." That was enough. They shamefully admitted that, being out of power, they were correspondingly devoid of principle or patriotism. They even tried to be excruciatingly funny over the "situation" all around, regardless of the distress of millions out of work and business stagnation all over the land. They had the country by the throat and they held it. President Cleveland comprehended the terrible situation. He was disgusted and dismayed no doubt. But though a gentleman, noble and peer of the people like M. Cassimier Perrier, whose position was strikingly similar to his own, he proved himself an American lion and not a French lamb. He did not resign; instead of this, he quietly and deliberately shouldered the responsibility. He had his own personal credit to secure and promises to fulfill, as well as the safety of the treasury to preserve. He called upon men with gold to sell and made the best terms possible with the Shylocks, who knew their advantage. He procured this gold and quickly stopped the run on the treasury, and in so doing he won the fervent honest gratitude and unanimous thanks of the entire business world—along with the curses of the herd of political tricksters, financial pirates, and legions of Republicans, who had been secretly hoping for the very crowning disaster that his timely magnificent action averted, an action equal in courage, deliberation and conscientious daring to anything in the career of Napoleon, Washington or Grant. Then began the ravings of his thwarted enemies over the exhorbitant rates demanded for these loans This could not be helped. A borrower in peculiar, urgent straits, has always to pay high terms, be he an individual or governmental borrower. But if the Administration was forced to accept hard terms, it was the political dogs in the manger, who were responsible. They had refused obstinately and knavishly to to allow the President and Secretary of the Treasury, to borrow when they could have done so at reasonable rates. They therefore took the consequences. We have the President, however, to thank for this vital step, and its results, which saved the country. He has indeed been the stronghold safeguard, and Tribune of the people. He has proved himself an able, disinterested leader and statesman, with the courage of his wonderful convictions, a patriot in its highest sense, a type of politican, sound and just:—an upright man of the people, with the fear of God in his soul, and the love of his country in his heart. He stands, to day, an embl em of all that is noble, loyal and patriotic—worthy to be enrolled with George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Samuel J. Tilden, on the country's fadeless records. "History will do him justice," say thousands of people, who know he has not received the full tribute his life and acts deserve. Sad truth to realize, that this will come when he will neither know nor care what the world is writing in bronze and marble to his enduring credi and glory. What Mr. Cleveland's thoughts have actually been during all this conflict can, in a degree, at least, be imagined, for nothing so affects an upright honest mind as ingratitude from those whom one has earnestly labored to benefit, and for whom one has done singular and unselfish service. Of course, President Cleveland has many millions of staunch public friends and enthusiastic, loyal admirers throughout the country, and in the Old World. Of course he has thousands of personal friends, notable, noble, and most honorable men in both parties, who have added name and fame to the Nation's roll of honor: but they have been powerless to either restrain the disreputable political mob, or to govern or even influence the unruly political demagogues. The conflict is not yet over. Republican editors are wielding busy, eloquent, plausible pens. They are sounding all the false alarms possible and sketching graphic pictures for the edification of wide-eyed Republicans, the majority of whom are so narrow minded and bigoted that they dare not look inside of a Democratic newspaper for fear they will become converted.

These editors have undoubtedly some gospel-true themes to grow eloquent upon and to make metaphorical hay with, while their partly eclipsed sun but dimly shines; for example, the Sugar Trust rascalities and stupid mulish malevolence of Congress during all the terrible months of suspense in the sultry summer of '94 This they will groan, gloat and glory over, ad infinitum, but they will never mention simila and superlatively worse acts of the Republicans under Harrison's administration! And the credulous public is quite likely during the next political campaign to go galloping back like a lot of rattled sheep into the Republican fold, and then, round will go the "wheel." and history will again, perhaps, repeat itself financially.

But the history of Grover Cleveland is made for all time, and if, in the anxious hours that helped to make it, he had no other inspiration and aid, he had it preeminently in the person of his beautiful, loyal wife, who has been a crown to his life, and an object of highest admiration and pride to America. She is the most gracious, gentle, attractive and charming woman that ever graced the White House since the days of Martha Washington. As for President Cleveland, his name and memory will shine forth and his praises be sung when the many millions of people who have admired, upheld and followed, or traduced, criticised and forsaken him, are forgotten, and their forms are but crumbling dust.

CASSIE D. FRIEND.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

FROM A REPUBLICAN POINT OF VIEW.

If there were many Democrats left in the country we would feel delicate about alluding to the present Administration, but as they seem for the most part to have mysteriously disappeared, we can venture, not to criticize—the subject is almost too inefficient, if not grotesque, to admit of serious criticism—but rather to speculate on the cause and effect of what has been called the "Great Calamity of 1892," the selection of Grover Cleveland as President of the United States, with a Democratic Congress.

An ex-sheriff and hangman from Buffalo, made Governor of the State of New York by the Croker, Murphy and Sheehan rings; then President by Burchard's unfortunate remark, and McKane's gang at Gravesend, he seemed indeed, to the unitiated, "a man of destiny."

While Governor, belonging to the State Democracy, he could rebuke with impunity the rings that elected him, thereby gaining a reputation for "being better than his party." During his first term of Presidency a Republican Senate stood between him and the people, preventing his doing any harm. His most effective work was in vetoing the small pensions of soldiers or their families. Meanwhile, he was so disregardful of the dignity of his office and position that he used them to speculate in Washington real estate. What was there in anything Mr. Cleveland had ever said or done that entitled him to a second nomination for President? True, he was thought to be "better than his party," and his careful scrutiny of hundreds of small pensions, seemed ta a certain class, evidence of painstaking, honest, economical administration. Add to that a few high sounding phrases like "It is a condition and not a theory that confronts us;" "Public office is a public trust," and you have summed up all there was to found his great boom in 1892. And a great boom it was. Nobody outside of a small coterie in Buffalo seems really to have known the man, probably because conscious of his limitations, he isolated himself as much as possible. When he did emerge it was to deliver some pompous platitude, that no one apparently understood.

Knowing little, there was abundant room for the peoples imagination to fill in and round off—a hero, statesman, patriot, or anything they chose. While the cranky, disordant and dangerous elements in the country that wished to break up the old order of things, saw an opportunity in the election of Grover Cleveland, and rushed to his standard. Consequently, not only Democrats, but Populists, Socialists, Anarchists, Prohibitionists, liquor dealers, Coxeyites and Single Tax men, all united to place him on a pedestal, and, alongside of Washington, Lincoln and all the great men of the past and to come. Was it any wonder the man's bouffant egotism grew apace, and that he felt he was the Government, "with a Congress on his hands?"

The result is what might have been expected. We have at the head of our Government an Executive who takes it upon himself to influence legislation with the federal patronage; a statesman, whose only policy apparently is to undo as rapidly as possible, whatever his predecessors have done, as witness his unseemly haste in withdrawing the Hawaiian petition from the Senate, where President Harrison had sent it; and whose patriotism would open our markets to foreigners, and tax our own citizens for revenue to run the Government,

Seeing the ship of state manned with such a crew, substantial business men had no confidence in it. No sooner was this administration sworn in than capital began to withdraw, factories to close or run on short time with reduced wages, foreign bondholders to cash their bonds; later on importers rushed in their goods and gold has been pouring out of the country. The treasury runs low and New York bankers have made thus far $9,000,000 by furnishing gold to keep up the surplus. It is estimated the present administration in the last two years has cost the country a billion dollars in money, to say nothing of the worry and suffering of thousands who have been thrown out of employment; but as Mr. Cleveland informed them "some must expect to suffer" in bringing about his great reform.

However, there is a very bright side to the cloud. It has proven a most useful object lesson to the people; expensive it is true, but we doubt if so good a one could have been procured at less cost.

The country was enjoying unparelled prosperity, and the laboring classes became so conceited, felt that everything depended on them and wanted a change of government that would recognize their rights, so they voted for it. Now they have an opportunity to learn that without capitol there is no demand for labor. Capitalists who thought their investments secure beyond a doubt, grew conceited, and imagined they could and would control everything. Some of them wanted a change so that they could legislate for their own interest. They have had it. With their depreciated investments and incomes cut down they can learn that the American people own and control this country, that no gigantic monopolies will be permitted to exist, for any length of time, after their scope and workings become known. Also, that as money is power, the people are thinking hard how they came by it, and what use they are making of it, Again it will, or should teach the voters of the land not to believe all that blatant orators and a subsidized press tell them, but to study and think for themselves. No law can possibly be framed that will prevent ignorant people from being victimized. Lastly it may serve to arouse the American spirit, that has been smothered so long by business dollars and cents. If it does, this country will brook no further dictation from the "old woman in Thread Needle street." So long as England lives off of silver standard countries, so long will silver be depreciated if she can keep it so. But we ask nothing of her, gold only buys Europe's fashions and fine arts for us, while silver buys our necessities from South America and Asia. We have bid her defiance before and we will bid her defiance again sooner than be transfered in any way by her selfishness.

Grover Cleveland was not equipped for the place he occupies. He does not possess a mind deep enough to take in the situation in this country, or broad enough to comprehend our relation to the rest of the world—but as an abject lesson he has no equal in American history.

JULIA E. BRADNER

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

An Organization That Is Doing Good Work in a Quiet Way.

There are many members of the King's Daughters' Society in our city, and the silver Maltese Cross, the badge of the society, is often seen though there are few organized circles, and yet these few are, in a quiet way, doing much good.

In the First Presbyterian Church are the "Whatsoever" and the "Not for Self" Circles; the former was organized eight years ago and now has a membership of seventeen; the latter is composed of eight young girls and was organized over two years ago. The "Inasmuch" Circle of the Second Presbyterian Church was formed about seven years ago and now consists of sixteen members. The "Heart to Heart" Circle was formed over three years ago and its twelve members are from several churches.

The work of different circles is along the same general lines. Clothing, food, coal, and money to the poor of our city; gifts to the Y. M. C. A., the Children's Home, and Thrall Hospital. Aid has been given to the Fresh Air Fund, the Fruit and Flower Mission, University Settlement, The Tenement House Chapter of New York, and the Missionary Societies. Boxes of clothing and reading matter have been sent to several missions and one circle is supporting a girl at the Messiah Home in New York.

The Society of the Daughters of the King of the Episcopal Church is often confused with that of the King's Daughters which is not denominational and has for its objects the spiritual growth of its members and general charitable work; while the objects of the former are that its members shall pray daily, endeavor to bring women into the church and take charge of the altar.

Grace Church has a circle of Daughters of the King with a membership of twenty-seven and they are very active workers. Besides taking entire charge of the altar they have bought many things for the Church and at present are raising money for the organ. To the poor in the Church they give money and clothing.

NELLIE C. PURDY.

THE GROWLER.

Some of the Things the Women of Middletown Seem to Find Fault About—Suggestions Worth Heeding.

"CARDS OF THANKS."

The great Dr. Johnson says: "Social sorrow loses half its pain." While this may be true in some cases, it is not of social sorrow we wish to speak. It is of the sort of which the prophet Jeremiah wrote: "Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." It is to those, who, when they sit alone in the darkness of a great grief, are moved to grateful acknowledgement of the kind words, the thoughtful deeds, the burden of responsibility of the last sad rites lifted from shoulders shaken by sobs and borne by strong, sympathetic hands during the trying hours following a bereavement. This expression of gratitude is the natural impulse of the human heart; but it is a cause for rational regret that this sacred thanksgiving should ever be publicly expressed in a newspaper.

While such an acknowledgement from a stricken heart is perfectly proper to those friends who have comforted and helped you while standing within the "Valley of the Shadow," let it rather be made by a word in person or a few written thanks. Do not, dear friends, do not we implore you, parade the sacredness of your sorrowing thanks before the eyes of a busy, and, perhaps, a pitiless world, in the columns of the daily newspapers.

DISCIPLINE AT THE ACADEMY.

The condition of abject and perpetual apology which prevails under the name of discipline at the Academy, seems to be satisfactory to the Board, at least as far as we know no one has ever made any apology for it. Students now apologize when their parents keep them out of school; next parents will apologize for sending them. We thought once the schools were made for the pupils; the principle is different now,—the schools were made for the teachers. What is it that Shakespeare says about man, proud man, dressed with a little brief authority: Would that it were brief.

AN ANNOYED CAKE SALER.

I am sure that I am voicing the feelings of numerous "cake sale" committees when I utter a growl at the treatment given them. If any committee has ever received all the cakes promised it has had an unique experience. In the majority of cases about half the number appear, and sometimes even less than that. There seems to be some thing radically wrong in this, yet one hardly likes to call it lack of conscience. Every lady knows what it is to be unfortunate occasionally with a cake and have no time to replace it. In that case an apology is the least that could be expected, and one is seldom heard; though due credit must be accorded the few who give the value of the cake in its absence. Still, failures in making would scarcely account for all the missing cakes. It would be better to refuse the request for cake than to promise and not perform, for only the committee know how annoying it is to lack cakes to supply the demand.

THINGS BEYOND A WOMAN'S COMPREHENSION.

Why Highland avenue, north of Wisner avenue, has never been made passable? Since the trolley was laid in North street the extension of Highland avenue has been the only safe way to reach the Bloomingburgh road, the best road out of Middletown; in fact about the only road of which one is not ashamed. To have the avenue so fine and beautiful and the extension so wretched, is disgraceful. If it does not belong to the city, haven't the adjoining property owners ambition enough to put it in condition for the city to accept? Let's form a woman's brigade to take off the stones, for all are still there just as the plow threw them up.

THINGS WE WOULD DO IF—

How short sighted some men are! How little common sense have a good many of the storekeepers of this town. One would suppose a merchant would try to curry favor with passers by, not incense them by ruining their head gear. Does anyone suppose a woman will buy one cent's worth of a man whose awning has spoiled her feathers and flowers and wrecked her parasol? I should like to be an alderman one hour,—that would be long enough to order the City Engineer to measure every awning and have any less than eight feet from the ground, raised or removed immediately.

A CITY IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

Some of the Things Women Could Do to Make Middletown Better Worth Living In.

BY JULIA E. BRADNER, M. D.

Why cannot the women of Middletown organize a City Improvement Society? These societies are accomplishing a vast amount of good in other cities and villages, by arousing public spirit and spreading useful information,—and the women of Middletown are not behind in civic patriotism or good work.

While we have few of the "gross and palpable" nuisances that have led to the formation of such organizations in other places, there are a good many ways in which our women could make the city more healthy and attractive than it is. Only by supplementing the Board of Aldermen and Health Board, they have accomplished in other places what the former could not do in the way of improvement and enforcing sanitary conditions.

Take street cleaning for instance: the society would soon stop the littering of streets with paper and debris. It could prevent brazen advertising on walls, fences and telegraph poles, by nostrum, venders, shows, etc. By furnishing trees, vines, plants and bulbs free with prizes to those who made the best use of them. Middletown with its hills and dales, surrounded as it is by blue mountains, would soon be one of the prettiest and most attractive places in southern New York and located as it is, midway between the seashore and highest mountains this sides of the Rockies, become known as a most desirable place to live in.

In the way of protection to public health the society would be a power. It could compel the collection and removal of garbage, ashes, etc, and by standing behind the health officer, abolish nuisances and enforce laws that he is reluctant to do alone. Tenants would not have to complain long of imperfect drains, wet cellars and unsanitary conditions generally.

Whenever or wherever a contagious disease broke out stop the spread of it, by enforcing an effective quarantine. Eternal vigilance is necessary for the preservation of public health and I think the women would exercise it.

Some persons might think all this would be very bad for the doctors, not at all, once it was known what an attractive and healthy place Middletown was, invalids from far and wide would be flocking here to live.

A City Improvement Society can not be formed from any one set of women It must engage respectable women of all classes, and I am convinced it would royally repay them.

An Admission.

Boybus-kissibus,
Sweet girlo-um;
Girlibus-kissibus
Wanti somerum.
—*Vassar Index.*

CONCERNING NAGGING MEN.

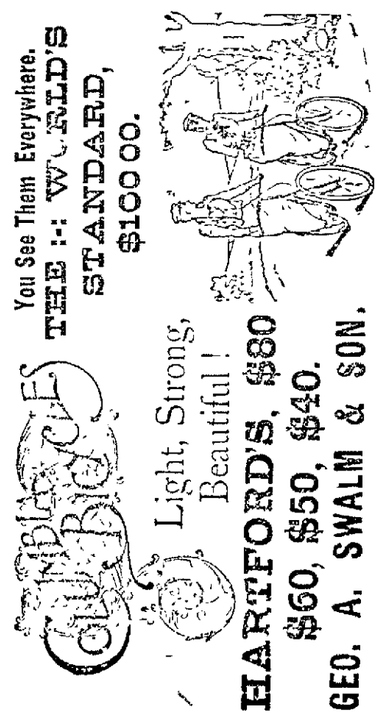
BY CARRIE D. HOLSE

It was suggested that an article on "The Nagging Man" be written. This will surprise you, dear editor, for we have tried and failed in an attempt to follow a subject in which we do not believe. We can't go contrary to early teachings. Here is a bit of advice which one mother gives to her daughters. "Emulate the man in this respect—don't nag."

We don't care to say that a man never complains. He does. He's good at it. He's thorough. But, once he has had an opportunity to voice his complaint in that very impressive, attention-compelling way dear to him, he will, in all human probability, never again grow eloquent on that particular subject. His disposition is not in sympathy with continued stories. If he cannot in one session bring his lecture to a climax satisfactory to himself, he washes his hands of the whole affair, drops his topic and interests not himself with the subject of his discourse.

No; a man doesn't nag. He has too much sense and not enough patience to do it. He would about as willingly attempt to piece a crazy quilt as to accomplish anything by the nagging process.

A man may desert his wife, steal his neighbor's pig, sell his vote or swear a little. He may have many faults. We have heard so, but to his everlasting credit be it said, that he doesn't nag.



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